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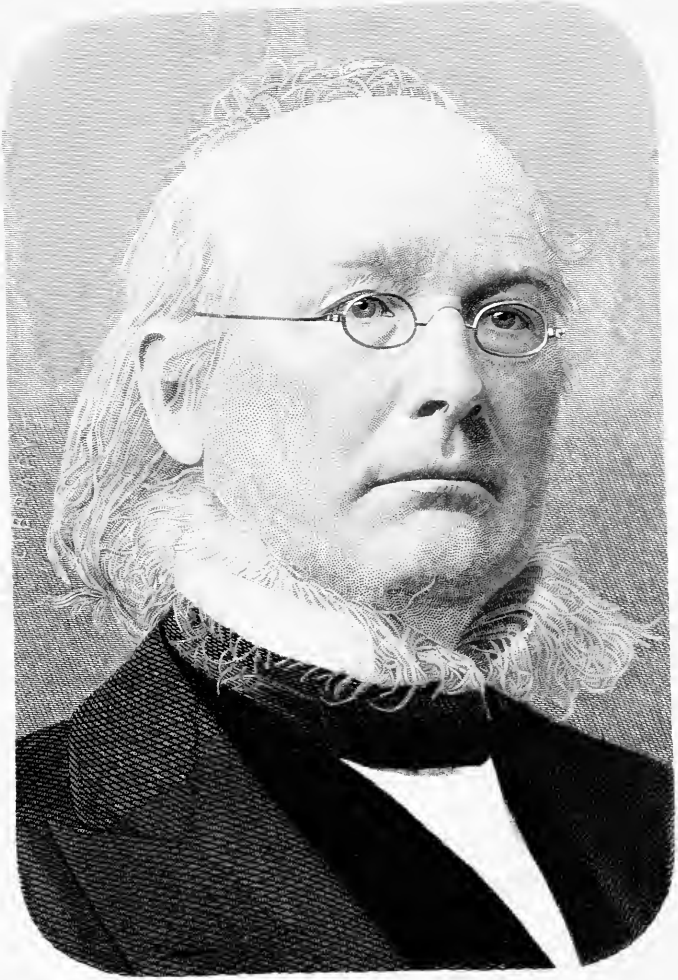

Horace Greeley.

THE LIFE

OF

HORACE GREELEY,

EDITOR OF "THE NEW-YORK TRIBUNE,"

FROM HIS BIRTH TO THE PRESENT TIME.

BY JAMES PARTON.

BOSTON:
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY.
The Riverside Press, Cambridge.
1889.

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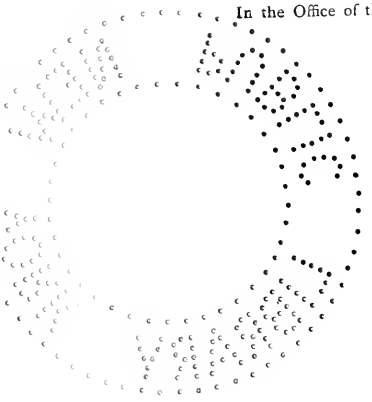

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HORACE GREELEY was born at Amherst, in New Hampshire, Feb. 3, 1811. He was the third of the seven children of Zaccheus Greeley, a respectable farmer, of Scotch-Irish lineage.

The township of Amherst contains about eight square miles of somewhat better land than the land of New England generally is. Wheat cannot be grown on it to advantage, but it yields fair returns of rye, oats, potatoes, Indian corn, and young men: the last-named of which commodities forms the chief article of export. The farmers have to contend against hills, rocks, stones innumerable, sand, marsh, and long winters; but a hundred years of tillage have subdued these obstacles in part, and the people generally enjoy a safe and moderate prosperity. Yet severe is their toil. To see them ploughing along the sides of those steep, rocky hills, the plough creaking, the oxen groaning, the little boy-driver leaping from sod to sod, as an Alpine boy is supposed to leap from crag to crag, the ploughman wrenching the plough round the rocks, boy and man every minute or two uniting in a prolonged and agonizing yell for the panting beasts to stop, when the plough is caught by a hidden rock too large for it to overturn, and the solemn slowness with which the procession winds, and creaks, and groans along, gives to the languid citizen, who chances to pass by, a new idea of hard work, and a new sense of the happiness of his lot.

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The farm owned by Zaccheus Greeley when his son Horace was born, was four or five miles from the village of Amherst. It consisted of fifty acres of land—heavy land to till—rocky, moist, and uneven, worth then eight hundred dollars, now two thousand. The house, a small, unpainted, but substantial and well-built farm-house, stood, and still stands, upon a ledge or platform, half way up a high, steep, and rocky hill, commanding an extensive and almost panoramic view of the surrounding country. In whatever direction the boy may have looked, he saw *rock*. Rock is the feature of the landscape. There is rock in the old orchard behind the house; rocks peep out from the grass in the pastures; there is rock along the road; rock on the sides of the hills; rock on their summits; rock in the valleys; rock in the woods;—rock, rock, everywhere rock. And yet the country has not a barren look. I should call it a *serious* looking country; one that would be congenial to grim covenanters and exiled round-heads. The prevailing colors are dark, even in the brightest month of the year. The pine woods, the rock, the shade of the hill, the color of the soil, are all dark and serious. It is a still, unfrequented region. One may ride along the road upon which the house stands, for many a mile, without passing a single vehicle. The turtles hobble across the road fearless of the crushing wheel. If any one wished to know the full meaning of the word *country*, as distinguished from the word *town*, he need do no more than ascend the hill on which Horace Greeley saw the light, and look around.

Yet, the voice of the city is heard even there; the opinions of the city influence there; for, observe, in the very room in which our hero was born, on a table which stands where, in other days, a bed stood, we recognize, among the heap of newspapers, the well known heading of the WEEKLY TRIBUNE.

Such was the character of the region in which Horace Greeley passed the greater part of the first seven years of his life. His father's neighbors were all hard-working farmers—men who worked their own farms—who were nearly equal in wealth, and to whom the idea of social inequality, founded upon an inequality in possessions, did not exist, even as an idea. Wealth and want were alike unknown. It was a community of plain people, who had derived all their book-knowledge from the district school, and depended

upon the village newspaper for their knowledge o. the world without. There were no heretics among them. All the people either cordially embraced or undoubtingly assented to the faith called Orthodox, and all of them attended, more or less regularly, the churches in which that faith was expounded.

The first great peril of his existence escaped, the boy grew apace, and passed through the minor and ordinary dangers of infancy without having his equanimity seriously disturbed. He was a "quiet and peaceable child," reports his father, and, though far from robust, suffered little from actual sickness.

To say that Horace Greeley, from the earliest months of his existence, manifested signs of extraordinary intelligence, is only to repeat what every biographer asserts of his hero, and every mother of her child. Yet, common-place as it is, the truth must be told. Horace Greeley *did*, as a very young child, manifest signs of extraordinary intelligence. He took to learning with the promptitude and instinctive, irrepressible love, with which a duck is said to take to the water. His first instructor was his mother; and never was there a mother better calculated to awaken the mind of a child, and keep it awake, than Mrs. Greeley.

Tall, muscular, well-formed, with the strength of a man without his coarseness, active in her habits, not only capable of hard work, but delighting in it, with a perpetual overflow of animal spirits, an exhaustless store of songs, ballads and stories, and a boundless, exuberant good will toward all living things, Mrs. Greeley was the life of the house, the favorite of the neighborhood, the natural friend and ally of children; whatever she did she did "with a will." She was a great reader, and remembered all she read. "She worked," says one of my informants, "in doors and out of doors, could out-rake any man in the town, and could *load* the hay-wagons as fast and as well as her husband. She hoed in the garden: she labored in the field; and, while doing more than the work of an ordinary man and an ordinary woman combined, would laugh and sing all day long, and tell stories all the evening."

To these *stories* the boy listened greedily, as he sat on the floor at her feet, while she spun and talked with equal energy. They "served," says Mr. Greeley, in a passage already quoted, "to awaken in me a *thirst* for knowledge, and a lively *interest* in learning and

history." Think of it, you word-mongering, gerund-grinding teachers who delight in signs and symbols, and figures and "facts," and feed little children's souls on the dry, innutritious husks of knowledge; and think of it, you play-abhorring, fiction-forbidding parents! Awaken the *interest* in learning, and the *thirst* for knowledge, and there is no predicting what may or what may not result from it. Scarcely a man, distinguished for the supremacy or the beauty of his immortal part, has written the history of his childhood without recording the fact that the celestial fire was first kindled in his soul by means similar to those which awakened an "interest in learning" and a "thirst for knowledge" in the mind of Horace Greeley.

Horace learned to read before he had learned to talk, that is, before he could pronounce the longer words. No one regularly taught him. When he was little more than two years old, he began to pore over the Bible, opened for his entertainment on the floor, and examine with curiosity the newspaper given him to play with. He cannot remember a time when he could not read, nor can any one give an account of the process by which he learned, except that he asked questions incessantly, first about the pictures in the newspaper, then about the capital letters, then about the smaller ones, and finally about the words and sentences. At three years of age he could read easily and correctly any of the books prepared for children; and at four, any book whatever. But he was not satisfied with overcoming the ordinary difficulties of reading. Allowing that nature gives to every child a certain amount of mental force to be used in acquiring the art of reading, Horace had an overplus of that force, which he employed in learning to read with his book in positions which increased the difficulty of the feat. All the friends and neighbors of his early childhood, in reporting him a prodigy unexampled, adduce as the unanswerable and clinching proof of the fact, that, at the age of four years, he could read any book in whatever position it might be placed,—right-side up, up-side down, or sidewise.

His third winter Horace spent at the house of his grandfather, David Woodburn, in Londonderry, attended the district school there, and distinguished himself greatly. He had no right to attend the Londonderry school, and the people of the rural districts

are apt to be strenuous upon the point of not admitting to their school pupils from other towns; but Horace was an engaging child; "every one liked the little, white-headed fellow," says a surviving member of the school committee, "and so we favored him."

A district school—and what was a district school forty years ago? Horace Greeley never attended any but a district school, and it concerns us to know what manner of place it was, and what was its routine of exercises.

The school-house stood in an open place, formed (usually) by the crossing of roads. It was very small, and of one story; contained one apartment, had two windows on each side, a small door in the gable end that faced the road, and a low door-step before it. It was the thing called HOUSE, in its simplest form. But for its roof, windows, and door, it had been a BOX, large, rough, and unpainted. Within and without, it was destitute of anything ornamental. It was not enclosed by a fence; it was not shaded by a tree. The sun in summer, the winds in winter, had their will of it: there was nothing to avert the fury of either. The log school-houses of the previous generation were picturesque and comfortable; those of the present time are as prim, neat, and orderly (and as elegant sometimes) as the cottage of an old maid who enjoys an annuity; but the school-house of forty years ago had an aspect singularly forlorn and uninviting. It was built for an average of thirty pupils, but it frequently contained fifty; and then the little school-room was a compact mass of young humanity: the teacher had to dispense with his table, and was lucky if he could find room for his chair. The side of the apartment opposite the door was occupied, chiefly, by a vast fireplace, four or five feet wide, where a carman's load of wood could burn in one prodigious fire. Along the sides of the room was a low, slanting shelf, which served for a desk to those who wrote, and against the sharp edge of which the elder pupils leaned when they were not writing. The seats were made of "slabs," inverted, supported on sticks, and without backs. The elder pupils sat along the sides of the room,—the girls on one side, the boys on the other; the youngest sat nearest the fire, where they were as much too warm as those who sat near the door were too cold. In a school of forty pupils, there would be a dozen who were grown up, mar-

riageable young men and women. Not unfrequently married men, and occasionally married women, attended school in the winter. Among the younger pupils, there were usually a dozen who could not read, and half as many who did not know the alphabet. The teacher was, perhaps, one of the farmer's sons of the district, who knew a little more than his elder pupils, and only a little; or he was a student who was working his way through college. His wages were those of a farm-laborer, ten or twelve dollars a month and his board. He boarded "*round*," *i. e.* he lived a few days at each of the houses of the district, stopping longest at the most agreeable place. The grand qualification of a teacher was the ability "to do" any sum in the arithmetic. To know arithmetic was to be a learned man. Generally, the teacher was very young, sometimes not more than sixteen years old; but, if he possessed the due expertness at figures, if he could read the Bible without stumbling over the long words, and without mispronouncing more than two thirds of the proper names, if he could write well enough to set a decent copy, if he could mend a pen, if he had vigor enough of character to assert his authority, and strength enough of arm to maintain it, he would do. The school began at nine in the morning, and the arrival of that hour was announced by the teacher's rapping upon the window frame with a ruler. The boys, and the girls too, came tumbling in, rosy and glowing, from their snowballing and sledding. The first thing done in school was reading. The "first class," consisting of that third of the pupils who could read best, stood on the floor and read round once, each individual reading about half a page of the English Reader. Then the second class. Then the third. Last of all, the youngest children said their letters. By that time, a third of the morning was over; and then the reading began again; for public opinion demanded of the teacher that he should hear every pupil read four times a day, twice in the morning and twice in the afternoon. Those who were not in the class reading, were employed, or were supposed to be employed, in ciphering or writing. When they wanted to write, they went to the teacher with their writing-book and pen, and he set a copy,—"Procrastination is the thief of time," "Contentment is a virtue," or some other wise saw,—and mended the pen. When they were puzzled with a "sum," they went to the teacher to have it elucidat-

ed. They seem to have written and ciphered as much or as little as they chose, at what time they chose, and in what manner. In some schools there were classes in arithmetic and regular instruction in writing, and one class in grammar; but such schools, forty years ago, were rare. The exercises of the morning were concluded with a general *spell*, the teacher giving out the words from a spelling book, and the pupils spelling them at the top of their voices. At noon the school was dismissed; at one it was summoned again, to go through, for the next three hours, precisely the same routine as that of the morning. In this rude way the last generation of children learned to read, write, and cipher. But they learned something more in those rude school-houses. They learned obedience. They were tamed and disciplined. The means employed were extremely unscientific, but the thing was *done!* The means, in fact, were merely a ruler, and what was called, in contradistinction to that milder weapon, "the heavy gad;" by which expression was designated five feet of elastic sapling of one year's growth. These two implements were plied vigorously and often. Girls got their full share of them. Girls old enough to be wives were no more exempt than the young men old enough to marry them, who sat on the other side of the schoolroom. It was thought, that if a youth of either sex was not too old to do wrong, neither he nor she was too old to suffer the consequences. In some districts, a teacher was valued in proportion to his severity; and if he were backward in applying the ferule and the "gad," the parents soon began to be uneasy. They thought he had no energy, and inferred that the children could not be learning much. In the district schools, then, of forty years ago, all the pupils learned to read and to obey; most of them learned to write; many acquired a competent knowledge of figures; a few learned the rudiments of grammar; and if any learned more than these, it was generally due to their unassisted and unencouraged exertions. There were no school-libraries at that time. The teachers usually possessed little general information, and the little they did possess was not often made to contribute to the mental nourishment of their pupils.

On one of the first benches of the Londonderry school-house, near the fire, we may imagine the little white-headed fellow, whom every body liked, to be seated during the winters of 1813–14 and '14–'15. He

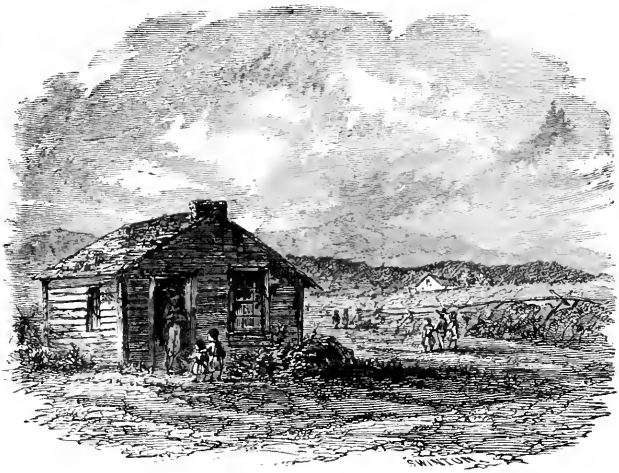
was eager to go to school. When the snow lay on the ground in drifts too deep for him to wade through, one of his aunts, who still lives to tell the story, would take him up on her shoulders and carry him to the door. He was the possessor that winter, of three books, the "Columbian Orator," Morse's Geography, and a spelling book. From the Columbian Orator, he learned many pieces by heart, and among others, that very celebrated oration which probably the majority of the inhabitants of this nation have at some period of their lives been able to repeat, beginning,

> "You 'd scarce expect one of my age
> To speak in public on the stage."

One of his schoolfellows has a vivid remembrance of Horace's reciting this piece before the whole school in Londonderry, before he was old enough to utter the words plainly. He had a lisping, whining little voice, says my informant, but spoke with the utmost confidence, and greatly to the amusement of the school. He spoke the piece so often in public and private, as to become, as it were, identified with it, as a man who knows one song suggests that song by his presence, and is called upon to sing it wherever he goes.

It is a pity that no one thinks of the vast importance of those "Orators" and reading books which the children read and wear out in reading, learning parts of them by heart, and repeating them over and over, till they become fixed in the memory and embedded in the character forever. And it is a pity that those books should contain so much false sentiment, inflated language, Buncombe oratory, and other trash, as they generally do! To compile a series of Reading Books for the common schools of this country, were a task for a conclave of the wisest and best men and women that ever lived; a task worthy of them, both from its difficulty and the incalculable extent of its possible results.

Spelling was the passion of the little orator during the first winters of his attendance at school. He spelt incessantly in school and out of school. He would lie on the floor at his grandfather's house, for hours at a time, spelling hard words, all that he could find in the Bible and the few other books within his reach. It was the



standing amusement of the family to try and puzzle the boy with words, and no one remembers succeeding. Spelling, moreover, was one of the great points of the district schools in those days, and he who could out-spell, or, as the phrase was, "spell down" the whole school, ranked second only to him who surpassed the rest in arithmetic. Those were the palmy days of the spelling-school. The pupils assembled once a week, voluntarily, at the school-house, chose "sides," and contended with one another long and earnestly for the victory. Horace, young as he was, was eager to attend the spelling school, and was never known to injure the "side" on which he was chosen by missing a word, and it soon became a prime object at the spelling-school to get the first choice, because that enabled the lucky side to secure the powerful aid of Horace Greeley. He is well remembered by his companions in orthography. They delight still to tell of the little fellow, in the long evenings, falling asleep in his place, and when it came his turn, his neighbors gave him an anxious nudge, and he would wake instantly, spell off his word, and drop asleep again in a moment.

Horace went to school three terms in Londonderry, spending part of each year at home. I will state as nearly as possible in their own words, what his school-fellows there remember of him.

One of them can just recall him as a very small boy with a head as white as snow, who "was almost always up head in his class, and took it so much to heart when he did happen to lose his place, that he would cry bitterly; so that some boys when they had gained the right to get above him, declined the honor, because it hurt Horace's feelings so." He was the pet of the school. Those whom he used to excel most signally liked him as well as the rest. He was an active, bright, eager boy, but not fond of play, and seldom took part in the sports of the other boys. One muster day, this informant remembers, the clergyman of Londonderry, who had heard glowing accounts of Horace's feats at school, took him on his lap in the field, questioned him a long time, tried to puzzle him with hard words, and concluded by saying with strong emphasis to one of the boy's relatives, "Mark my words, Mr. Woodburn, that boy was not made for nothing."

Another, besides confirming the above, adds that Horace was in some respects exceedingly brave, and in others exceedingly tim

orous. He was never afraid of the dark, could not be frightened by ghost-stories, never was abashed in speaking or reciting, was not to be overawed by supposed superiority of knowledge or rank, would talk up to the teacher and question his decision with perfect freedom, though never in a spirit of impertinence. Yet he could not stand up to a boy and fight. When attacked, he would neither fight nor run away, but "stand still and take it." His ear was so delicately constructed that any loud noise, like the report of a gun, would almost throw him into convulsions. If a gun were about to be discharged, he would either run away as fast as his legs could carry him, or else would throw himself upon the ground and stuff grass into his ears to deaden the dreadful noise. On the fourth of July, when the people of Londonderry inflamed their patriotism by a copious consumption of gunpowder, Horace would run into the woods to get beyond the sound of the cannons and pistols. It was at Londonderry, and about his fourth year, that Horace began the habit of reading or book-devouring, which he never lost during all the years of his boyhood, youth, and apprenticeship, and relinquished only when he entered that most exacting of all professions, the editorial. The gentleman whose reminiscences I am now recording, tells me that Horace in his fifth and sixth years, would lie under a tree on his face, reading hour after hour, completely absorbed in his book; and "if no one stumbled over him or stirred him up," would read on, unmindful of dinner time and sun-set, as long as he could see. It was his delight in books that made him, when little more than an infant, determine to be a printer, as printers, he supposed, were they who made books "One day," says this gentleman, "Horace and I went to a blacksmith's shop, and Horace watched the process of horse-shoeing with much interest. The blacksmith, observing how intently he looked on, said, 'You 'd better come with me and learn the trade.' 'No,' said Horace in his prompt, decided way, 'I 'm going to be a printer.' He was then six years old, and very small for his age; and this positive choice of a career by so diminutive a piece of humanity, mightily amused the by-standers. The blacksmith used to tell the story with great glee when Horace *was* a printer, and one of some note."

Another gentleman, who went to school with Horace at Londor-

Jerry, writes:—"I think I attended school with Horace Greeley two summers and two winters, but have no recollection of seeing him except at the school-house. He was an exceedingly mild, quiet and inoffensive child, entirely devoted to his books at school. It used to be said in the neighborhood, that he was the same out of school, and that his parents were obliged to secrete his books to prevent his injuring himself by over study. His devotion to his books, together with the fact of his great advancement beyond others of his age in the few studies then pursued in the district school, rendered him notorious in that part of the town. He was regarded as a prodigy, and his name was a household world. He was looked upon as standing alone, and entirely unapproachable by any of the little mortals around him. Reading, parsing, and spelling are the only branches of learning which I remember him in, or in connection with which his name was at that time mentioned, though he might have given some attention to writing and arithmetic, which completed the circle of studies in the district school at that time; but in the three branches first named he excelled all, even in the winter school, which was attended by several young men and women, some of whom became teachers soon after. Though mild and quiet, he was ambitious in the school; to be at the head of his class, and be accounted the best scholar in school, seemed to be prominent objects with him, and to furnish strong motives to effort. I can recall but one instance of his missing a word in the spelling class. The classes went on to the floor to spell, and he almost invariably stood at the head of the 'first class,' embracing the most advanced scholars. He stood there at the time referred to, and by missing a word, lost his place, which so grieved him that he wept like a punished child. While I knew him he did not engage with other children in the usual recreations and amusements of the school grounds; as soon as the school was dismissed at noon, he would start for home, a distance of half a mile, with all his books under his arm, including the New Testament, Webster's Spelling Book, English Reader, &c., and would not return till the last moment of intermission; at least such was his practice in the summer time. With regard to his aptness in spelling, it used to be said that the minister of the town, Rev. Mr. McGregor, once attempted to find a word or name in the Bible which he could not

spell correctly, but failed to do so. I always supposed, however that this was an exaggeration, for he could not have been more than seven years old at the time this was told. My father soon after removed to another town thirty miles distant, and I lost sight of the family entirely, Horace and all, though I always remembered the gentle, flaxen-haired schoolmate with much interest, and often wondered what became of him; and when the 'Log Cabin' appeared, I took much pains to assure myself whether this Horace Greeley was the same little Horace grown up, and found it was."

From his sixth year, Horace resided chiefly at his father's house. He was now old enough to walk to the nearest school-house, a mile and a half from his home. He could read fluently, spell any word in the language; had some knowledge of geography, and a little of arithmetic; had read the Bible through from Genesis to Revelations; had read the Pilgrim's Progress with intense interest, and dipped into every other book he could lay his hands on. From his sixth to his tenth year, he lived, worked, read and went to school, in Amherst and the adjoining town of Bedford. Those who were then his neighbors and schoolmates there, have a lively recollection of the boy and his ways.

Henceforth, he went to school only in the winter. Again he attended a school which he had no right to attend, that of Bedford, and his attendance was not merely permitted, but sought. The school-committee expressly voted, that no pupils from other towns should be received at their school, *except Horace Greeley alone;* and, on entering the school, he took his place, young as he was, at the head of it, as it were, by acclamation. Nor did his superiority ever excite envy or enmity. He bore his honors meekly. Every one liked the boy, and took pride in his superiority to themselves. All his schoolmates agree in this, that Horace never had an enemy at school.

The snow lies deep on those New Hampshire hills in the winter, and presents a serious obstacle to the younger children in their way to the school-house; nor is it the rarest of disasters, even now, for children to be lost in a drift, and frozen to death. (Such a calamity happened two years ago, within a mile or two of the old Greeley homestead.) "Many a morning," says one of the neighbors—then a stout schoolboy, now a sturdy farmer—"many a morning I

have carried Horace on my back through the drifts to school, and put my own mittens over his, to keep his little hands from freezing." He adds, "I lived at the next house, and I and my brothers often went down in the evening to play with him; but he never would play with us till he had got his lessons. We could neither coax nor force him to." He remembers Horace as a boy of a bright and active nature, but neither playful nor merry; one who would utter acute and "old-fashioned" remarks, and make more fun for others than he seemed to enjoy himself.

His fondness for reading grew with the growth of his mind, till it amounted to a passion. His father's stock of books was small indeed. It consisted of a Bible, a "Confession of Faith," and perhaps all told, twenty volumes beside; and they by no means of a kind calculated to foster a love of reading in the mind of a little boy. But a *weekly newspaper* came to the house from the village of Amherst; and, except his mother's tales, that newspaper probably had more to do with the opening of the boy's mind and the tendency of his opinions, than anything else. The family well remember the eagerness with which he anticipated its coming. Paper-day was the brightest of the week. An hour before the post-rider was expected, Horace would walk down the road to meet him, bent on having the first *read;* and when he had got possession of the precious sheet, he would hurry with it to some secluded place, lie down on the grass, and greedily devour its contents. The paper was called (and is still) the *Farmer's Cabinet.* It was mildly Whig in politics. The selections were religious, agricultural, and miscellaneous; the editorials few, brief, and amiable; its summary of news scanty in the extreme. But it was the *only* bearer of tidings from the Great World. It connected the little brown house on the rocky hill of Amherst with the general life of mankind. The boy before he could read himself, and before he could understand the meaning of war and bloodshed, doubtless heard his father read in it of the triumphs and disasters of the Second War with Great Britain, and of the rejoicings at the conclusion of peace. He himself may have read of Decatur's gallantry in the war with Algiers, of Wellington's victory at Waterloo, of Napoleon's fretting away his life on the rock of St. Helena, of Monroe's inauguration, of the dismantling of the fleets on the great lakes, of the progress of the

Erie Canal project, of Jackson's inroads into Florida, and the subsequent cession of that province to the United States, of the first meeting of Congress in the Capitol, of the passage of the Missouri Compromise. During the progress of the various commercial treaties with the States of Europe, which were negotiated after the conclusion of the general peace, the whole theory, practice, and history of commercial intercourse, were amply discussed in Congress and the newspapers; and the mind of Horace, even in his ninth year, was mature enough to take some interest in the subject, and derive some impressions from its discussion. The *Farmer's Cabinet*, which brought all these and countless other ideas and events to bear on the education of the boy, is now one of the thousand papers with which the *Tribune* exchanges.

Horace scoured the country for books. Books were books in that remote and secluded region; and when he had exhausted the collections of the neighbors, he carried the search into the neighboring towns. I am assured that there was not one readable book within seven miles of his father's house, which Horace did not borrow and read during his residence in Amherst. He was never without a book. As soon, says one of his sisters, as he was dressed in the morning, he flew to his book. He read every minute of the day which he could snatch from his studies at school, and on the farm. He would be so absorbed in his reading, that when his parents required his services, it was like rousing a heavy sleeper from his deepest sleep, to awaken Horace to a sense of things around him and an apprehension of the duty required of him. And even then he clung to his book. He would go reading to the cellar and the cider-barrel, reading to the wood-pile, reading to the garden, reading to the neighbors; and pocketing his book only long enough to perform his errand, he would fall to reading again the instant his mind and his hands were at liberty.

He kept in a secure place an ample supply of pine knots, and as soon as it was dark he would light one of these cheap and brilliant illuminators, put it on the back-log in the spacious fire-place, pile up his school books and his reading books on the floor, lie down on his back on the hearth, with his head to the fire and his feet coiled away out of the reach of stumblers; and there he would lie and read all through the long winter evenings, silent, motionless, dead

to the world around him, alive only to the world to which he was transported by his book. Visitors would come in, chat a while, and go away, without knowing he was present, and without his being aware of their coming and going. It was a nightly struggle to get him to bed. His father required his services early in the morning, and was therefore desirous that he should go to bed early in the evening. He feared, also, for the eye-sight of the boy, reading so many hours with his head in the fire and by the flaring, flickering light of a pine knot. And so, by nine o'clock, his father would *begin* the task of recalling the absent mind from its roving, and rousing the prostrate and dormant body. And when Horace at length had been forced to beat a retreat, he kept his younger brother awake by telling over to him in bed what he had read, and by reciting the school lessons of the next day. His brother was by no means of a literary turn, and was prone—much to the chagrin of Horace—to fall asleep long before the lessons were all said and the tales all told.

So entire and passionate a devotion to the acquisition of knowledge in one so young, would be remarkable in any circumstances. But when the situation of the boy is considered—living in a remote and *very* rural district—few books accessible—few literary persons residing near—the school contributing scarcely anything to his mental nourishment—no other boy in the neighborhood manifesting any particular interest in learning—the people about him all engaged in a rude and hard struggle to extract the means of subsistence from a rough and rocky soil—such an intense, absorbing, and persistent love of knowledge as that exhibited by Horace Greeley, must be accounted very extraordinary.

That his neighbors so accounted it, they are still eager to attest. Continually the wonder grew, that one small head should carry all he knew.

There were not wanting those who thought that superior means of instruction ought to be placed within the reach of so superior a child. I have a somewhat vague, but very positive, and fully confirmed story, of a young man just returned from college to his father's house in Bedford, who fell in with Horace, and was so struck with his capacity and attainments that he offered to send him to an academy in a neighboring town, and bear all the ex-

penses of his maintenance and tuition. But his mother could not let him go, his father needed his assistance at home, and the boy himself is said not to have favored the scheme. A wise, a fortunate choice, I cannot help believing. That academy *may* have been an institution where boys received more good than harm—where real *knowledge* was imparted—where souls were inspired with the love of high and good things, and inflamed with an ambition to run a high and good career—where boys did *not* lose all their modesty and half their sense—where chests were expanded—where cheeks were ruddy—where limbs were active—where stomachs were peptic. It *may* have been. But if it was, it was a different academy from many whose praises are in all the newspapers. It was better not to run the risk. If that young man's offer had been accepted, it is a question whether the world would have ever heard of Horace Greeley. Probably his fragile body would not have sustained the brain-stimulating treatment which a forward and eager boy generally receives at an academy.

A better friend, though not a better meaning one, was a jovial neighbor, a sea-captain, who had taken to farming. The captain had seen the world, possessed the yarn-spinning faculty, and besides being himself a walking traveler's library, had a considerable collection of books, which he freely lent to Horace. His salute, on meeting the boy, was not 'How do you do, Horace?' but 'Well, Horace, what's the capital of Turkey?' or, 'Who fought the battle of Eutaw Springs?' or, 'How do you spell Encyclopedia, or Kamtschatka, or Nebuchadnezzar?' The old gentleman used to question the boy upon the contents of the books he had lent him, and was again and again surprised at the fluency, the accuracy, and the fullness of his replies. The captain was of service to Horace in various ways, and he is remembered by the family with gratitude. To Horace's brother he once gave a sheep and a load of hay to keep it on during the winter, thus adapting his benefactions to the various tastes of his juvenile friends.

A clergyman, too, is spoken of, who took great interest in Horace, and gave him instruction in grammar, often giving the boy erroneous information to test his knowledge. Horace, he used to say, could never be shaken on a point which he had once clearly understood, but would stand to his opinion, and defend it against anybody and everybody—teacher, pastor, or public opinion.

In New England, the sons of farmers begin to make themselves useful almost as soon as they can walk. They feed the chickens, they drive the cows, they bring in wood and water, and soon come to perform all those offices which come under the denomination of "*chores*." By the time they are eight or nine years old, they frequently have tasks assigned them, which are called "stints," and not till they have done their stint are they at liberty to play. The reader may think that Horace's devotion to literature would naturally enough render the farm work distasteful to him; and if he had gone to the academy, it might. I am bound, however, to say that all who knew him in boyhood, agree that he was not more devoted to study in his leisure hours, than he was faithful and assiduous in performing his duty to his father during the hours of work. *Faithful* is the word. He could be *trusted* any where, and to do anything within the compass of his strength and years. It was hard, sometimes, to rouse him from his books; but when he had been roused, and was entrusted with an errand or a piece of work, he would set about it vigorously, and lose no time till it was done. "Come," his brother would say sometimes, when the father had set the boys a task and had gone from home; "come, Hod, let's go fishing." "No," Horace would reply, in his whining voice, "let us do our stint first." "He was *always* in school, though," says his brother, "and as we hoed down the rows, or chopped at the wood-pile, he was perpetually talking about his lessons, asking questions, and narrating what he had read."

Fishing, it appears, was the only sport in which Horace took much pleasure, during the first ten years of his life. But his love of fishing did not originate in what the Germans call the "sport impulse." Other boys fished for sport; Horace fished for *fish*. He fished *industriously*, keeping his eyes unceasingly on the float, and never distracting his own attention, or that of the fish, by conversing with his companions. The consequence was that he would often catch more than all the rest of the party put together. Shooting was the favorite amusement of the boys of the neighborhood, but Horace could rarely be persuaded to take part in it. When he did accompany a shooting-party, he would never carry or discharge a gun, and when the game was found he would lie down and stop his ears till the murder had been done.

CHAPTER II.

HIS FATHER RUINED—REMOVAL TO VERMONT.

New Hampshire before the era of manufactures—Causes of his father's failure—Rum in the olden time—An execution in the house—Flight of the father—Horace and the Rum Jug—Compromise with the creditors—Removal to another farm—Final ruin—Removal to Vermont—The winter journey—Poverty of the family—Scene at their new home—Cheerfulness in misfortune.

But while thus Horace was growing up to meet his destiny, pressing forward on the rural road to learning, and *secreting* character in that secluded home, a cloud, undiscerned by him, had come over his father's prospects. It began to gather when the boy was little more than six years old. In his seventh year it broke, and drove the family, for a time, from house and land. In his tenth, it had completed its work—his father was a ruined man, an exile, a fugitive from his native State.

In those days, before the great manufacturing towns which now afford the farmer a market for his produce had sprung into existence along the shores of the Merrimac, before a net-work of railroads regulated the price of grain in the barns of New Hampshire by the standard of Mark Lane, a farmer of New Hampshire was not, in his best estate, *very* far from ruin. Some articles which forty years ago were quite destitute of pecuniary value, now afford an ample profit. Fire-wood, for example, when Horace Greeley was a boy, could seldom be sold at any price. It was usually burned up on the land on which it grew, as a worthless incumbrance. Fire-wood now, in the city of Manchester, sells for six dollars a cord, and at any point within ten miles of Manchester for four dollars. Forty years ago, farmers had little surplus produce, and that little had to be carried far, and it brought little money home. In short, before the manufacturing system was introduced into New Hampshire, affording employment to her daughters in the factory, to her sons on the land, New Hampshire was a poverty-stricken State.

it is one of the wonders of party infatuation, that the two States which if they have not gained most, have certainly most to gain from the "American system," should have always been, and should still be its most rooted opponents. But man the partisan, like man the sectarian, is, always was, and will ever be, a poor creature.

The way to thrive in New Hampshire was to work very hard keep the store-bill small, stick to the farm, and be no man's security. Of these four things, Horace's father did only one—he worked hard. He was a good workman, methodical, skillful, and persevering. But he speculated in lumber, and lost money by it. He was 'bound,' as they say in the country, for another man, and had to pay the money which that other man failed to pay. He had a free and generous nature, lived well, treated the men whom he employed liberally, and in various ways swelled his account with the store-keeper.

Those, too, were the jolly, bad days, when everybody drank strong drinks, and no one supposed that the affairs of life could possibly be transacted without its agency, any more than a machine could *go* without the lubricating oil. A field could not be 'logged,' hay could not be got in, a harvest could not be gathered, unless the jug of liquor stood by the spring, and unless the spring was visited many times in the day by all hands. No visitor could be sent unmoistened away. No holiday could be celebrated without drinking-booths. At weddings, at christenings, at funerals, rum seemed to be the inducement that brought, and the tie that bound, the company together. It was rum that cemented friendship, and rum that clinched bargains; rum that kept out the cold of winter, and rum that moderated the summer's heat. Men drank it, women drank it, children drank it. There were families in which the first duty of every morning was to serve around to all its members, even to the youngest child, a certain portion of alcoholic liquor. Rum had to be bought with money, and money was hard to get in New Hampshire. Zaccheus Greeley was not the man to stint his workmen. At his house and on his farm the jug was never empty. In his cellar the cider never was out. And so, by losses which he could not help, by practices which had not yet been discovered to be unnecessary, his affairs became disordered, and he began to descend the easy steep that leads to the abyss of bankruptcy. He

arrived—lingered a few years on the edge—was pushed in—and scrambled out on the other side.

It was on a Monday morning. There had been a long, fierce rain, and the clouds still hung heavy and dark over the hills. Horace, then only nine years old, on coming down stairs in the morning, saw several men about the house; neighbors, some of them; others were strangers; others he had seen in the village. He was too young to know the nature of an *Execution*, and by what right the sheriff and a party of men laid hands upon his father's property. His father had walked quietly off into the woods; for, at that period, a man's person was not exempt from seizure. Horace had a vague idea that the men had come to rob them of all they possessed; and wild stories are afloat in the neighborhood, of the boy's conduct on the occasion. Some say, that he seized a hatchet, ran to the neighboring field, and began furiously to cut down a favorite pear-tree, saying, "They shall not have *that*, anyhow." But his mother called him off, and the pear-tree still stands. Another story is, that he went to one of his mother's closets, and taking as many of her dresses as he could grasp in his arms, ran away with them into the woods, hid them behind a rock, and then came back to the house for more. Others assert, that the article carried off by the indignant boy was not dresses, but a gallon of rum. But whatever the boy did, or left undone, the reader may imagine that it was to all the family a day of confusion, anguish, and horror. Both of Horace's parents were persons of incorruptible honesty; they had striven hard to place such a calamity as this far from their house; they had never experienced themselves, nor witnessed at their earlier homes, a similar scene; the blow was unexpected; and mingled with their sense of shame at being publicly degraded, was a feeling of honest rage at the supposed injustice of so summary a proceeding. It was a dark day; but it passed, as the darkest day will.

An "arrangement" was made with the creditors. Mr. Greeley gave up his own farm, temporarily, and removed to another in the adjoining town of Bedford, which he cultivated on shares, and devoted principally to the raising of hops. Misfortune still pursued him. His two years' experience of hop-growing was not satisfactory. The hop-market was depressed. His own farm in Amherst

was either ill managed or else the seasons were unfavorable. He gave up the hop-farm, poorer than ever. He removed back to his old home in Amherst. A little legal maneuvering or rascality on the part of a creditor, gave the finishing blow to his fortunes; and, in the winter of 1821, he gave up the effort to recover himself, became a bankrupt, was sold out of house, land, and household goods by the sheriff, and fled from the State to avoid arrest, leaving his family behind. Horace was nearly ten years old. Some of the debts then left unpaid, he discharged in part thirty years after.

Mr. Greeley had to begin the world anew, and the world was all before him, where to choose, excepting only that portion of it which is included within the boundaries of New Hampshire. He made his way, after some wandering, to the town of Westhaven, in Rutland county, Vermont, about a hundred and twenty miles northwest of his former residence. There he found a large landed proprietor, who had made one fortune in Boston as a merchant, and married another in Westhaven, the latter consisting of an extensive tract of land. He had now retired from business, had set up for a country gentleman, was clearing his lands, and when they were cleared he rented them out in farms. This attempt to "found an estate," in the European style, signally failed. The "mansion house" has been disseminated over the neighborhood, one wing here, another wing there; the "lawn" is untrimmed; the attempt at a park-gate has lost enough of the paint that made it tawdry once, to look shabby now. But this gentleman was useful to Zaccheus Greeley in the day of his poverty. He gave him work, rented him a small house nearly opposite the park-gate just mentioned, and thus enabled him in a few weeks to transport his family to a new home.

It was in the depth of winter when they made the journey. The teamster that drove them still lives to tell how 'old Zac Greeley came to him, and wanted he should take his sleigh and horses, and go over with him to New Hampshire State, and bring his family back;' and how, when they had got a few miles on the way, he said to Zac, said he, that he (Zac) was a stranger to him, and he did n't feel like going so far without enough to secure him; and so Zac gave him enough to secure him, and away they drove to New Hampshire State. One sleigh was sufficient to convey all the little property the law had left the family, and the load could not have

been a heavy one, for the distance was accomplished in a little less than three days. The sleighing, however, was good, and the Connecticut river was crossed on the ice. The teamster remembers well the intelligent, white-headed boy who was so pressing with his questions, as they rode along over the snow, and who soon exhausted the man's knowledge of the geography of the region in which he had lived all his days. "He asked me," says he, "a great deal about Lake Champlain, and how far it was from Plattsburgh to this, that, and t' other place; but, Lord! he told me a d——d sight more than I could tell *him*." The passengers in the sleigh were Horace, his parents, his brother, and two sisters, and all arrived safely at the little house in Westhaven,—safely, but very, very poor. They possessed the clothes they wore on their journey, a bed or two, a few —very few—domestic utensils, an antique chest, and one or two other small relics of their former state; and they possessed nothing more.

A lady, who was then a little girl, and, as little girls in the country will, used to run in and out of the neighbors' houses at all hours without ceremony, tells me that, many times, during that winter she saw the newly-arrived family taking sustenance in the following manner:—A five-quart milk-pan filled with bean porridge—an hereditary dish among the Scotch-Irish—was placed upon the floor, the children clustering around it. Each child was provided with a spoon, and dipped into the porridge, the spoon going directly from the common dish to the particular mouth, without an intermediate landing upon a plate, the meal consisting of porridge, and porridge only. The parents sat at a table, and enjoyed the dignity of a separate dish. This was a homely way of dining; but, adds my kind informant, "they seemed so happy over their meal, that many a time, as I looked upon the group, I wished our mother would let *us* eat in that way—it seemed *so* much better than sitting at a table and using knives, and forks, and plates." There was no repining in the family over their altered circumstances, nor any attempt to conceal the scantiness of their furniture. To what the world calls "appearances" they seemed *constitutionally* insensible.

CHAPTER III.

AT WESTHAVEN, VERMONT.

Description of the country—Clearing up Land—All the family assist à la Swiss Family-Robinson—Primitive costume of Horace—His early indifference to dress—His manner and attitude in school—A Peacemaker among the boys—Gets into a scrape, and out of it—Assists his school-fellows in their studies—An evening scene at home—Horace knows too much—Disconcerts his teachers by his questions—Leaves school—The pine knots still blaze on the hearth—Reads incessantly—Becomes a great draught player—Bee-hunting—Reads at the Mansion House—Taken for an Idiot—And for a possible President—Reads Mrs. Hemans with rapture—A Wolf Story—A Pedestrian Journey—Horace and the horseman—Yoking the Oxen—Scene with an old Soaker—Rum in Westhaven—Horace's First Pledge—Narrow escape from drowning—His religious doubts—Becomes a Universalist—Discovers the humbug of "Democracy"—Impatient to begin his apprenticeship.

The family were gainers in some important particulars, by their change of residence. The land was better. The settlement was more recent. There was a better chance for a poor man to acquire property. And what is well worth mention for its effect upon the opening mind of Horace, the scenery was grander and more various. That part of Rutland county is in nature's large manner. Long ranges of hills, with bases not too steep for cultivation, but rising into lofty, precipitous and fantastic summits, stretch away in every direction. The low-lands are level and fertile. Brooks and rivers come out from among the hills, where they have been officiating as water-power, and flow down through valleys that open and expand to receive them, fertilizing the soil. Roaming among these hills, the boy must have come frequently upon little lakes locked in on every side, without apparent outlet or inlet, as smooth as a mirror, as silent as the grave. Six miles from his father's house was the great Lake Champlain. He could not see it from his father's door, but he could see the blue mist that rose from its surface every morning and evening, and hung over it, a cloud veiling a Mystery. And he could see the long line of green knoll-like hills that formed its opposite shore. And he could go down on Sundays to the shore itself, and stand in the immediate presence of the lake.

Nor is it a slight thing for a boy to *see* a great natural object which he has been learning about in his school books; nor is it an uninfluential circumstance for him to live where he can see it frequently. It was a superb country for a boy to grow up in, whether his tendencies were industrial, or sportive, or artistic, or poetical. There was rough work enough to do on the land. Fish were abundant in the lakes and streams. Game abounded in the woods. Wild grapes and wild honey were to be had for the search after them. Much of the surrounding scenery is sublime, and what is not sublime is beautiful. Moreover, Lake Champlain is a stage on the route of northern and southern travel, and living upon its shores brought the boy nearer to that world in which he was destined to move, and which he had to know before he could work in it to advantage. At Westhaven, Horace passed the next five years of his life. He was now rather tall for his age; his mind was far in advance of it. Many of the opinions for which he has since done battle, were distinctly formed during that important period of his life to which the present chapter is devoted.

At Westhaven, Mr. Greeley, as they say in the country, 'took jobs;' and the jobs which he took were of various kinds. He would contract to get in a harvest, to prepare the ground for a new one, to 'tend' a saw-mill; but his principal employment was clearing up land; that is, piling up and burning the trees after they had been felled. After a time he kept sheep and cattle. In most of his undertakings he prospered. By incessant labor and by reducing his expenditures to the lowest possible point, he saved money, slowly but continuously.

In whatever he engaged, whether it was haying, harvesting, sawing, or land-clearing, he was assisted by all his family. There was little work to do at home, and after breakfast, the house was left to take care of itself, and away went the family, father, mother, boys, girls, and oxen, to work together. Clearing land offers an excellent field for family labor, as it affords work adapted to all degrees of strength. The father chopped the larger logs, and directed the labor of all the company. Horace drove the oxen, and drove them none too well, say the neighbors, and was gradually supplanted in the office of driver by his younger brother. Both the boys could chop the smaller trees. Their mother and sisters

gathered together the light wood into heaps. And when the great logs had to be rolled upon one another, there was scope for the combined skill and strength of the whole party. Many happy and merry days the family spent together in this employment. The mother's spirit never flagged. Her voice rose in song and laughter from the tangled brush-wood in which she was often buried; and no word, discordant or unkind, was ever known to break the perfect harmony, to interrupt the perfect good humor that prevailed in the family. At night, they went home to the most primitive of suppers, and partook of it in the picturesque and labor-saving style in which the dinner before alluded to was consumed. The neighbors still point out a tract of fifty acres which was cleared in this sportive and Swiss-Family-Robinson-like manner. They show the spring on the side of the road where the family used to stop and drink on their way; and they show a hemlock-tree, growing from the rocks above the spring, which used to furnish the brooms, weekly renewed, which swept the little house in which the little family lived. To complete the picture, imagine them all clad in the same material, the coarsest kind of linen or linsey-woolsey, home-spun, dyed with butternut bark, and the different garments made in the roughest and simplest manner by the mother.

More than three garments at the same time, Horace seldom wore in the summer, and these were—a straw hat, generally in a state of dilapidation, a tow-shirt, never buttoned, a pair of trousers made of the family material, and having the peculiarity of being very short in both legs, but shorter in one than the other. In the winter he added a pair of shoes and a jacket. During the five years of his life at Westhaven, probably his clothes did not cost three dollars a year; and, I believe, that during the whole period of his childhood, up to the time when he came of age, not fifty dollars in all were expended upon his dress. He never manifested, on any occasion, in any company, nor at any part of his early life, the *slightest* interest in his attire, nor the *least* care for its effect upon others. That amiable trait in human nature which inclines us to decoration, which make us desirous to present an agreeable figure to others, and to abhor peculiarity in our appearance, is a trait which Horace never gave the smallest evidence of possessing.

He went to school three winters in Westhaven, but not to any great advantage. He had already gone the round of district school studies, and did little more after his tenth year than walk over the course, keeping lengths ahead of all competitors, with little effort. "He was always," says one of his Westhaven schoolmates, "at the top of the school. He seldom had a teacher that could teach him anything. Once, and once only, he missed a word. His fair face was crimsoned in an instant. He was terribly *cut* about it, and I fancied he was not himself for a week after. I see him now, as he sat in class, with his slender body, his large head, his open, ample forehead, his pleasant smile, and his coarse, clean, homespun clothes. His attitude was always the same. He sat with his arms loosely folded, his head bent forward, his legs crossed, and one foot swinging. He did not seem to pay attention, but nothing escaped him. He appeared to attend more from curiosity to hear what sort of work *we* made of the lesson than from any interest he took in the subject for his own sake. Once, I parsed a word egregiously wrong, and Horace was so taken aback by the mistake that he was startled from his propriety, and exclaimed, loud enough for the class to hear him, '*What* a fool!' The manner of it was so ludicrous that I, and all the class, burst into laughter."

Another schoolmate remembers him chiefly for his gentle manner and obliging disposition. "I never," she says, "knew him to fight, or to be angry, or to have an enemy. He was a peacemaker among us. He played with the boys sometimes, and I think was fonder of snowballing than any other game. For girls, *as* girls, he never manifested any preference. On one occasion he got into a scrape. He had broken some petty rule of the school, and was required, as a punishment, to inflict a certain number of blows upon another boy, who had, I think, been a participator in the offense. The instrument of flagellation was placed in Horace's hand, and he drew off, as though he was going to deal a terrific blow, but it came down so gently on the boy's jacket that every one saw that Horace was shamming. The teacher interfered, and told him to strike harder; and a *little* harder he did strike, but a more harmless flogging was never administered. He seemed not to have the power, any more than the will, to inflict pain."

If Horace got little good himself from his last winters at school

he was of great assistance to his schoolfellows in explaining to them the difficulties of their lessons. Few evenings passed in which some strapping fellow did not come to the house with his grammar or his slate, and sit demurely by the side of Horace, while the distracting sum was explained, or the dark place in the parsing lesson illuminated. The boy delighted to render such assistance. However deeply he might be absorbed in his own studies, as soon as he saw a puzzled countenance peering in at the door, he knew his man, knew what was wanted; and would jump up from his recumbent posture in the chimney-corner, and proceed, with a patience that is still gratefully remembered, with a perspicuity that is still mentioned with admiration, to impart the information required of him. Fancy it. It is a pretty picture. The 'little white-headed fellow' generally so abstracted, now all intelligence and animation, by the side of a great hulk of a young man, twice his age and three times his weight, with a countenance expressing perplexity and despair. An apt question, a reminding word, a few figures hastily scratched on the slate, and light flashes on the puzzled mind. He wonders he had not thought of that: he wishes Heaven had given *him* such a 'head-piece.'

To some of his teachers at Westhaven, Horace was a cause of great annoyance. He knew too much. He asked awkward questions. He was not to be put off with common-place solutions of serious difficulties. He wanted things to hang together, and liked to know how, if *this* was true, *that* could be true also. At length, one of his teachers, when Horace was thirteen years old, had the honesty and good sense to go to his father, and say to him, point blank, that Horace knew more than he did, and it was of no use for him to go to school any more. So Horace remained at home, read hard all that winter in a little room by himself, and taught his youngest sister beside. He had attended district school, altogether, about forty-five months.

At Westhaven, the pine-knots blazed on the hearth as brightly and as continuously as they had done at the old home in Amherst. There was a new reason why they should; for a candle was a luxury now, too expensive to be indulged in. Horace's home was a favorite evening resort for the children of the neighborhood—a fact which says much for the kindly spirit of its inmates. They came

to hear his mother's songs and stories, to play with his brother and sisters, to get assistance from himself; and they liked to be there, where there was no stiffness, nor ceremony, nor discord. Horace cared nothing for their noise and romping, but he could never be induced to join in an active game. When he was not assisting some bewildered arithmetician, he lay in the old position, on his back in the fireplace, reading, always reading. The boys would hide his book, but he would get another. They would pull him out of his fiery den by the leg; and he would crawl back, without the least show of anger, but without the slightest inclination to yield the point.

There was a game, however, which could sometimes tempt him from his book, and of which he gradually became excessively fond. It was draughts, or 'checkers.' In that game he acquired extraordinary skill, beating everybody in the neighborhood; and before he had reached maturity, there were few draught-players in the country—if any—who could win two games in three of Horace Greeley. His cronies at Westhaven seem to have been those who were fond of draughts. In his passion for books, he was alone among his companions, who attributed his continual reading more to indolence than to his acknowledged superiority of intelligence. It was often predicted that, whoever else might prosper, Horace never would.

And yet, he gave proof, in very early life, that the Yankee element was strong within him. In the first place, he was always *doing* something; and, in the second, he always had something to *sell*. He saved nuts, and exchanged them at the store for the articles he wished to purchase. He would hack away, hours at a time, at a pitch-pine stump, the roots of which are as inflammable as pitch itself, and, tying up the roots in little bundles, and the little bundles into one large one, he would "back" the load to the store, and sell it for kindling wood. His favorite out-door sport, too, at Westhaven, was bee-hunting, which is not only an agreeable and exciting pastime, but occasionally rewards the hunter with a prodigious mass of honey—as much as a hundred and fifty pounds having been frequently obtained from a single tree. This was profitable sport, and Horace liked it amazingly. His share of the honey generally found its way to the store. By these and other expedients, the boy managed always to have a little money, and when a peddler came

along with books in his wagon, Horace was pretty sure to be his customer. Yet he was only half a Yankee. He could earn money, but the bargaining faculty he had not.

What did he read? Whatever he could get. But his preference was for history, poetry, and—newspapers. He had read, as I have before mentioned, the whole Bible before he was six years old. He read the Arabian Nights with intense pleasure in his eighth year; Robinson Crusoe in his ninth; Shakspeare in his eleventh; in his twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth years, he read a good many of the common, superficial histories—Robertson's, Goldsmith's, and others—and as many tales and romances as he could borrow. At Westhaven, as at Amherst, he roamed far and wide in search of books. He was fortunate, too, in living near the 'mansion-house' before mentioned, the proprietor of which, it appears, took some interest in Horace, freely lent him books, and allowed him to come to the house and read there as often and as long as he chose.

A story is told by one who lived at the 'mansion-house' when Horace used to read there. Horace entered the library one day, when the master of the house happened to be present, in conversation with a stranger. The stranger, struck with the awkwardness and singular appearance of the boy, took him for little better than an idiot, and was inclined to laugh at the idea of lending books to 'such a fellow as *that*.' The owner of the mansion defended his conduct by extolling the intelligence of his protégé, and wound up with the usual climax, that he should "not be surprised, sir, if that boy should come to be President of the United States." People in those days had a high respect for the presidential office, and really believed—many of them did—that to get the highest place it was only necessary to be the greatest man. Hence it was a very common mode of praising a boy, to make the safe assertion that he *might*, one day, if he persevered in well-doing, be the President of the United States. That was before the era of wire-pulling and rotation in office. He must be either a very young or a very old man who can *now* mention the presidential office in connection with the future of any boy not extraordinarily vicious. Wire-pulling, happily, has robbed the schoolmasters of one of their bad arguments for a virtuous life. But we are wandering from the library.

The end of the story is, that the stranger looked as if he thought Horace's defender half mad himself; and, "to tell the truth," said the lady who told me the story, "we all thought Mr. —— had made a crazy speech." Horace does not appear to have made a favorable impression at the 'mansion-house.'

But he read the books in it, for all that. Perhaps it was there, that he fell in with a copy of Mrs. Hemans' poems, which, wherever he found them, were the first poems that awakened his enthusiasm, the first writings that made him aware of the better impulses of his nature. "I remember," he wrote in the Rose of Sharon for 1841, "as of yesterday, the gradual unfolding of the exceeding truthfulness and beauty, the profound heart-knowledge (to coin a Germanism) which characterizes Mrs. Hemans' poems, upon my own immature, unfolding mind.—'Cassabianca,' 'Things that change,' 'The Voice of Spring,' 'The Traveler at the Source of the Nile,' 'The Wreck,' and many other poems of kindred nature are enshrined in countless hearts—especially of those whose intellectual existence dates its commencement between 1820 and 1830—as gems of priceless value; as spirit-wands, by whose electric touch they were first made conscious of the diviner aspirations, the loftier, holier energies within them."

Such a testimony as this may teach the reader, if he needs the lesson, not to undervalue the authors whom his fastidious taste may place among the Lesser Lights of Literature. To you, fastidious reader, those authors may have little to impart. But among the hills in the country, where the feelings are fresher, and minds are unsated by literary sweets, there may be many a thoughtful boy and earnest man, to whom your Lesser Lights are Suns that warm, illumine, and quicken!

The incidents in Horace's life at Westhaven were few, and of the few that did occur, several have doubtless been forgotten. The people there remember him vividly enough, and are profuse in imparting their general impressions of his character; but the facts which gave rise to those impressions have mostly escaped their memories. They speak of him as an *absorbed* boy, who rarely saluted or saw a passer-by—who would walk miles at the road-side, following the zig-zag of the fences, without once looking up—who was often taken by strangers for a natural fool, but was known by

his intimates to be, in the language of one of them—"a darned smart fellow, in spite of his looks"—who was utterly blameless in all his ways, and works, and words—who had not, and could not have had, an enemy, because nature, by leaving out of his composition the diabolic element, had made it impossible for him to *be* one. The few occurrences of the boy's life, which, in addition to these general reminiscences of his character, have chanced to escape oblivion, may as well be narrated here.

As an instance of his nervous timidity, a lady mentions, that when he was about eleven years old, he came to her house one evening on some errand, and staid till after dark. He started for home, at length, but had not been gone many minutes before he burst into the house again, in great agitation, saying he had seen a wolf by the side of the road. There had been rumors of wolves in the neighborhood. Horace declared he had seen the eyes of one glaring upon him as he passed, and he was so overcome with terror, that two of the elder girls of the family accompanied him home. They saw no wolf, nor were there any wolves about at the time; the mistake probably arose from some phosphorescent wood, or some other bright object. A Vermont boy of that period, as a general thing, cared little more for a wolf than a New York boy does for a cat, and could have faced a pack of wolves with far less dread than a company of strangers. Horace was never abashed by an audience; but two glaring eye-balls among the brush-wood sent him flying with terror.

In nothing are mortals more wise than in their fears. That which we stigmatize as cowardice—what is it but nature's kindly warning to her children, not to confront what they cannot master, and not to undertake what their strength is unequal to? Horace was a *match* for a rustic auditory, and he feared it not. He was not a match for a wild beast; so he ran away. Considerate nature!

Horace, all through his boyhood, kept his object of becoming a printer steadily in view; and soon after coming to Vermont, about his eleventh year, he began to think it time for him to take a step towards the fulfillment of his intention. He talked to his father on the subject, but received no encouragement from him. His father said, and very truly, that no one would take an apprentice so young. But the boy was not satisfied; and, one morning, he trudged off to

Whitehall, a town about nine miles distant, where a newspaper was published, to make inquiries. He went to the printing office, saw the printer, and learned that his father was right. He *was* too young, the printer said; and so the boy trudged home again.

A few months after, he went on another and much longer pedestrian expedition. He started, with seventy-five cents in his pocket and a small bundle of provisions on a stick over his shoulder, to walk to Londonderry, a hundred and twenty miles distant, to see his old friends and relatives. He performed the journey, staid several weeks, and came back with a shilling or two more money than he took with him—owing, we may infer, to the amiable way aunts and uncles have of bestowing small coins upon nephews who visit them. His re-appearance in New Hampshire excited unbounded astonishment, his age and dimensions seeming ludicrously out of proportion to the length and manner of his solitary journey. He was made much of during his stay, and his journey is still spoken of there as a wonderful performance, only exceeded, in fact, by Horace's second return to Londonderry a year or two after, when he drove, over the same ground, his aunt and her four children, in a 'one-horse wagon,' and drove back again, without the slightest accident.

As a set-off to these marvels, it must be recorded, that on two other occasions he was taken for an idiot—once, when he entered a store, in one of the brownest of his brown studies, and a stranger inquired, "What darn fool is that?"—and a second time, in the manner following. He was accustomed to call his father "*Sir*," both in speaking to, and speaking of him. One day, while Horace was chopping wood by the side of the road, a man came up on horse-back and inquired the way to a distant town. Horace could not tell him, and, without looking up, said, "ask *Sir*," meaning, ask father. The stranger, puzzled at this reply, repeated his question, and Horace again said, "ask *Sir*." "I *am* asking," shouted the man. "Well, ask *Sir*," said Horace, once more. "*Aint* I asking, you—fool?" screamed the man. "But I want you to ask *Sir*," said Horace. It was of no avail, the man rode away in disgust, and inquired at the next tavern "who that tow-headed fool was down the road?"

In a similar absent fit it must have been, that the boy once at-

tempted, in vain, to yoke the oxen that he had yoked a hundred times before without difficulty. To see a small boy yoking a pair of oxen is, O City Reader, to behold an amazing exhibition of the power of Mind over Matter. The huge beasts *need* not come under the yoke—twenty men could not compel them—but they *do* come under it at the beck of a boy that can just stagger under the yoke himself, and whom one of the oxen, with one horn and a shake of the head, could toss over a hay-stack. The boy, with the yoke on his shoulders, and one of the 'bows' in his hand, marches up to the 'off' ox, puts the bow round his neck, thrusts the ends of the bow through the holes of the yoke, fastens them there—and one ox is his. But the other! The boy then removes the other bow, holds up the end of the yoke, and commands the 'near' ox to approach, and 'come under here, sir.' Wonderful to relate! the near ox obeys! He walks slowly up, and takes his place by the side of his brother, as though it were a pleasant thing to pant all day before the plough, and he was only too happy to leave the dull pasture. But the ox is a creature of habit. If you catch the near ox first, and then try to get the off ox to come under the near side of the yoke, you will discover that the off ox has an opinion of his own. He won't come. This was the mistake which Horace, one morning in an absent fit, committed, and the off ox could not be brought to deviate from established usage. After much coaxing, and, possibly, some vituperation, Horace was about to give it up, when his brother chanced to come to the field, who saw at a glance what was the matter, and rectified the mistake. "Ah!" his father used to say, after Horace had made a display of this kind, "that boy will never get along in this world. He'll never know more than enough to come in when it rains."

Another little story is told of the brothers. The younger was hrowing stones at a pig that preferred to go in a direction exactly contrary to that in which the boys wished to drive him—a common case with pigs, *et cetera*. Horace, who never threw stones at pigs, was overheard to say, "Now, you ought n't to throw stones at that hog; he don't *know* anything."

The person who heard these words uttered by the boy, is one of those bibulant individuals who, in the rural districts, are called 'old sinkers,' and his face, tobacco-stained, and rubicund with the

drinks of forty years, gleamed with the light of other days, as he hiccoughed out the little tale. It may serve to show how the boy is remembered in Westhaven, if I add a word or two respecting my interview with this man. I met him on an unfrequented road; his hair was gray, his step was tottering; and thinking it probable he might be able to add to my stock of reminiscences, I asked him whether he remembered Horace Greeley. He mumbled a few words in reply; but I perceived that he was far gone towards intoxication, and soon drove on. A moment after, I heard a voice calling behind me. I looked round, and discovered that the voice was that of the soaker, who was shouting for me to stop. I alighted and went back to him. And now that the idea of my previous questions had had time to imprint itself upon his half-torpid brain, his tongue was loosened, and he entered into the subject with an enthusiasm that seemed for a time to burn up the fumes that had stupefied him. He was full of his theme; and, besides confirming much that I had already heard, added the story related above, from his own recollection. As the tribute of a sot to the champion of the Maine-Law, the old man's harangue was highly interesting.

That part of the town of Westhaven was, thirty years ago, a desperate place for drinking. The hamlet in which the family lived longer than anywhere else in the neighborhood, has ceased to exist, and it decayed principally through the intemperance of its inhabitants. Much of the land about it has not been improved in the least degree, from what it was when Horace Greeley helped to clear it; and drink has absorbed the means and the energy which should have been devoted to its improvement. A boy growing up in such a place would be likely to become either a drunkard or a tee-totaler, according to his organization; and Horace became the latter. It is rather a singular fact, that, though both his parents and all their ancestors were accustomed to the habitual and liberal use of intoxicating liquors and tobacco, neither Horace nor his brother could ever be induced to partake of either. They had a constitutional aversion to the taste of both, long before they understood the nature of the human system well enough to know that stimulants of all kinds are necessarily pernicious. Horace was therefore a tee-totaler before tee-totalism came up, and he took a sort of pledge before the pledge was inverted. It happened one

day that a neighbor stopped to take dinner with the family, and, as a matter of course, the bottle of rum was brought out for his entertainment. Horace, it appears, either tasted a little, or else took a disgust at the smell of the stuff, or perhaps was offended at the effects which he saw it produce. An idea struck him. He said, "Father, what will you give me if I do not drink a drop of liquor till I am twenty-one?" His father, who took the question as a joke, answered, "I'll give you a dollar." "It's a bargain," said Horace. And it *was* a bargain, at least on the side of Horace, who kept his pledge inviolate, though I have no reason to believe he ever received his dollar. Many were the attempts made by his friends, then and afterwards, to induce him to break his resolution, and on one occasion they tried to force some liquor into his mouth. But from the day on which the conversation given above occurred, to this day, he has not knowingly taken into his system any alcoholic liquid.

At Westhaven, Horace incurred the second peril of his life. He was nearly strangled in coming into the world; and, in his thirteenth year, he was nearly strangled out of it. The family were then living on the banks of the Hubbarton river, a small stream which supplied power to the old 'Tryon Sawmill,' which the father, assisted by his boys, conducted for a year or two. Across the river, where it was widened by the dam, there was no bridge, and people were accustomed to get over on a floating saw-log, pushing along the log by means of a pole. The boys were floating about in the river one day, when the log on which the younger brother was standing, rolled over, and in went the boy, over head and ears, into water deep enough to drown a giraffe. He rose to the surface and clung to the bark of the log, but was unable to get upon it from the same cause as that which had prevented his standing upon it—it would roll. Horace hastened to his assistance. He got upon the log to which his brother was clinging, lay down upon it, and put down a hand for his brother to grasp. His brother did grasp it, and pulled with so much vigor, that the log made another revolution, and in went Horace. Neither of the boys could swim. They clung to the log and screamed for assistance; but no one happened to be near enough to hear them. At length, the younger of the drowning pair managed, by climbing over Horace, and sousing

him completely under the log, to get out. Horace emerged, half-drowned, and again hung for life at the rough bark. But the future hero of ten thousand paragraphs was not to be drowned in a mill-pond; so the log floated into shallower water, when, by making a last, spasmodic effort, he succeeded in springing up high enough to get safely upon its broad back. It was a narrow escape for both; but Horace, with all his reams of articles forming in his head, came as near taking a summary departure to that bourn where no TRIBUNE could have been set up, as a boy could, and yet not *go*. He went dripping home, and recovered from the effects of his adventure in due time.

This was Horace Greeley's *first* experience of 'log-rolling.' It was not calculated to make him like it.

One of the first subjects which the boy seriously considered, and perhaps the first upon which he arrived at a decided opinion, was Religion. And this was the more remarkable from the fact, that his education at home was not of a nature to direct his attention strongly to the subject. Both of his parents assented to the Orthodox creed of New England; his father inherited a preference for the Baptist denomination; his mother a leaning to the Presbyterian. But neither were members of a church, and neither were particularly devout. The father, however, was somewhat strict in certain observances. He would not allow novels and plays to be read in the house on Sundays, nor an heretical book at any time. The family, when they lived near a church, attended it with considerable regularity—Horace among the rest. Sometimes the father would require the children to read a certain number of chapters in the Bible on Sunday. And if the mother—as mothers are apt to be—was a little less scrupulous upon such points, and occasionally winked at Sunday novel-reading, it certainly did not arise from any set disapproval of her husband's strictness. It was merely that she was the mother, he the father, of the family. The religious education of Horace was, in short, of a nature to leave his mind, not unbiased in favor of orthodoxy—that had been almost impossible in New England thirty years ago—but as nearly in equilibrium on the subject, in a state as favorable to original inquiry, as the place and circumstances of his early life rendered possible.

There was not in Westhaven one individual who was known to

be a dissenter from the established faith; nor was there any dissenting sect or society in the vicinity; nor was any periodical of a heterodox character taken in the neighborhood; nor did any heretical works fall in the boy's way till years after his religious opinions were settled. Yet, from the age of twelve he began to doubt; and at fourteen—to use the pathetic language of one who knew him then—"he was little better than a Universalist."

The theology of the seminary and the theology of the farm-house are two different things. They are as unlike as the discussion of the capital punishment question in a debating society is to the discussion of the same question among a company of criminals accused of murder. The unsophisticated, rural mind meddles not with the metaphysics of divinity; it takes little interest in the Foreknowledge and Free-will difficulty, in the Election and Responsibility problem, and the manifold subtleties connected therewith. It grapples with a simpler question:—'*Am I in danger of being damned?*' 'Is it likely that I shall go to hell, and be tormented with burning sulphur, and the proximity of a serpent, forever, and ever, and ever?' To minds of an ampler and more generous nature, the same question presents itself, but in another form:—Is it a fact that nearly every individual of the human family will forever fail of attaining the WELFARE of which he was created capable, and be '*lost*, beyond the hope, beyond the possibility of recovery?' Upon the latter form of the inquiry, Horace meditated much, and talked often during his thirteenth and fourteenth years. When his companions urged the orthodox side, he would rather object, but mildly, and say with a puzzled look, "It don't seem consistent."

While he was in the habit of revolving such thoughts in his mind, a circumstance occurred which accelerated his progress towards a rejection of the damnation dogma. It was nothing more than his chance reading in a school-book of the history of Demetrius Poliorcètes. The part of the story which bore upon the subject of his thoughts may be out-lined thus:—

Demetrius, (B. C. 301,) surnamed Poliorcètes, *besieger of cities*, was the son of Antigonus, one of those generals whom the death of Alexander the Great left masters of the world. Demetrius was one of the 'fast' princes of antiquity, a handsome, brave, ingen-

lous man, but vain, rash and dissolute. He and his father ruled over Asia Minor and Syria. Greece was under the sway of Cassander and Ptolemy, who had re-established in Athens aristocratic institutions, and held the Athenians in servitude. Demetrius, who aspired to the glory of succoring the distressed, and was not averse to reducing the power of his enemies, Cassander and Ptolemy, sailed to Athens with a fleet of two hundred and fifty ships, expelled the garrison and obtained possession of the city. Antigonus had been advised to retain possession of Athens, the key of Greece; but he replied:—"The best and securest of all keys is the friendship of the people, and Athens was the watch-tower of the world, from whence the torch of his glory would blaze over the earth." Animated by such sentiments, his son, Demetrius, on reaching the city, had proclaimed that "his father, in a happy hour, he hoped, for Athens, had sent him to re-instate them in their liberties, and to restore their laws and ancient form of government." The Athenians received him with acclamations. He performed all that he promised, and more. He gave the people a hundred and fifty thousand measures of meal, and timber enough to build a hundred galleys. The gratitude of the Athenians was boundless. They bestowed upon Demetrius the title of king and god-protector. They erected an altar upon the spot where he had first alighted from his chariot. They created a priest in his honor, and decreed that he should be received in all his future visits as a god. They changed the name of the month *Munychion* to *Demetrion*, called the last day of every month *Demetrius*, and the feasts of Bacchus *Demetria*. "The gods," says the good Plutarch, "soon showed how much offended they were at these things." Demetrius enjoyed these extravagant honors for a time, added an Athenian wife to the number he already possessed, and sailed away to prosecute the war. A second time the Athenians were threatened with the yoke of Cassander; again Demetrius, with a fleet of three hundred and thirty ships, came to their deliverance, and again the citizens taxed their ingenuity to the utmost in devising for their deliverer new honors and more piquant pleasures. At length Demetrius, after a career of victory fell into misfortune. His domains were invaded, his father was slain, the kingdom was dismembered, and Demetrius, with a remnant of his army, was obliged to fly. Reaching Ephesus in want of

money, he spared the temple filled with treasure; and fearing his soldiers would plunder it, left the place and embarked for Greece. *His dependence was upon the Athenians*, with whom he had left his wife, his ships, and his money. Confidently relying upon their affection and gratitude, he pursued his voyage with all possible expedition as to a secure asylum. *But the fickle Athenians failed him in his day of need!* At the Cyclades, Athenian ambassadors met him, and mocked him with the *entreaty* that he would by no means go to Athens, as the people had declared by an edict, that they would receive no king into the city; and as for his wife, he could find her at Megare, whither she had been conducted with the respect due to her rank. Demetrius, who up to that moment had borne his reverses with calmness, was cut to the heart, and overcome by mingled disgust and rage. He was not in a condition to avenge the wrong. He expostulated with the Athenians in moderate terms, and waited only to be joined by his galleys, and turned his back upon the ungrateful country. Time passed. Demetrius again became powerful. Athens was rent by factions. Availing himself of the occasion, the injured king sailed with a considerable fleet to Attica, landed his forces and invested the city, which was soon reduced to such extremity of famine that a father and son, it is related, fought for the possession of a dead mouse that happened to fall from the ceiling of the room in which they were sitting. The Athenians were compelled, at length, to open their gates to Demetrius, who marched in with his troops. He commanded all the citizens to assemble in the theater. They obeyed. *Utterly at his mercy, they expected no merey, felt that they deserved no mercy.* The theater was surrounded with armed men, and on each side of the stage was stationed a body of the king's own guards. Demetrius entered by the tragedian's passage, advanced across the stage, and confronted the assembled citizens, who awaited in terror to hear the signal for their slaughter. But no such signal was heard. He addressed them in a soft and persuasive one, complained of their conduct in gentle terms, forgave their ingratitude, took them again into favor, gave the city a hundred thousand measures of wheat, and promised the re-establishment of their ancient institutions. The people, relieved from their terror, astonished at their *good* fortune, and filled with enthusiasm at such

generous forbearance, overwhelmed Demetrius with acclamations.

Horace was fascinated by the story. He thought the conduct of Demetrius not only magnanimous and humane, but just and politic Sparing the people, misguided by their leaders, seemed to him the best way to make them ashamed of their ingratitude, and the best way of preventing its recurrence. And he argued, if mercy is best and wisest on a small scale, can it be less so on a large? If a *man* is capable of such lofty magnanimity, may not God be who *made* man capable of it? If, in a human being, revenge and jealousy are despicable, petty and vulgar, what impiety is it to attribute such feelings to the beneficent Father of the Universe? The sin of the Athenians against Demetrius had every element of enormity. Twice he had snatched them from the jaws of ruin. Twice he had supplied their dire necessity. Twice he had refused all reward except the empty honors they paid to his name and person. He had condescended to become one of them by taking a daughter of Athens as his wife. He had entrusted his wife, his ships and his treasure to their care. Yet in the day of his calamity, when for the first time it was in their *power* to render him a service, when he was coming to them with the remnant of his fortune, without a doubt of their fidelity, with every reason to suppose that his misfortunes would render him dearer to them than ever; *then* it was that they determined to refuse him even an admittance within their gates, and sent an embassy to meet him with mockery and subterfuge.

Of the offenses committed by man against man, there is one which man can seldom lift his soul up to the height of forgiving. It is to be slighted in the day of his humiliation by those who howed him honor in the time of his prosperity. Yet man *can* orgive even this. Demetrius forgave it; and the nobler and greater a man is, the less keen is his sense of personal wrong, the less difficult it is for him to forgive. The poodle must show his teeth at every passing dog; the mastiff walks majestic and serene through a pack of snarling curs.

Amid such thoughts as these, the orthodox theory of damnation had little chance; the mind of the boy revolted against it more and

more; and the result was, that he became as our pious friend lamented, "little better than a Universalist"—in fact *no* better. From the age of fourteen he was known wherever he lived as a champion of Universalism, though he never entered a Universalist church till he was twenty years old. By what means he managed to 'reconcile' his new belief with the explicit and unmistakable declarations of what he continued to regard as Holy Writ, or how anybody has ever done it, I do not know. The boy appears to have shed his orthodoxy easily. His was not a nature to travail with a new idea for months and years, and arrive at certainty only after a struggle that rends the soul, and leaves it sore and sick for life. He was young; the iron of our theological system had not entered into his soul; he took the matter somewhat lightly; and, having arrived at a theory of the Divine government, which accorded with his own gentle and forgiving nature, he let the rest of the theological science alone, and went on his way rejoicing.

Yet it was no slight thing that had happened to him. A man's Faith is the man. Not to have a Faith is not to be a man. Beyond all comparison, the most important fact of a man's life is the formation of the Faith which he adheres to and lives by. And though Horace Greeley has occupied himself little with things spiritual, confining himself, by a necessity of his nature, chiefly to the promotion of material interests, yet I doubt not that this early change in his religious belief was the event which gave to all his subsequent life its direction and character. Whether that change was a desirable one, or an undesirable, is a question upon which the reader of course has a decided opinion. The following, perhaps, may be taken as the leading consequences of a deliberate and intelligent exchange of a severe creed in which a person has been educated, for a less severe one to which he attains by the operations of his own mind:

It quickens his understanding, and multiplies his ideas to an extent which, it is said, no one who has never experienced it can possibly conceive. It induces in him a habit of original reflection upon subjects of importance. It makes him slow to believe a thing, merely because many believe it—merely because it has long been believed. It renders him open to conviction, for he cannot forget that there was a time when he held opinions which he now clearly sees to be

erroneous. It dissolves the spell of Authority; it makes him distrustful of Great Names. It lessens his terror of Public Opinion for he has confronted it—discovered that it shows more teeth than it uses—that it harms only those who fear it—that it bows at length in homage to him whom it cannot frighten. It throws him upon his own *moral* resources. Formerly, Fear came to his assistance in moments of temptation; hell-fire rolled up its column of lurid smoke before him in the dreaded distance. But now he sees it not. If he has the Intelligence to know, the Heart to love, the Will to choose, the Strength to do, the RIGHT; he does it, and his life is high, and pure, and noble. If Intelligence, or Heart, or Will, or Strength is wanting to him, he vacillates; he is not an integer, his life is not. But, in either case, his Acts are the measure of his Worth.

Moreover, the struggle of a heretic with the practical difficulties of life, and particularly his early struggle, is apt to be a hard one; for, *generally*, the Rich, the Respectable, the Talented, and the Virtuous of a nation are ranged on the side of its Orthodoxy in an overwhelming majority. They feel themselves allied with it—dependent upon it. Above all, they believe in it, and think they would be damned if they did not. They are slow to give their countenance to one who dissents from their creed, even though he aspire only to make their shoes, or clean them, and though they more than suspect that the rival shoemaker round the corner keeps a religious newspaper on his counter solely for the effect of the thing upon pious consumers of shoe-leather.

To depart from the established Faith, then, must be accounted a risk, a danger, a thing uncomfortable and complicating. But, from the nettle Danger, *alone*, we pluck the flower Safety. And he who loves Truth first—Advantage second—will certainly find Truth at length, and care little at what loss of Advantage. So, let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind—with which safe and salutary text we may take leave of matters theological, and resume our story.

The political events which occurred during Horace Greeley's residence in Westhaven were numerous and exciting; some of them were of a character to attract the attention of a far less forward and thoughtful boy than he. Doubtless he read the message of President Monroe in 1821, in which the policy of Protection

to American Industry was recommended strongly, and advocated by arguments so simple that a child could understand them; so cogent that no man could refute them—arguments, in fact, precisely similar to those which the Tribune has since made familiar to the country. In the message of 1822, the president repeated his recommendation, and again in that of 1824. Those were the years of the recognition of the South American Republics, of the Greek enthusiasm, of Lafayette's triumphal progress through the Union; of the occupation of Oregon, of the suppression of Piracy in the Gulf of Mexico; of the Clay, Adams and Jackson controversy. It was during the period we are now considering, that Henry Clay made his most brilliant efforts in debate, and secured a place in the affections of Horace Greeley, which he retained to his dying day. It was then, too, that the boy learned to distrust the party who claimed to be pre-eminently and exclusively Democratic.

How attentively he watched the course of political events, how intelligently he judged them, at the age of thirteen, may be inferred from a passage in an article which he wrote twenty years after, the facts of which he stated from his early recollection of them:

"The first political contest," he wrote in the TRIBUNE for August 29th, 1846, "in which we ever took a distinct interest will serve to illustrate this distinction [between real and sham democracy]. It was the Presidential Election of 1824. Five candidates for President were offered, but one of them was withdrawn, leaving four, all of them members in regular standing of the so-called Republican or Democratic party. But a caucus of *one-fourth* of the members of Congress had selected one of the four (William H. Crawford) as *the* Republican candidate, and it was attempted to make the support of this one a test of party orthodoxy and fealty. This was resisted, we think most justly and democratically, by three-fourths of the people, including a large majority of those of this State. But among the prime movers of the caucus wires was *Martin Van Buren* of this State, and here it was gravely proclaimed and insisted that Democracy required a blind support of Crawford in preference to Adams, Jackson, or Clay, all of the Democratic party, who were competitors for the station. A Legislature was chosen as 'Republican' before the people generally had begun to think of the Presidency, and this Legislature, it was undoubtingly expected, would choose Crawford Electors of President. But the friends of the rival candidates at length began to bestir themselves and demand that the New York Electors shou'd be chosen by a direct vote of the people, and not by a forestalled Legislature This demand was vehemently re

sisted by Martin Van Buren and those who followed his lead, including the leading 'Democratic' politicians and editors of the State, the 'Albany Argus,' 'Noah's Enquirer, or National Advocate,' &c. &c. The feeling in favor of an Election by the people became so strong and general that Gov. Yates, though himself a Crawford man, was impelled to call a special session of the Legislature for this express purpose. The Assembly passed a bill giving the choice to the people by an overwhelming majority, in defiance of the exertions of Van Buren, A. C. Flagg, &c. The bill went to the Senate, to which body *Silas Wright* had recently been elected from the Northern District, and elected by Clintonian votes on an explicit understanding that he would vote for giving the choice of the Electors to the people. He accordingly voted, on one or two abstract propositions, that the choice *ought to be* given to the people. But when it came to a direct vote, this same Silas Wright, now Governor, voted to *deprive* the people of that privilege, by postponing the whole subject to the next regular session of the Legislature, when it would be *too late* for the people to choose Electors for that time. A bare majority (17) of the Senators thus withheld from the people the right they demanded. The cabal failed in their great object, after all, for several members of the Legislature, elected as Democrats, took ground for Mr. Clay, and by uniting with the friends of Mr. Adams defeated most of the Crawford Electors, and Crawford lost the Presidency. We were but thirteen when this took place, but we looked on very earnestly, without prejudice, and tried to look beyond the mere names by which the contending parties were called. Could we doubt that Democracy was on one side and the Democratic party on the other? Will 'Democrat' attempt to gainsay it now?

"Mr. Adams was chosen President—as thorough a Democrat, in the true sense of the word, as ever lived—a plain, unassuming, upright, and most capable statesman. He managed the public affairs so well that nobody could really give a reason for opposing him, and hardly any two gave the same reason. There was no party conflict during his time respecting the Bank, Tariff, Internal Improvements, nor anything else of a substantial character. He kept the expenses of the government very moderate. He never turned a man out of office because of a difference of political sentiment. Yet it was determined at the outset that he should be put down, no matter how well he might administer the government, and a combination of the old Jackson, Crawford, and Calhoun parties, with the personal adherents of De Witt Clinton, aided by a shamefully false and preposterous outcry that he had obtained the Presidency by a *bargain* with Mr. Clay, succeeded in returning an Opposition Congress in the middle of his term, and at its close to put in General Jackson over him by a large majority.

"The character of this man Jackson we had studied pretty thoroughly and without prejudice. His fatal duel with Dickinson about a horse-race; his pistoling Colonel Benton in the streets of Nashville; his forcing his way through

the Indian country with his drove of negroes in defiance of the express order of the Agent Dinsmore; his imprisonment of Judge Hall at New Orleans, long after the British had left that quarter, and when martial law ought long since to have been set aside; his irruption into Florida and capture of Spanish posts and officers without a shadow of authority to do so; his threats to cut off the ears of Senators who censured this conduct in solemn debate—in short, his whole life convinced us that the man never was a Democrat, in any proper sense of the term, but a violent and lawless despot, after the pattern of Cæsar, Cromwell, and Napoleon, and unfit to be trusted with power Of course, we went against him, but not against anything really Democratic in him or his party.

"That General Jackson in power justified all our previous expectations of him, need hardly be said. That he did more to destroy the Republican character of our government and render it a centralized despotism, than any other man could do, we certainly believe. But our correspondent and we would probably disagree with regard to the Bank and other questions which convulsed the Union during his rule, and we will only ask his attention to one of them, the earliest, and, in our view, the most significant.

"The Cherokee Indians owned, and had ever occupied, an extensive tract of country lying within the geographical limits of Georgia, Alabama, &c. It was theirs by the best possible title—theirs by our solemn and reiterated Treaty stipulations. We had repeatedly bought from them slices of their lands, solemnly guarantying to them all that we did not buy, and agreeing to defend them therein against all aggressors. We had promised to keep all intruders out of their territory. At least one of these Treaties was signed by Gen. Jackson himself; others by Washington, Jefferson, &c. All the usual pretexts for agression upon Indians failed in this case. The Cherokees had been our friends and allies for many years; they had committed no depredations; they were peaceful, industrious, in good part Christianized, had a newspaper printed in their own tongue, and were fast improving in the knowledge and application of the arts of civilized life. They compared favorably every way with their white neighbors. But the Georgians coveted their fertile lands, and determined to have them; they set them up in a lottery and gambled them off among themselves, and resolved to take possession. A fraudulent Treaty was made between a few Cherokees of no authority or consideration and sundry white agents, including one 'who stole the livery of Heaven to serve the devil in,' but everybody scoffed at this mockery, as did ninety-nine hundredths of the Cherokees.

"Now Georgia, during Mr. Adams' Administration, attempted to extend her jurisdiction over these poor people. Mr. Adams, finding remonstrance of no avail, stationed a part of the army at a proper point, prepared to drive all intruders out of the Cherokee country, as we had by treaty solemnly engaged to do. This answered the purpose. Georgia blustered, but dared not go fur-

ther. She went *en masse* for Jackson, of course. When he came in, she proceeded at once to extend her jurisdiction over the Cherokees in very deed They remonstrated—pointed to their broken treaties, and urged the President to perform his sworn duty, and protect them, but in vain. Georgia seized a Cherokee accused of killing another Cherokee in their own country, tried him for and convicted him of murder. He sued out a writ of error, carried the case up to the U. S. Supreme Court, and there obtained a decision in his favor, establishing the utter illegality as well as injustice of the acts of Georgia in the premises. The validity of our treaties with the Cherokees, and the consequent duty of the President to see them enforced, any thing in any State-law or edict to the contrary notwithstanding, was explicitely affirmed. But President Jackson decided that Georgia was right and the Supreme Court wrong, and refused to enforce the decision of the latter. So the Court was defied, the Cherokee hung, the Cherokee country given up to the cupidity of the Georgians, and its rightful owners driven across the Mississippi, virtually at the point of the bayonet. That case changed the nature of our Government, making the President Supreme Judge of the Law as well as its Chief Minister—in other words, Dictator. "Amen! Hurrah for Jackson!" said the Pharisaic Democracy of Party and Spoils. We could not say it after them. We considered our nation perjured in the trampling down and exile of these Cherokees; perjury would have lain heavy on our soul had we approved and promoted the deed."

On another occasion, when Silas Wright was nominated for Governor of the State of New York, the Tribune broke forth: "The 'notorious Seventeen'—what New-Yorker has not heard of them? —yet how small a proportion of our present voting population retain a vivid and distinct recollection of the outrage on Republicanism and Popular Rights which made the 'Seventeen' so unenviably notorious! The Editor of the Tribune is of that proportion, be it small or large. Though a boy in 1824, and living a mile across the Vermont line of the State, he can never forget the indignation awakened by that outrage, which made him for ever an adversary of the Albany Regency and the demagogues who here and elsewhere made use of the terms 'Democracy,' 'Democrats,' 'Democratic party,' to hoodwink and cajole the credulous and unthinking —to divert their attention from things to names—to divest them of independent and manly thought, and lead them blindfold wherever the intriguers' interests shall dictate—to establish a real Aristocracy under the abused name of Democracy. It was 1824 which taught many beside us the nature of this swindle, and fired them with un-

conquerable zeal and resolution to defeat the fraud by exposing it to the apprehension of a duped and betrayed people."

These extracts will assist the reader to recall the political excitements of the time. And he may well esteem it extraordinary for a boy of thirteen—an age when a boy is, generally, most a boy—to understand them so well, and to be interested in them so deeply It should be remembered, however, that in remote country places, where the topics of conversation are few, *all* the people take a degree of interest in politics, and talk about political questions with a frequency and pertinacity of which the busy inhabitants of cities can form little idea.

Horace's last year in Westhaven (1825) wore slowly away. He had exhausted the schools; he was impatient to be at the types, and he wearied his father with importunities to get him a place in a printing-office. But his father was loth to let him go, for two reasons: the boy was useful at home, and the cautious father feared he would not do well away from home; he was so gentle, so absent, so awkward, so little calculated to make his way with strangers. One day, the boy saw in the "Northern Spectator," a weekly paper, published at East Poultney, eleven miles distant, an advertisement for an apprentice in the office of the "Spectator" itself. He showed it to his father, and wrung from him a reluctant consent to his applying for the place. "I have n't got time to go and see about it, Horace; but if you have a mind to walk over to Poultney and see what you can do, why you may."

Horace *had* a mind to

CHAPTER IV.

APPRENTICESHIP.

The Village of East Poultney—Horace applies for the Place—Scene in the Garden—He makes an Impression—A difficulty arises and is overcome—He enters the office—Rite of Initiation—Horace the Victor—His employer's recollections of him—The Pack of Cards—Horace begins to paragraph—Joins the Debating Society—His manner of Debating—Horace and the Dandy—His noble conduct to his father—His first glimpse of Saratoga—His manners at the Table—Becomes the Town-Encyclopedia—The Doctor's Story—Recollections of one of his fellow apprentices—Horace's favorite Poets—Politics of the time—The Anti-Mason Excitement—The Northern Spectator stops—The Apprentice is Free.

East Poultney is not, decidedly not, a place which a traveler—if, by any extraordinary chance, a traveler should ever visit it—would naturally suspect of a newspaper. But, in one of the most densely-populated parts of the city of New York, there is a *field!*—a veritable, indubitable field, with a cow in it, a rough wooden fence around it, and a small, low, wooden house in the middle of it, where an old gentleman lives, who lived there when all was rural around him, and who means to live there all his days, pasturing his cow and raising his potatoes on ground which he could sell—but won't—at a considerable number of dollars per foot. The field in the metropolis we can account for. But that a newspaper should ever have been published at East Poultney, Rutland county, Vermont, seems, at the first view of it, inexplicable.

Vermont, however, is a land of villages; and the business which is elsewhere done only in large towns is, in that State, divided among the villages in the country. Thus, the stranger is astonished at seeing among the few signboards of mere hamlets, one or two containing most unexpected and metropolitan announcements, such as, "Silversmith," "Organ Factory," "Piano Fortes," "Printing Office," or "Patent Melodeons." East Poultney, for example, is little more than a hamlet, yet it once had a newspaper, and boasts a small factory of melodeons at this moment. A foreigner

would as soon expect to see there an Italian opera house or a French café.

The Poultney river is a small stream that flows through a valley, which widens and narrows, narrows and widens, all along its course; here, a rocky gorge; a grassy plain, beyond. At one of its narrow places, where the two ranges of hills approach and nod to one another, and where the river pours through a rocky channel—a torrent on a very small scale—the little village nestles, a cluster of houses at the base of an enormous hill. It is built round a small triangular green, in the middle of which is a church, with a handsome clock in its steeple, all complete except the works, and bearing on its ample face the date, 1805. No village, however minute, can get on without three churches, representing the Conservative, the Enthusiastic, and Eccentric tendencies of human nature; and, of course, East Poultney has three. It has likewise the most remarkably shabby and dilapidated school-house in all the country round. There is a store or two; but business is not brisk, and when a customer arrives in town, perhaps, his first difficulty will be to *find* the storekeeper, who has locked up his store and gone to hoe in his garden or talk to the blacksmith. A tavern, a furnace, a saw-mill, and forty dwelling houses, nearly complete the inventory of the village. The place has a neglected and 'seedy' aspect which is rare in New England. In that remote and sequestered spot, it seems to have been forgotten, and left behind in the march of progress; and the people, giving up the hope and the endeavor to catch up, have settled down to the tranquil enjoyment of Things as they Are. The village cemetery, near by,—more populous far than the village, for the village is an old one—is upon the side of a steep ascent, and whole ranks of gravestones bow, submissive to the law of gravitation, and no man sets them upright. A quiet, slow little place is East Poultney. Thirty years ago, the people were a little more wide awake, and there were a few more of them.

It was a fine spring morning in the year 1826, about ten o'clock when Mr. Amos Bliss, the manager, and one of the proprietors, of the Northern Spectator, 'might have been seen' in the garden behind his house planting potatoes. He heard the gate open behind him, and, without turning or looking round, became dimly conscious of the presence of a boy. But the boys of country villages go into

whosesoever garden their wandering fancy impels them, and supposing this boy to be one of his own neighbors, Mr. Bliss continued his work and quickly forgot that he was not alone. In a few minutes, he heard a voice close behind him, a strange voice, high-pitched and whining.

It said, "Are you the man that carries on the printing office?"

Mr. Bliss then turned, and resting upon his hoe, surveyed the person who had thus addressed him. He saw standing before him a boy apparently about fifteen years of age, of a light, tall, and slender form, dressed in the plain, farmer's cloth of the time, his garments cut with an utter disregard of elegance and fit. His trowsers were exceedingly short and voluminous; he wore no stockings; his shoes were of the kind denominated 'high-lows,' and much worn down; his hat was of felt, 'one of the old stamp, with so small a brim, that it looked more like a two-quart measure inverted than anything else;' and it was worn far back on his head; his hair was white, with a tinge of orange at its extremities, and it lay thinly upon a broad forehead and over a head 'rocking on shoulders which seemed too slender to support the weight of a member so disproportioned to the general outline.' The general effect of the figure and its costume was so *outré*, they presented such a combination of the rustic and ludicrous, and the apparition had come upon him so suddenly, that the amiable gardener could scarcely keep from laughing.

He restrained himself, however, and replied, "Yes, I'm the man."

Whereupon the stranger asked, "Don't you want a boy to learn the trade?"

"Well," said Mr. Bliss, "we have been thinking of it. Do *you* want to learn to print?"

"I've had some notion of it," said the boy in true Yankee fashion, as though he had not been dreaming about it, and longing for it for years.

Mr. Bliss was both astonished and puzzled—astonished that such a fellow as the boy *looked* to be, should have ever thought of learning to print, and puzzled how to convey to him an idea of the absurdity of the notion. So, with an expresssion in his countenance, such as that of a tender-hearted dry-goods merchant might be sup-

posed to assume if a hod-carrier should apply for a place in the lace department, he said, "Well, my boy—but, you know, it takes considerable learning to be a printer. Have you been to school much?"

"No," said the boy, "I have'nt had much chance at school. I've read some."

"What have you read?" asked Mr. Bliss.

"Well, I 've read some history, and some travels, and a little of most everything."

"Where do you live?"

"At Westhaven"

"How did you come over?"

"I came on foot."

"What's your name?"

"Horace Greeley."

Now it happened that Mr. Amos Bliss had been for the last three years an Inspector of Common Schools, and in fulfilling the duties of his office—examining and licensing teachers—he had acquired an uncommon facility in asking questions, and a fondness for that exercise which men generally entertain for any employment in which they suppose themselves to excel. The youth before him was—in the language of medical students—a 'fresh subject,' and the Inspector proceeded to try all his skill upon him, advancing from easy questions to hard ones, up to those knotty problems with which he had been wont to 'stump' candidates for the office of teacher. The boy was a match for him. He answered every question promptly, clearly and modestly. He could not be 'stumped' in the ordinary school studies, and of the books he had read he could give a correct and complete analysis. In Mr. Bliss's own account of the interview, he says, "On entering into conversation, and a partial examination of the qualifications of my new applicant, it required but little time to discover that he possessed a mind of no common order, and an acquired intelligence far beyond his years. He had had but little opportunity at the common school, but he said 'he had read some,' and what he had read he well understood and remembered. In addition to the ripe intelligence manifested in one so young, and whose instruction had been so limited, there was a single-mindedness, a truthfulness and common sense in what he said, that at once commanded my regard."

After half an hour's conversation with the boy, Mr. Bliss intimated that he thought he would do, and told him to go into the printing-office and talk to the foreman. Horace went to the printing-office, and there his appearance produced an effect on the tender minds of the three apprentices who were at work therein, which can be much better imagined than described, and which is most vividly remembered by the two who survive. To the foreman Horace addressed himself, regardless certainly, oblivious probably, of the stare and the remarks of the boys. The foreman, at first, was inclined to wonder that Mr. Bliss should, for one moment, think it possible that a boy got up in that style could perform the most ordinary duties of a printer's apprentice. Ten minutes' talk with him, however, effected a partial revolution in his mind in the boy's favor, and as he was greatly in want of another apprentice, he was not inclined to be over particular. He tore off a slip of proof-paper, wrote a few words upon it hastily with a pencil, and told the boy to take it to Mr. Bliss. That piece of paper was his fate. The words were: '*Guess we 'd better try him.*' Away went Horace to the garden, and presented his paper. Mr. Bliss, whose curiosity had been excited to a high pitch by the extraordinary contrast between the appearance of the boy and his real quality, now entered into a long conversation with him, questioned him respecting his history, his past employments, his parents, their circumstances, his own intentions and wishes; and the longer he talked, the more his admiration grew. The result was, that he agreed to accept Horace as an apprentice, provided his father would agree to the usual terms; and then, with eager steps, and a light heart, the happy boy took the dusty road that led to his home in Westhaven.

"You 're not going to hire that tow-head, Mr. Bliss, are you?" asked one of the apprentices at the close of the day. "I am," was the reply, "and if you boys are expecting to get any fun out of him, you 'd better get it quick, or you 'll be too late. There 's something *in* that tow-head, as you 'll find out before you 're a week older."

A day or two after, Horace packed up his wardrobe in a small cotton handkerchief. Small as it was, it would have held more, for its proprietor never had more than two shirts, and one change

of outer-clothing, at the same time, till he was of age. Father and son walked, side by side, to Poultney, the boy carrying his possessions upon a stick over his shoulder.

At Poultney, an unexpected difficulty arose, which for a time made Horace tremble in his high-low shoes. The terms proposed by Mr. Bliss were, that the boy should be bound for five years, and receive his board and twenty dollars a year. Now, Mr. Greeley had ideas of his own on the subject of apprenticeship, and he objected to this proposal, and to every particular of it. In the first place, he had determined that no child of his should ever be bound at all. In the second place, he thought five years an unreasonable time; thirdly, he considered that twenty dollars a year and board was a compensation ridiculously disproportionate to the services which Horace would be required to render; and finally, on each and all of these points, he clung to his opinion with the tenacity of a Greeley. Mr. Bliss appealed to the established custom of the country; five years was the usual period; the compensation offered was the regular thing; the binding was a point essential to the employer's interest. And at every pause in the conversation, the appealing voice of Horace was heard: "Father, I *guess* you 'd better make a bargain with Mr. Bliss;" or, "Father, I guess it won't make much difference;" or, "Don't you think you 'd better do it, father?" At one moment the boy was reduced to despair. Mr. Bliss had given it as his *ultimatum* that the proposed binding was absolutely indispensable; he "could do business in no other way." "Well, then, Horace," said the father, "let us go home." The father turned to go; but Horace lingered; he could not give it up; and so the father turned again; the negotiation was re-opened, and after a prolonged discussion, a compromise was effected. What the terms were, that were finally agreed to, I cannot positively state, for the three memories which I have consulted upon the subject give three different replies. Probably, however, they were—no binding, and no money for six months; then the boy could, if he chose, bind himself for the remainder of the five years, at forty dollars a year, the apprentice to be boarded from the beginning. And so the father went home, and the son went straight to the printing office and took his first lesson in the art of setting type.

A few months after, it may be as well to mention here, Mr

Greeley removed to Erie county, Pennsylvania, and bought some wild land there, from which he gradually created a farm, leaving Horace alone in Vermont. Grass now grows where the little house stood in Westhaven, in which the family lived longest, and the barn in which they stored their hay and kept their cattle, leans forward like a kneeling elephant, and lets in the daylight through ten thousand apertures. But the neighbors point out the tree that stood before their front door, and the tree that shaded the kitchen window, and the tree that stood behind the house, and the tree whose apples Horace liked, and the bed of mint with which he regaled his nose. And both the people of Westhaven and those of Amherst assert that whenever the Editor of the Tribune revisits the scenes of his early life, at the season when apples are ripe, one of the things that he is surest to do, is to visit the apple trees that produce the fruit which he liked best when he was a boy, and which he still prefers before all the apples of the world.

The new apprentice took his place at the font, and received from the foreman his 'copy,' composing stick, and a few words of instruction, and then he addressed himself to his task. He needed no further assistance. The mysteries of the craft he seemed to comprehend intuitively. He had thought of his chosen vocation for many years; he had formed a notion how the types *must* be arranged in order to produce the desired impression, and, therefore, all he had to acquire was manual dexterity. In perfect silence, without looking to the right hand or to the left, heedless of the sayings and doings of the other apprentices, though they were bent on mischief, and tried to attract and distract his attention, Horace worked on, hour after hour, all that day; and when he left the office at night could set type better and faster than many an apprentice who had had a month's practice. The next day, he worked with the same silence and intensity. The boys were puzzled. They thought it absolutely incumbent on them to perform an initiating rite of some kind; but the new boy gave them no handle, no excuse, no opening. He committed no greenness, he spoke to no one, looked at no one, seemed utterly oblivious of every thing save only his copy and his type. They threw type at him, but he never looked around. They talked saucily *at* him, but he threw back no retort. This would never do. Towards the close of the third day

the oldest apprentices took one of the large black balls with which printers used to *dab* the ink upon the type, and remarking that in his opinion Horace's hair was of too light a hue for so black an art as that which he had undertaken to learn, applied the ball well inked, to Horace's head, making four distinct dabs. The boys, the journeyman, the pressman and the editor, all paused in their work to observe the result of this experiment. Horace neither spoke nor moved. He went on with his work as though nothing had happened, and soon after went to the tavern where he boarded, and spent an hour in purifying his dishonored locks. And that was all the 'fun' the boys 'got out' of their new companion on *that* occasion. They were conquered. In a few days the victor and the vanquished were excellent friends.

Horace was now fortunately situated. Ampler means of acquiring knowledge were within his reach than he had ever before enjoyed; nor were there wanting opportunities for the display of his acquisitions and the exercise of his powers.

"About this time," writes Mr. Bliss, "a sound, well-read theologian and a practical printer was employed to edit and conduct the paper. This opened a desirable school for intellectual culture to our young *debutant*. Debates ensued; historical, political, and religious questions were discussed; and often while all hands were engaged at the font of types; and here the purpose for which our young aspirant 'had read some' was made manifest. Such was the correctness of his memory in what he had read, in both biblical and profane history, that the reverend gentleman was often put at fault by his corrections. He always quoted chapter and verse to prove the point in dispute. On one occasion the editor said that money was the root of all evil, when he was corrected by the 'devil,' who said he believed it read in the Bible that the love of money was the root of all evil.

"A small town library gave him access to books, by which, together with the reading of the exchange papers of the office, he improved all his leisure hours. He became a frequent talker in our village lyceum, and often wrote dissertations.

"In the first organization of our village temperance society, the question arose as to the age when the young might become members. Fearing lest his own age might bar him, he moved that they be received when they were old enough to drink—which was adopted *nem. con.*

"Though modest and retiring, he was often led into political discussions with our ablest politicians, and few would leave the field without feeling in

structed by the soundness of his views and the unerring correctness of his statements of political events.

"Having a thirst for knowledge, he bent his mind and all his energies to its acquisition, with unceasing application and untiring devotion; and I doubt if, in the whole term of his apprenticeship, he ever spent an hour in the common recreations of young men. He used to pass my door as he went to his daily meals, and though I often sat near, or stood in the way, so much absorbed did he appear in his own thoughts—his head bent forward and his eyes fixed upon the ground, that I have the charity to believe the reason why he never turned his head or gave me a look, was because he had no idea I was there!"

On one point the reminiscences of Mr. Bliss require correction. He thinks that his apprentice never spent an hour in the common recreations of young men during his residence in Poultney. Mr. Bliss, however, was his senior and his employer; and therefore observed him at a distance and from above. But I, who have conversed with those who were the friends and acquaintances of the youth, can tell a better story. He had a remarkable fondness for games of mingled skill and chance, such as whist, draughts, chess, and others; and the office was never without its dingy pack of cards, carefully concealed from the reverend editor and the serious customers, but brought out from its hiding-place whenever the coast was clear and the boys had a leisure hour. Horace never gambled, nor would he touch the cards on Sunday; but the delight of playing a game occasionally was heightened, perhaps, by the fact that in East Poultney a pack of cards was regarded as a thing accursed, not fit for saintly hands to touch. Bee-hunting, too, continued to be a favorite amusement with Horace. "He was always ready for a bee-hunt," says one who knew him well in Poultney, and bee-hunted with him often in the woods above the village. To finish with this matter of amusement, I may mention that a dancing-school was held occasionally at the village-tavern, and Horace was earnestly (ironically, perhaps) urged to join it; but he refused. Not that he disapproved of the dance—that best of all home recreations—but he fancied he was not exactly the figure for a quadrille. He occasionally looked in at the door of the dancing-room, but never could be prevailed upon to enter it.

Until he came to live at Poultney, Horace had never tried his hand

at original composition. The injurious practice of writing 'compositions' was not among the exercises of any of the schools which he had attended. At Poultney, very early in his apprenticeship, he began, not indeed to write, but to compose paragraphs for the paper as he stood at the desk, and to set them in type as he composed them. They were generally items of news condensed from large articles in the exchange papers; but occasionally he composed an original paragraph of some length; and he continued to render editorial assistance of this kind all the while he remained in the office. The 'Northern Spectator' was an 'Adams paper,' and Horace was an Adams man.

The Debating Society, to which Mr. Bliss alludes, was an important feature in the life of East Poultney. There happened to be among the residents of the place, during the apprenticeship of Horace Greeley, a considerable number of intelligent men, men of some knowledge and talent—the editor of the paper, the village doctor, a county judge, a clergyman or two, two or three persons of some political eminence, a few well-informed mechanics, farmers, and others. These gentlemen had formed themselves into a 'Lyceum,' before the arrival of Horace, and the Lyceum had become so famous in the neighborhood, that people frequently came a distance of ten miles to attend its meetings. It assembled weekly, in the winter, at the little brick school-house. An original essay was read by the member whose 'turn' it was to do so, and then the question of the evening was debated; first, by four members who had been designated at the previous meeting, and after they had each spoken once, the question was open to the whole society. The questions were mostly of a very innocent and rudimental character, as, 'Is novel-reading injurious to society?' 'Has a person a right to take life in self-defense?' 'Is marriage conducive to happiness?' 'Do we, as a nation, exert a good moral influence in the world?' 'Do either of the great parties of the day carry out the principles of the Declaration of Independence?' 'Is the Union likely to be perpetuated?' 'Was Napoleon Bonaparte a great man?' 'Is it a person's duty to take the temperance pledge?' *et cetera.*

Horace joined the society, the first winter of his residence in Poultney, and, young as he was, soon became one of its leading members. "He was a real giant at the Debating Society," says

one of his early admirers. "Whenever he was appointed to speak or to read an essay, he never wanted to be excused; he was always ready. He was exceedingly *interested* in the questions which he discussed, and stuck to his opinion against all opposition—not discourteously, but still *he stuck to it*, replying with the most perfect assurance to men of high station and of low. He had one advantage over all his fellow members; it was his memory. He had read everything, and remembered the minutest details of important events; dates, names, places, figures, statistics—nothing had escaped him. He was never treated as a *boy* in the society, but as a man and an equal; and his opinions were considered with as much deference as those of the judge or the sheriff—more, I think. To the graces of oratory he made no pretense, but he was a fluent and interesting speaker, and had a way of giving an unexpected turn to the debate by reminding members of a fact, well known but overlooked; or by correcting a misquotation, or by appealing to what are called first principles. He was an opponent to be afraid of; yet his sincerity and his earnestness were so evident, that those whom he most signally floored liked him none the less for it. He never lost his temper. In short, he spoke in his sixteenth year just as he speaks now; and when he came a year ago to lecture in a neighboring village, I saw before me the Horace Greeley of the old Poultney 'Forum,' as we called it, and no other."

It is hardly necessary to record, that Horace never made the slightest preparation for the meetings of the Debating Society in the way of *dress*—except so far as to put on his jacket. In the summer, he was accustomed to wear, while at work, two garments, a shirt and trowsers; and when the reader considers that his trowsers were very short, his sleeves tucked up above his elbows, his shirt open in front, he will have before his mind's eye the picture of a youth attired with extreme simplicity. In his walks about the village, he added to his dress a straw hat, valued originally at one shilling. In the winter, his clothing was really insufficient. So, at least, thought a kind-hearted lady who used to see him pass her window on his way to dinner.. "He never," she says, "had an overcoat while he lived here; and I used to pity him *so* much in cold weather. I remember him as a slender, pale little fellow, younger looking than he really was, in a brown jacket much too

short for him. I used to think the winds would blow him away sometimes, as he crept along the fence lost in thought, with his head down, and his hands in his pockets. He was often laughed at for his homely dress, by the boys. Once, when a very interesting question was to be debated at the school-house, a young man who was noted among us for the elegance of his dress and the length of his account at the store, advised Horace to get a new 'rig out' for the occasion, particularly as he was to lead one of the sides, and an unusually large audience was expected to be present. 'No,' said Horace, 'I guess I'd better wear my old clothes than run in debt for new ones.'"

Now, forty dollars a year is sufficient to provide a boy in the country with good and substantial clothing; half the sum will keep him warm and decent. The reader, therefore, may be inclined to censure the young debater for his apparent parsimony; or worse, for an insolent disregard of the feelings of others; or, *worst*, for a pride that aped humility. The reader, if that be the present inclination of his mind, will perhaps experience a revulsion of feeling when he is informed—as I now do inform him, and on the best authority—that every dollar of the apprentice's little stipend which he could save by the most rigid economy, was piously sent to his father, who was struggling in the wilderness on the other side of the Alleghanies, with the difficulties of a new farm, and an insufficient capital. And this was the practice of Horace Greeley during all the years of his apprenticeship, and for years afterwards; as long, in fact, as his father's land was unpaid for and inadequately provided with implements, buildings, and stock. At a time when filial piety may be reckoned among the extinct virtues, it is a pleasure to record a fact like this.

Twice, during his residence at Poultney, Horace visited his parents in Pennsylvania, six hundred miles distant, walking a great part of the way, and accomplishing the rest on a slow canal boat. On one of these tedious journeys he first saw Saratoga, a circumstance to which he alluded seven years after, in a fanciful epistle, written from that famous watering-place, and published in the "New Yorker":

"Saratoga! bright city of the present! thou ever-during one-and twenty

of existence! a wanderer by thy stately palaces and gushing fountains salutes thee! Years, yet not many, have elapsed since, a weary roamer from a distant land, he first sought thy health-giving waters. November's sky was over earth and him, and more than all, over thee; and its chilling blasts made mournful melody amid the waving branches of thy ever verdant pines. Then, as now, thou wert a City of Tombs, deserted by the gay throng whose light laughter re-echoes so joyously through thy summer-robed arbors. But to him, thou wert ever a fairy land, and he wished to quaff of thy Hygeian treasures as of the nectar of the poet's fables. One long and earnest draught, ere its sickening disrelish came over him, and he flung down the cup in the bitterness of disappointment and disgust, and sadly addressed him again to his pedestrian journey. Is it ever thus with thy castles, Imagination? thy pictures, Fancy? thy dreams, O Hope? Perish the unbidden thought! A health, in sparkling Congress, to the rainbow of life! even though its promise prove as shadowy as the baseless fabric of a vision. Better even the dear delusion of Hope—if delusion it must be—than the rugged reality of listless despair. (I think I could do this better in rhyme, if I had not trespassed in that line already. However, the cabin-conversation of a canal-packet is not remarkably favorable to poetry.) In plain prose, there is a great deal of mismanagement about this same village of Saratoga The season gives up the ghost too easily," &c., &c.

During the four years that Horace lived at East Poultney, he boarded for some time at the tavern, which still affords entertainment for man and beast—*i. e.* peddler and horse—in that village. It was kept by an estimable couple, who became exceedingly attached to their singular guest, and he to them. Their recollections of him are to the following effect:—Horace at that time ate and drank whatever was placed before him; he was rather fond of good living, ate furiously, and fast, and much. He was very fond of coffee, but cared little for tea. Every one drank in those days, and there was a great deal of drinking at the tavern, but Horace never could be tempted to taste a drop of anything intoxicating. "I always," said the kind landlady, "took a great interest in young people, and when I saw they were going wrong, it used to distress me, no matter whom they belonged to; but I never feared for Horace. Whatever might be going on about the village or in the bar-room, I always knew *he* would do right." He stood on no ceremony at the table; he *fell to* without waiting to be asked or helped, devoured everything right and left, stopped as suddenly as he had begun, and

vanished instantly. One day, as Horace was stretching his long arm over to the other side of the table in quest of a distant dish, the servant, wishing to hint to him in a jocular manner, that that was not exactly the most proper way of proceeding, said, "Don't trouble yourself, Horace, *I* want to help you to that dish, for, you know, I have a *particular* regard for you." He blushed, as only a boy with a very white face can blush, and, thenceforth, was less adventurous in exploring the remoter portions of the table-cloth. When any topic of interest was started at the table, he joined in it with the utmost confidence, and maintained his opinion against anybody, talking with great vivacity, and never angrily. He came, at length, to be regarded as a sort of Town Encyclopedia, and if any one wanted to know anything, he went, as a matter of course, to Horace Greeley; and, if a dispute arose between two individuals, respecting a point of history, or politics, or science, they referred it to Horace Greeley, and whomsoever *he* declared to be right, was confessed to be the victor in the controversy. Horace never went to a tea-drinking or a party of any kind, never went on an excursion, never slept away from home or was absent from one meal during the period of his residence at the tavern, except when he went to visit his parents. He seldom went to church, but spent the Sunday, usually, in reading. He was a stanch Universalist, a stanch whig, and a pre-eminently stanch anti-Mason. Thus, the landlord and landlady.

Much of this is curiously confirmed by a story often told in convivial moments by a distinguished physician of New York, who on one occasion chanced to witness at the Poultney tavern the exploits, gastronomic and encyclopedic, to which allusion has just been made. "Did I ever tell you," he is wont to begin, "how and where I first saw my friend Horace Greeley? Well, thus it happened. It was one of the proudest and happiest days of my life. I was a country boy then, a farmer's son, and we lived a few miles from East Poultney. On the day in question I was sent by my father to sell a load of potatoes at the store in East Poultney, and bring back various commodities in exchange. Now this was the first time, you must know, that I had ever been entrusted with so important an errand. I had been to the village with my father often enough, but now I was to go alone, and I felt as proud and

independent as a midshipman the first time he goes ashore in command of a boat. Big with the fate of twenty bushels of potatoes, off I drove—reached the village—sold out my load—drove round to the tavern—put up my horses, and went in to dinner. This going to the tavern on my own account, all by myself, and paying my own bill, was, I thought, the crowning glory of the whole adventure. There were a good many people at dinner, the sheriff of the county and an ex-member of Congress among them, and I felt considerably abashed at first; but I had scarcely begun to eat, when my eyes fell upon an object so singular that I could do little else than stare at it all the while it remained in the room. It was a tall, pale, white-haired, *gawky* boy, seated at the further end of the table. He was in his shirt-sleeves, and he was eating with a rapidity and awkwardness that I never saw equaled before nor since. It seemed as if he was eating for a wager, and had gone in to win. He neither looked up nor round, nor appeared to pay the least attention to the conversation. My first thought was, 'This is a pretty sort of a tavern to let such a fellow as that sit at the same table with all these gentlemen; he ought to come in with the hostler.' I thought it strange, too, that no one seemed to notice him, and I supposed he owed his continuance at the table to that circumstance alone. And so I sat, eating little myself, and occupied in watching the wonderful performance of this wonderful youth. At length the conversation at the table became quite animated, turning upon some measure of an early Congress; and a question arose how certain members had voted on its final passage. There was a difference of opinion; and the sheriff, a very finely-dressed personage, I thought, to my boundless astonishment, referred the matter to the unaccountable Boy, saying, 'Aint that right, Greeley?' 'No,' said the Unaccountable, without looking up, 'you 're wrong.' 'There,' said the ex-member, 'I told you so.' And you 're wrong, too,' said the still-devouring Mystery. Then he laid down his knife and fork, and gave the history of the measure, explained the state of parties at the time, stated the vote in dispute, named the leading advocates and opponents of the bill, and, in short, gave a complete exposition of the whole matter. I listened and wondered; but what surprised me most was, that the company received his statement as pure gospel, and as settling the question be-

yond dispute—as a dictionary settles a dispute respecting the spelling of a word. A minute after, the boy left the dining room, and I never saw him again, till I met him, years after, in the streets of New York, when I claimed acquaintance with him as a brother Vermonter, and told him this story, to his great amusement."

One of his fellow-apprentices favors me with some interesting reminiscences. He says, "I was a fellow-apprentice with Horace Greeley at Poultney for nearly two years. We boarded together during that period at four different places, and we were constantly together." The following passage from a letter from this early friend of our hero will be welcome to the reader, notwithstanding its repetitions of a few facts already known to him:—

Little did the inhabitants of East Poultney, where *Horace Greeley* went to reside in April, 1826, as an apprentice to the printing business, dream of the potent influence he was a few years later destined to exert, not only upon the politics of a neighboring State, but upon the noblest and grandest philanthropic enterprises of the age. He was then a remarkably plain-looking unsophisticated lad of fifteen, with a slouching, careless gait, leaning away forward as he walked, as if both his head and his heels were too heavy for his body. He wore a wool hat of the old stamp, with so small a brim, that it looked more like a two-quart measure inverted than a hat; and he had a singular, whining voice that provoked the merriment of the older apprentices, who had hardly themselves outgrown, in their brief village residence, similar peculiarities of country breeding. But the rogues could not help pluming themselves upon their superior manners and position; and it must be confessed that the young 'stranger' was mercilessly 'taken in' by his elders in the office, whenever an opportunity for a practical joke presented itself.

But these things soon passed away, and as Horace was seen to be an unusually intelligent and honest lad, he came to be better appreciated. The office in which he was employed was that of the *Northern Spectator*, a weekly paper then published by Messrs. Bliss & Dewey, and edited by E. G. Stone, brother to the late Col. Stone of the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser. The new comer boarded in Mr. Stone's family, by whom he was well esteemed for his boyish integrity; and Mr. S. on examination found him better skilled in English grammar, even at that early age, than were the majority of school teachers in those times. His superior intelligence also strongly commended him to the notice of Amos Bliss, Esq., one of the firm already mentioned, then and now a highly-respectable merchant of East Poultney, who has marked with pride and pleasure every successive step of the 'Westhaven boy,' from that day to this.

In consequence of the change of proprietors, editors and other things pertaining to the management of the Spectator office, Horace had, during the term of his apprenticeship, about as many opportunities of 'boarding round,' as ordinarily fall to the lot of a country schoolmaster. In 1827, he boarded at the 'Eagle tavern,' which was then kept by Mr. Harlow Hosford, and was the head-quarters of social and fashionable life in that pleasant old village. There the balls and village parties were had, there the oysters suppers came off, and there the lawyers, politicians and village oracles nightly congregated. Horace was no hand for ordinary boyish sports; the rough and tumble games of wrestling, running, etc., he had no relish for; but he was a diligent student in his leisure hours, and eagerly read everything in the way of books and papers that he could lay his hands on. And it was curious to see what a power of mental application he had—a power which enabled him, seated in the bar-room, (where, perhaps, a dozen people were in earnest conversation,) to pursue undisturbed the reading of his favorite book, whatever it might be, with evidently as close attention and as much satisfaction as if he had been seated alone in his chamber.

If there ever was a self-made man, this same Horace Greeley is one, for he had neither wealthy or influential friends, collegiate or academic education, nor anything to start him in the world, save his own native good sense, an unconquerable love of study, and a determination to win his way by his own efforts. He had, however, a natural aptitude for arithmetical calculations, and could easily surpass, in his boyhood, most persons of his age in the facility and accuracy of his demonstrations; and his knowledge of grammar has been already noted. He early learned to observe and remember political statistics, and the leading men and measures of the political parties, the various and multitudinous candidates for governor and Congress, not only in a single State, but in many, and finally in all the States, together with the location and vote of this, that, and the other congressional district, (whig, democratic and what not,) at all manner of elections. These things he rapidly and easily mastered, and treasured in his capacious memory, till we venture to say he has few if any equals at this time, in this particular department, in this or any other country. I never knew but one man who approached him in this particular, and that was Edwin Williams, compiler of the N. Y. State Register.

Another letter from the same friend contains information still more valuable. "Judging," he writes, "from what I do certainly know of him, I can say that few young men of my acquaintance grew up with so much freedom from everything of a vicious and corrupting nature—so strong a resolution to study everything in the way of useful knowledge—and such a quick and clear percep

tion of the queer and humorous, whether in print or in actual life His love of the poets—Byron, Shakspeare, etc., discovered itself in boyhood—and often have Greeley and I strolled off into the woods, of a warm day, with a volume of Byron or Campbell in our pockets, and reclining in some shady place, read it off to each other by the hour. In this way, I got such a hold of 'Childe Harold,' the 'Pleasures of Hope,' and other favorite poems, that considerable portions have remained ever since in my memory. Byron's apostrophe to the Ocean, and some things in the [4th] canto relative to the men and monuments of ancient Italy, were, if I mistake not, his special favorites—also the famous description of the great conflict at Waterloo. 'Mazeppa' was also a marked favorite. And for many of Mrs. Hemans' poems he had a deep admiration."

The letter concludes with an honest burst of indignation; "Knowing Horace Greeley as I do and have done for thirty years, knowing his integrity, purity, and generosity, I can tell you one thing, and that is, that the contempt with which I regard the slanders of certain papers with respect to his conduct, and character, is quite *inexpressible*. There is doubtless a proper excuse for the conduct of lunatics, mad dogs, and rattlesnakes; but I know of no decent, just, or reasonable apology for such meanness (it is a hard word, but a very expressive one) as the presses alluded to have exhibited."

Horace came to Poultney, an ardent politician; and the events which occurred during his apprenticeship were not calculated to moderate his zeal, or weaken his attachment to the party he had chosen. John Quincy Adams was president, Calhoun was vice-president, Henry Clay was secretary of State. It was one of the best and ablest administrations that had ever ruled in Washington; and the most unpopular one. It is among the inconveniences of universal suffrage, that the party which comes before the country with the most taking popular CRY is the party which is likeliest to win. During the existence of this administration, the Opposition had a variety of popular Cries which were easy to vociferate, and well adapted to impose on the unthinking, *i. e.* the majority. 'Adams had not been elected by the people.' 'Adams had gained the presidency by a corrupt bargain with Henry Clay.' 'Adams was lavish of the public money.' But of all the Cries of the time, 'Hurrah for Jackson' was the most effective. Jackson was a man

of the people. Jackson was the hero of New Orleans and the conqueror of Florida. Jackson was pledged to retrenchment and reform. Against vociferation of this kind, what availed the *fact*, evident, incontrovertible, that the affairs of the government were conducted with dignity, judgment and moderation?—that the country enjoyed prosperity at home, and the respect of the world?—that the claims of American citizens against foreign governments were prosecuted with diligence and success?—that treaties highly advantageous to American interests were negotiated with leading nations in Europe and South America?—that the public revenue was greater than it had ever been before?—that the resources of the country were made accessible by a liberal system of internal improvement?—that, nevertheless, there were surplus millions in the treasury?—that the administration nobly disdained to employ the executive patronage as a means of securing its continuance in power?—All this availed nothing. 'Hurrah for Jackson' carried the day. The Last of the Gentlemen of the Revolutionary school retired. The era of wire-pulling began. That deadly element was introduced into our political system which rendered it so exquisitely vicious, that thenceforth it worked to corruption by an irresistible necessity! It is called Rotation in Office. It is embodied in the maxim, 'To the victors belong the spoils.' It has made the word *office-holder* synonymous with the word *sneak*. It has thronged the capital with greedy sycophants. It has made politics a game of cunning, with enough of chance in it to render it interesting to the low crew that play. It has made the president a pawn with which to make the first move—a puppet to keep the people amused while their pockets are picked. It has excluded from the service of the State nearly every man of ability and worth, and enabled bloated and beastly demagogues, without a ray of talent, without a sentiment of magnanimity, illiterate, vulgar, insensible to shame, to exert a *power* in this republic, which its greatest statesmen in their greatest days never wielded.

In the loud contentions of the period, the reader can easily believe that our argumentative apprentice took an intense interest. The village of East Poultney cast little more—if any more—than half a dozen votes for Jackson, but how much this result was owing to the efforts of Horace Greeley cannot now be ascertained. Al

agree that he contributed his full share to the general babble which the election of a President provokes. During the whole administration of Adams, the revision of the tariff with a view to the better protection of American manufactures was among the most prominent topics of public and private discussion.

It was about the year 1827 that the Masonic excitement arose Military men tell us that the bravest regiments are subject to *panic*. Regiments that bear upon their banners the most honorable distinctions, whose colors are tattered with the bullets of a hundred fights, will on a sudden falter in the charge, and fly, like a pack of cowards, from a danger which a pack of cowards might face without ceasing to be thought cowards. Similar to these causeless and irresistible panics of war are those frenzies of fear and fury mingled which sometimes come over the mind of a nation, and make it for a time incapable of reason and regardless of justice. Such seems to have been the nature of the anti-Masonic mania which raged in the Northern States from the year 1827.

A man named Morgan, a printer, had published, for gain, a book in which the harmless secrets of the Order of Free Masons, of which he was a member, were divulged. Public curiosity caused the book to have an immense sale. Soon after its publication, Morgan announced another volume which was to reveal unimagined horrors; but, before the book appeared, Morgan disappeared, and neither ever came to light. Now arose the question, *What became of Morgan?* and it rent the nation, for a time, into two imbittered and angry factions. "Morgan!" said the Free Masons, "that perjured traitor, died and was buried in the natural and ordinary fashion." "Morgan!" said the anti-Masons, "that martyred patriot, was dragged from his home by Masonic ruffians, taken in the dead of night to the shores of the Niagara river, murdered, and thrown into the rapids." It is impossible for any one to conceive the utter delirium into which the people in some parts of the country were thrown by the agitation of this subject. Books were written. Papers were established. Exhibitions were got up, in which the Masonic ceremonies were caricatured or imitated. Families were divided. Fathers disinherited their sons, and sons forsook their fathers. Elections were influenced, not town and county elections merely, but State and national elections. There were Masonic candidates and

anti-Masonic candidates in every election in the Northern States for at least two years after Morgan vanished. Hundreds of Lodges bowed to the storm, sent in their charters to the central authority, and voluntarily ceased to exist. There are families now, about the country, in which Masonry is a forbidden topic, because its introduction would revive the old quarrel, and turn the peaceful tea-table into a scene of hot and interminable contention. There are still old ladies, male and female, about the country, who will tell you with grim gravity that, if you trace up Masonry, through all its Orders, till you come to the grand, tip-top, Head Mason of the world, you will discover that that dread individual and the Chief of the Society of Jesuits are one and the same Person!

I have been tempted to use the word *ridiculous* in connection with this affair; and looking back upon it, at the distance of a quarter of a century, ridiculous seems a proper word to apply to it. But it did not seem ridiculous then. It had, at least, a serious side. It was believed among the anti-Masons that the Masons were bound to protect one another in doing injustice; even the commission of treason and murder did not, it was said, exclude a man from the shelter of his Lodge. It was alleged that a Masonic jury dared not, or would not, condemn a prisoner who, after the fullest proof of his guilt had been obtained, made the Masonic sign of distress. It was asserted that a judge regarded the oath which made him a Free Mason as more sacred and more binding than that which admitted him to the bench. It is in vain, said the anti-Masons, for one of *us* to seek justice against a Mason, for a jury cannot be obtained without its share of Masonic members, and a court cannot be found without its Masonic judge.

Our apprentice embraced the anti-Masonic side of this controversy, and embraced it warmly. It was natural that he should. It was inevitable that he should. And for the next two or three years he expended more breath in denouncing the Order of the Free-Masons, than upon any other subject—perhaps than all other subjects put together. To this day secret societies are his special aversion.

But we must hasten on. Horace had soon learned his trade. He became the best hand in the office, and rendered important assistance in editing the paper. Some numbers were almost entirely his

work. But there was ill-luck about the little establishment. Several times, as we have seen, it changed proprietors, but none of them could make it prosper; and, at length, in the month of June, 1830, the second month of the apprentice's fifth year, the Northern Spectator was discontinued; the printing-office was broken up, and the apprentice, released from his engagement, became his own master, free to wander whithersoever he could pay his passage, and to work for whomsoever would employ him.

His possessions at this crisis were—a knowledge of the art of printing, an extensive and very miscellaneous library in his memory, a wardrobe that could be stuffed into a pocket, twenty dollars in cash, and—a sore leg. The article last named played too serious a part in the history of its proprietor, not to be mentioned in the inventory of his property. He had injured his leg a year before in stepping from a box, and it troubled him, more or less, for three years, swelling occasionally to four times its natural size, and obliging him to stand at his work, with the leg propped up in a most horizontal and uncomfortable position. It was a tantalizing feature of the case that he could walk without much difficulty, but standing was torture. As a printer, he had no particular occasion to walk; and by standing he was to gain his subsistence.

Horace Greeley was no longer a Boy. His figure and the expression of his countenance were still singularly youthful; but he was at the beginning of his twentieth year, and he was henceforth to confront the world as a man. So far, his life had been, upon the whole, peaceful, happy and fortunate, and he had advanced towards his object without interruption, and with sufficient rapidity. His constitution, originally weak, Labor and Temperance had rendered capable of great endurance. His mind, originally apt and active, incessant reading had stored with much that is most valuable among the discoveries, the thoughts, and the fancies of past generations. In the conflicts of the Debating Society, the printing-office, and the tavern, he had exercised his powers, and tried the correctness of his opinions. If his knowledge was incomplete, if there were wide domains of knowledge, of which he had little more than heard, yet what he did know he knew well; he had learned it, not as a task, but because he *wanted to know it;* it partook of the vitality of his own mind; it was his own, and he could use it.

If there had been a PEOPLE'S COLLEGE, to which the new emancipated apprentice could have gone, and where, earning his subsistence by the exercise of his trade, he could have spent half of each day for the next two years of his life in the systematic study of Language, History and Science, under the guidance of men able to guide him aright, under the influence of women capable of attracting his regard, and worthy of it—it had been well. But there was not then, and there is not now, an institution that meets the want and the need of such as he.

At any moment there are ten thousand young men and women in this country, strong, intelligent, and poor, who are about to go forth into the world ignorant, who would gladly go forth instructed, if they could get knowledge, and earn it *as* they get it, by the labor of their hands. They are the sons and daughters of our farmers and mechanics. They are the very *elite* among the young people of the nation. There is talent, of all kinds and all degrees, among them—talent, that is the nation's richest possession—talent, that could bless and glorify the nation. Should there not be—*can* there not be, somewhere in this broad land, a UNIVERSITY-TOWN—where all trades could be carried on, all arts practiced, all knowledge accessible, to which those who have a desire to become excellent in their calling, and those who have an aptitude for art, and those who have fallen in love with knowledge, could accomplish the wish of their hearts without losing their independence, without becoming paupers, or prisoners, or debtors? Surely such a University for the People is not an impossibility. To found such an institution, or assemblage of institutions—to find out the conditions upon which it could exist and prosper—were not an easy task. A Committee could not do it, nor a 'Board,' nor a Legislature. It is an enterprise for ONE MAN—a man of boundless disinterestedness, of immense administrative and constructive talent, fertile in expedients, courageous, persevering, physically strong, and morally great—a man born for his work, and devoted to it 'with a quiet, deep enthusiasm'. Give such a man the indispensable land, and twenty-five years, and the People's College would be a dream no more, but a triumphant and *imitable* reality; and the founder thereof would have done a deed compared with which, either

for its difficulty or for its results, such triumphs as those of Trafalgar and Waterloo would not be worthy of mention.

There have been self-sustaining monasteries! Will there never be self-sustaining colleges? Is there anything like an inherent *impossibility* in a thousand men and women, in the fresh strength of youth, capable of a just subordination, working together, each for all and all for each, with the assistance of steam, machinery, and a thousand fertile acres—earning a subsistence by a few hours' labor per day, and securing, at least, half their time for the acquisition of the art, or the language, or the science which they prefer? I think not. We are at present a nation of ignoramuses, our ignorance rendered only the more conspicuous and misleading, by the faint intimations of knowledge which we acquire at our schools. Are we to remain such for ever?

But if Horace Greeley derived no help from schools and teachers, he received no harm from them. He finished his apprenticeship, an uncontaminated young man, with the means of independence at his finger-ends, ashamed of no honest employment, of no decent habitation, of no cleanly garb. "There are unhappy times," says Mr. Carlyle, "in the world's history, when he that is least educated will chiefly have to say that he is least *perverted;* and, with the multitude of false eye-glasses, convex, concave, green, or even yellow, *has not lost the natural use of his eyes.*" "How were it," he asks, "if we surmised, that for a man gifted with natural vigor, with a man's character to be developed in him, more especially if in the way of literature, as thinker and writer, it is actually, in these strange days, no special misfortune to be trained up among the uneducated classes, and not among the educated; but rather, of the two misfortunes, the smaller?" And again, he observes, "The grand result of schooling is a mind with just vision to discern, with free force to do; the grand schoolmaster is PRACTICE."

CHAPTER V.

HE WANDERS.

Horace leaves Pomfret—His first Overcoat—Home to his Father's Log House—Ranges the South for work—The Sore Leg Cured—Gets Employment, but little Money—Astonishes the Draught-Players—Goes to Erie, Pa.—Interview with an Editor—Becomes a Journeyman in the Office—Description of Erie—The Lake—His Generosity to his Father—His New Clothes—No more work at Erie—Starts for New York.

"WELL, Horace, and where are you going now?" asked the kind landlady of the tavern, as Horace, a few days after the closing of the printing-office, appeared on the piazza, equipped for the road—*i. e.*, with his jacket on, and with his bundle and his stick in his hand.

"I am going," was the prompt and sprightly answer, "to Pennsylvania, to see my father, and there I shall stay till my leg gets well."

With these words, Horace laid down the bundle and the stick, and took a seat for the last time on that piazza, the scene of many a peaceful triumph, where, as Political Gazetteer, he had often given the information that he alone, of all the town, could give; where, as political partisan, he had often brought an antagonist to extremities; where, as oddity, he had often fixed the gaze and twisted the neck of the passing peddler.

And was there no demonstration of feeling at the departure of so distinguished a personage? There was. But it did not take the form of a silver dinner-service, nor of a gold tea ditto, nor of a piece of plate, nor even of a gold pen, nor yet of a series of resolutions. While Horace sat on the piazza, talking with his old friends, who gathered around him, a meeting of two individuals was held in the corner of the bar-room. They were the landlord and one of his boarders; and the subject of their deliberations were, an old brown overcoat belonging to the latter. The landlord had the floor, and his speech was to the following purport:—

"He felt like doing something for Horace before he went. Horace was an entirely unspeakable person. He had lived a long time in the house; he had never given any trouble, and we feel for him as for our own son. Now, there is that brown over-coat of yours. It 's cold on the canal, all the summer, in the mornings and evenings. Horace is poor and his father is poor. You are owing me a little, as much as the old coat is worth, and what I say is, let us give the poor fellow the overcoat, and call our account squared." This feeling oration was received with every demonstration of approval, and the proposition was carried into effect forthwith. The landlady gave him a pocket Bible. In a few minutes more, Horace rose, put his stick through his little red bundle, and both over his shoulder, took the overcoat upon his other arm, said 'Good-by,' to his friends, promised to write as soon as he was settled again, and set off upon his long journey. His good friends of the tavern followed him with their eyes, until a turn of the road hid the bent and shambling figure from their sight, and then they turned away to praise him and to wish him well. Twenty-five years have passed; and, to this hour, they do not tell the tale of his departure without a certain swelling of the heart, without a certain glistening of the softer pair of eyes.

It was a fine, cool, breezy morning in the month of June, 1830. Nature had assumed those robes of brilliant green which she wears only in June, and welcomed the wanderer forth with that heavenly smile which plays upon her changeful countenance only when she is attired in her best. Deceptive smile! The forests upon those hills of hilly Rutland, brimming with foliage, *concealed* their granite ribs, their chasms, their steeps, their precipices, their morasses, and the reptiles that lay coiled among them; but they were *there*. So did the alluring aspect of the world hide from the wayfarer the struggle, the toil, the danger that await the man who goes out from his seclusion to confront the world ALONE—the world of which he knows nothing except by hearsay, that cares nothing for him, and takes no note of his arrival. The present wayfarer was destined to be quite alone in his conflict with the world, and he was destined to wrestle with it for many years before it yielded him anything more than a show of submission. How prodigal of help is the Devil to his scheming and guileful servants! But the Powers Celestial—

they love their chosen too wisely and too well to diminish by one care the burthen that makes them strong, to lessen by one pang the agony that makes them good, to prevent one mistake of the folly that makes them wise.

Light of heart and step, the traveler walked on. In the afternoon he reached Comstock's Fording, fourteen miles from Poultney; thence, partly on canal-boat and partly on foot, he went to Schenectady, and there took a 'line-boat' on the Erie Canal. A week of tedium in the slow line-boat—a walk of a hundred miles through the woods, and he had reached his father's log-house. He arrived late in the evening. The last ten miles of the journey he performed after dark, guided, when he could catch a glimpse of it through the dense foliage, by a star. The journey required at that time about twelve days: it is now done in eighteen hours. It cost Horace Greeley about seven dollars; the present cost by railroad is eleven dollars; distance, six hundred miles.

He found his father and brother transformed into backwoodsmen. Their little log-cabin stood in the midst of a narrow clearing, which was covered with blackened stumps, and smoked with burning timber. Forests, dense and almost unbroken, heavily timbered, abounding in wolves and every other description of 'varmint,' extended a day's journey in every direction, and in some directions many days' journey. The country was then so wild and 'new,' that a hunter would sell a man a deer before it was shot; and appointing the hour when, and the spot where, the buyer was to call for his game, would have it ready for him as punctually as though he had ordered it at Fulton market. The wolves were so bold, that their howlings could be heard at the house as they roamed about in packs in search of the sheep; and the solitary camper-out could hear them *breathe* and see their eye-balls glare, as they prowled about his smoldering fire. Mr. Greeley, who had brought from Vermont a fondness for rearing sheep, tried to continue that branch of rural occupation in the wilderness; but after the wolves, in spite of his utmost care and precaution, had killed a hundred sheep for him, he gave up the attempt. But it was a level and a very fertile region—'varmint' always select a good 'location'—and it has since been subdued into a beautiful land of grass and woods.

Horace staid at home for several weeks, assisting his father

fishing occasionally, and otherwise amusing himself; while his good mother assiduously nursed the sore leg. It healed too slowly for its impatient proprietor, who had learned 'to labor,' *not* 'to wait;' and so, one morning, he walked over to Jamestown, a town twenty miles distant, where a newspaper was struggling to get published, and applied for work. Work he obtained. It was very freely given; but at the end of the week the workman received a promise to pay, but no payment. He waited and worked four days longer, and discovering by that time that there was really no money to be had or hoped for in Jamestown, he walked home again, as poor as before.

And now the damaged leg began to swell again prodigiously; at one time it was as large below the knee as a demijohn. Cut off from other employment, Horace devoted all his attention to the unfortunate member, but without result. He heard about this time of a famous doctor who lived in that town of Pennsylvania which exults in the singular name of 'North-East,' distant twenty-five miles from his father's clearing. To him, as a last resort, though the family could ill afford the trifling expense, Horace went, and staid with him a month. "You don't drink liquor," were the doctor's first words as he examined the sore, "if you did, you'd have a bad leg of it." The patient thought he *had* a bad leg of it, without drinking liquor. The doctor's treatment was skillful, and finally successful. Among other remedies, he subjected the limb to the action of electricity, and from that day the cure began. The patient left North-East greatly relieved, and though the leg was weak and troublesome for many more months, yet it gradually recovered, the wound subsiding at length into a long red scar.

He wandered, next, in an easterly direction, in search of employment, and found it in the village of Lodi, fifty miles off, in Cataraugus county, New York. At Lodi, he seems to have cherished a hope of being able to remain awhile and earn a little money. He wrote to his friends in Poultney describing the paper on which he worked, "as a Jackson paper, a forlorn affair, else I would have sent you a few numbers." One of his letters written from Lodi to a friend in Vermont, contains a passage which may serve to show what was going on in the mind of the printer as he stood at the case setting up Jacksonian paragraphs. "You are aware that an

important election is close at hand in this State, and of course, a great deal of interest is felt in the result. The regular Jacksonians imagine that they will be able to elect Throop by 20,000 majority; but after having obtained all the information I can, I give it as my decided opinion, that if none of the candidates decline, we shall elect Francis Granger, governor. This county will give him 1000 majority, and I estimate his vote in the State at 125,000. I need not inform you that such a result will be highly satisfactory to your humble servant, H. Greeley." It was a result, however, which he had not the satisfaction of contemplating. The confident and yet cautious manner of the passage quoted is amusing in a politician but twenty years of age.

At Lodi, as at Jamestown, our roving journeyman found work much more abundant than money. Moreover, he was in the camp of the enemy; and so at the end of his sixth week, he again took bundle and stick and marched homeward, with very little more money in his pocket than if he had spent his time in idleness. On his way home he fell in with an old Poultney friend who had recently settled in the wilderness, and Horace arrived in time to assist at the 'warming' of the new cabin, a duty which he performed in a way that covered him with glory.

In the course of the evening, a draught-board was introduced, and the stranger beat in swift succession half a dozen of the best players in the neighborhood. It happened that the place was rather noted for its skillful draught-players, and the game was played incessantly at private houses and at public. To be beaten in so scandalous a manner by a passing stranger, and he by no means an ornamental addition to an evening party, and young enough to be the son of some of the vanquished, nettled them not a little. They challenged the victor to another encounter at the tavern on the next evening. The challenge was accepted. The evening arrived, and there was a considerable gathering to witness and take part in the struggle—among the rest, a certain Joe Wilson who had been specially sent for, and whom no one had *ever* beaten, since he came into the settlement. The great Joe was held in reserve. The party of the previous evening, Horace took in turn, and beat with ease. Other players tried to foil his 'Yankee tricks,' but were themselves foiled. The reserve was brought up. Joe Wilson took his seat at

the table. He played his deadliest, pausing long before he hazarded a move; the company hanging over the board, hushed and anxious. They were not kept many minutes in suspense; Joe was overthrown; the unornamental stranger was the conqueror. Another game—the same result. Another and another and another; but Joe lost every game. Joseph, however, was too good a player not to respect so potent an antagonist, and he and all the party behaved well under their discomfiture. The board was laid aside, and a lively conversation ensued, which was continued 'with unabated spirit to a late hour.' The next morning, the traveler went on his way, leaving behind him a most distinguished reputation as a draught-player and a politician.

He remained at home a few days, and then set out again on his travels in search of some one who could pay him wages for his work. He took a 'bee line' through the woods for the town of Erie, thirty miles off, on the shores of the great lake. He had exhausted the smaller towns; Erie was the last possible move in *that* corner of the board; and upon Erie he fixed his hopes. There were two printing offices, at that time, in the place. It was a town of five thousand inhabitants, and of extensive lake and inland trade.

The gentleman still lives who saw the weary pedestrian enter Erie, attired in the homespun, abbreviated and stockingless style with which the reader is already acquainted. His old black felt hat slouched down over his shoulders in the old fashion. The red cotton handkerchief still contained his wardrobe, and it was carried on the same old stick. The country frequenters of Erie were then, and are still, particularly rustic in appearance; but our hero seemed the very embodiment and incarnation of the rustic Principle; and among the crowd of Pennsylvania farmers that thronged the streets, he swung along, pre-eminent and peculiar, a marked person, the observed of all observers. He, as was his wont, observed nobody, but went at once to the office of the Erie Gazette, a weekly paper published then and still by Joseph M. Sterrett.

"I was not," Judge Sterrett is accustomed to relate, "I was not in the printing office when he arrived. I came in, soon after, and saw him sitting at the table reading the newspapers, and so absorbed in them that he paid no attention to my entrance. My first feeling was one of astonishment, that a fellow so singularly 'green' in his

appearance should be *reading*, and above all, reading so intently I looked at him for a few moments, and then, finding that he made no movement towards acquainting me with his business, I took up my composing stick and went to work. He continued to read for twenty minutes, or more; when he got up, and coming close to my case, asked, in his peculiar, whining voice,

"Do you want any help in the printing business?"

"Why," said I, running my eye involuntarily up and down the extraordinary figure, "did *you* ever work at the trade?"

"Yes," was the reply; "I worked *some* at it in an office in Vermont, and I should be willing to work under instruction, if you could give me a job."

Now Mr. Sterrett did want help in the printing business, and could have given him a job; but, unluckily, he misinterpreted this modest reply. He at once concluded that the timid applicant was a runaway apprentice; and runaway apprentices are a class of their fellow-creatures to whom employers cherish a common and decided aversion. Without communicating his suspicions, he merely said that he had no occasion for further assistance, and Horace, without a word, left the apartment.

A similar reception and the same result awaited him at the other office; and so the poor wanderer trudged home again, not in the best spirits.

"Two or three weeks after this interview," continues Judge Sterrett—he *is* a judge, I saw him on the bench—"an acquaintance of mine, a farmer, called at the office, and inquired if I wanted a journeyman. I did. He said a neighbor of his had a son who learned the printing business somewhere Down East, and wanted a place. 'What sort of a looking fellow is he?' said I. He described him, and I knew at once that he was my supposed runaway apprentice. My friend, the farmer, gave him a high character, however; so I said, 'Send him along,' and a day or two after along he came."

The terms on which Horace Greeley entered the office of the Erie Gazette were of his own naming, and therefore peculiar. He would do the best he could, he said, and Mr. Sterrett might pay him what he (Mr. Sterrett) thought he had earned. He had only one request to make, and that was, that he should not be required

to work at the press, unless the office was so much hurried that his services in that department could not be dispensed with. He had had a little difficulty with his leg, and press work rather hurt him than otherwise. The bargain included the condition that he was to board at Mr. Sterrett's house; and when he went to dinner on the day of his arrival, a lady of the family expressed her opinion of him in the following terms:—"So, Mr. Sterrett, you 've hired that fellow to work for you, have you? Well, you won't keep him three days." In three days she had changed her opinion; and to this hour the good lady cannot bring herself to speak otherwise than kindly of him, though she is a stanch daughter of turbulent Erie, and 'must say, that certain articles which appeared in the Tribune during the WAR, did really seem *too* bad from one who had been himself an Erican.' But then, 'he gave no more trouble in the house than if he had n't been in it.'

Erie, famous in the Last War but one, as the port whence Commodore Perry sailed out to victory—Erie, famous in the last war of all, as the place where the men, except a traitorous thirteen, and the women, except *their* faithful wives, all rose as ONE MAN against the Railway Trains, saying, in the tone which is generally described as 'not to be misunderstood': "Thus far shalt thou go without stopping for refreshment, and no farther," and achieved as Break of Gauge men, the distinction accorded in another land to the Break o' Day boys—Erie, which boasts of nine thousand inhabitants, and aspires to become the Buffalo of Pennsylvania—Erie, which already has business enough to sustain many stores wherein not every article known to traffic is sold, and where a man cannot consequently buy coat, hat, boots, physic, plough, crackers, grindstone and penknife, over the same counter—Erie, which has a Mayor and Aldermen, a dog-law, and an ordinance against shooting off guns in the street under a penalty of five dollars for each and every offense—Erie, for the truth cannot be longer dashed from utterance, is the shabbiest and most broken-down looking large town, *I*, the present writer, an individual not wholly untraveled, ever saw, in a free State of this Confederacy.

The shores of the lake there are 'bluffy,' sixty feet or more above the water, and the land for many miles back is nearly a dead level, exceedingly fertile, and quite uninteresting. No, not quite. For

much of the primeval forest remains, and the gigantic trees that were saplings when Columbus played in the streets of Genoa, tower aloft, a hundred feet without a branch, with that exquisite daintiness of taper of which the eye never tires, which architecture has never equaled, which only Grecian architecture approached, and was beautiful because it approached it. The City of Erie is merely a square mile of this level land, close to the edge of the bluff, with a thousand houses built upon it, which are arranged on the plan of a corn-field—only, not more than a third of the houses have 'come up.' The town, however, condenses to a focus around a piece of ground called 'The Park,' four acres in extent, surrounded with a low, broken board fence, that was white-washed a long time ago, and therefore now looks very forlorn and pig-pen-ny. The side-walks around 'The Park' present an animated scene. The huge hotel of the place is there—a cross between the Astor House and a country tavern, having the magnitude of the former, the quality of the latter. There, too, is the old Court-House,—its uneven brick floor covered with the chips of a mortising machine, —its galleries up near the high ceiling, kept there by slender poles,—its vast cracked, rusty stove, sprawling all askew, and putting forth a system of stovepipes that wander long through space before they find the chimney. Justice is administered in that Court-house in a truly free and easy style; and to hear the drowsy clerk, with his heels in the air, administer, 'twixt sleep and awake, the tremendous oath of Pennsylvania, to a brown, abashed farmer, with his right hand raised in a manner to set off his awkwardness to the best advantage, is worth a journey to Erie. Two sides of 'The Park' are occupied by the principal stores, before which the country wagons stand, presenting a continuous range of muddy wheels. The marble structure around the corner is not a Greek temple, though built in the style of one, and quite deserted enough to be a ruin—it is the Erie Custom House, a fine example of governmental management, as it is as much too large for the business done in it as the Custom House of New York is too small.

The Erie of the present year is, of course, not the Erie of 1831, when Horace Greeley walked its streets, with his eyes on the pavement and a bundle of exchanges in his pocket, ruminating on the

prospects of the next election, or thinking out a copy of verses to send to his mother. It was a smaller place, then, with fewer brick blocks, *more* pigs in the street, and no custom-house in the Greek style. But it had one feature which has not changed. The LAKE was there!

An island, seven miles long, but not two miles wide, once a part of the main land, lies opposite the town, at an apparent distance of half a mile, though in reality two miles and a half from the shore. This island, which approaches the main land at either extremity, forms the harbor of Erie, and gives to that part of the lake the effect of a river. Beyond, the Great Lake stretches away further than the eye can reach.

A great lake in fine weather is like the ocean only in one particular—you cannot see across it. The ocean asserts itself; it is demonstrative. It heaves, it flashes, it sparkles, it foams, it roars. On the stillest day, it does not quite go to sleep; the tide steals up the white beach, and glides back again over the shells and pebbles musically, or it murmurs along the sides of black rocks, with a subdued though always audible voice. The ocean is a living and life-giving thing, 'fair, and fresh, and ever free.' The lake, on a fine day, lies dead. No tide breaks upon its earthy shore. It is as blue as a blue ribbon, as blue as the sky; and vessels come sailing out of heaven, and go sailing into heaven, and no eye can discern where the lake ends and heaven begins. It is as smooth as a mirror's face, and as dull as a mirror's back. Often a light mist gathers over it, and then the lake is *gone* from the prospect; but for an occasional sail dimly descried, or a streak of black smoke left by a passing steamer, it would give absolutely *no* sign of its presence, though the spectator is standing a quarter of a mile from the shore. Oftener the mist gathers thickly along the horizon, and then, so perfect is the illusion, the stranger will swear he sees the opposite shore, not fifteen miles off. There is no excitement in looking upon a lake, and it has no effect upon the appetite or the complexion. Yet there is a quiet, languid beauty hovering over it, a beauty all its own, a charm that grows upon the mind the longer you linger upon the shore. The Castle of Indolence should have been placed upon the bank of Lake Erie, where its inmates could have lain on the grass and gazed down,

through all the slow hours of the long summer day, upon the lazy hazy, blue expanse.

When the wind blows, the lake wakes up; and still it is not the ocean. The waves are discolored by the earthy bank upon which they break with un-oceanlike monotony. They neither advance nor recede, nor roar, nor *swell*. A great lake, with all its charms, and they are many and great, is only an infinite pond.

The people of Erie care as much for the lake as the people of Niagara care for the cataract, as much as people generally care for anything wonderful or anything beautiful which they can see by turning their heads. In other words, they care for it as the means by which lime, coal, and lumber may be transported to another and a better market. Not one house is built along the shore, though the shore is high and level. Not a path has been worn by human feet above or below the bluff. Pigs, sheep, cows, and sweet-brier bushes occupy the unenclosed ground, which seems so *made* to be built upon that it is surprising the handsome houses of the town should have been built anywhere else. One could almost say, in a weak moment, Give me a cottage on the bluff, and I will *live* at Erie!

It was at Erie, probably, that Horace Greeley first saw the uniform of the American navy. The United States and Great Britain are each permitted by treaty to keep one vessel of war in commission on the Great Lakes. The American vessel usually lies in the harbor of Erie, and a few officers may be seen about the town. What the busy journeyman printer thought of those idle gentlemen, apparently the only quite useless, and certainly the best dressed, persons in the place, may be guessed. Perhaps, however, he passed them by, in his absent way, and saw them not.

In a few days, the new comer was in high favor at the office of the Erie Gazette. He is remembered there as a remarkably correct and reliable compositor, though not a rapid one, and his steady devotion to his work enabled him to accomplish more than faster workmen. He was soon placed by his employer on the footing of a regular journeyman, at the usual wages, twelve dollars a month and board. All the intervals of labor he spent in reading. As soon as the hour of cessation arrived, he would hurry off his apron, wash his hands, and lose himself in his book or his newspapers, often forgetting his dinner, and often forgetting whether he had had

his dinner or not. More and more, he became absorbed in politics. It is said, by one who worked beside him at Erie, that he could tell the name, post-office address, and something of the history and political leanings, of every member of Congress; and that he could give the particulars of every important election that had occurred within his recollection, even, in some instances, to the county majorities.

And thus, in earnest work and earnest reading, seven profitable and not unhappy months passed swiftly away. He never lost one day's work. On Sundays, he read, or walked along the shores of the lake, or sailed over to the Island. His better fortune made no change either in his habits or his appearance; and his employer was surprised, that month after month passed, and yet his strange journeyman drew no money. Once, Mr. Sterrett ventured to rally him a little upon his persistence in wearing the hereditary homespun, saying, "Now, Horace, you have a good deal of money coming to you; don't go about the town any longer in that outlandish rig. Let me give you an order on the store. Dress up a little, Horace." To which Horace replied, looking down at the 'outlandish rig,' as though he had never seen it before, "You see, Mr. Sterrett, my father is on a new place, and I want to help him all I can." However, a short time after, Horace *did* make a faint effort to dress up a little; but the few articles which he bought were so extremely coarse and common, that it was a question in the office whether his appearance was improved by the change, or the contrary.

At the end of the seventh month, the man whose sickness had made a temporary vacancy in the office of the Gazette, returned to his place, and there was, in consequence, no more work for Horace Greeley. Upon the settlement of his account, it appeared that he had drawn for his personal expenses during his residence at Erie, the sum of *six dollars!* Of the remainder of his wages, he took about fifteen dollars in money, and the rest in the form of a note; and with all this wealth in his pocket, he walked once more to his father's house. This note the generous fellow gave to his father, reserving the money to carry on his own personal warfare with the world.

And now, Horace was tired of dallying with fortune in coun-

try printing offices. He said, he thought it was time to *do* something, and he formed the bold resolution of going straight to New York and seeking his fortune in the metropolis. After a few days of recreation at home, he tied up his bundle once more, put his money in his pocket, and plunged into the woods in the direction of the Erie Canal.

CHAPTER VI.

ARRIVAL IN NEW YORK.

The journey—a night on the tow-path—He reaches the city—Inventory of his property—Looks for a boarding-house—Finds one—Expends half his capital upon clothes—Searches for employment—Berated by David Hale as a runaway apprentice—Continues the search—Goes to church—Hears of a vacancy—Obtains work—The boss takes him for a '—— fool,' but changes his opinion—Nicknamed 'the Ghost'—Practical jokes—Horace metamorphosed—Dispute about commas—The shoemaker's boarding-house—Grand banquet on Sundays.

He took the canal-boat at Buffalo and came as far as Lockport, whence he walked a few miles to Gaines, and staid a day at the house of a friend whom he had known in Vermont. Next morning he walked back, accompanied by his friend, to the canal, and both of them waited many hours for an eastward-bound boat to pass. Night came, but no boat, and the adventurer persuaded his friend to go home, and set out himself to walk on the tow-path towards Albion. It was a very dark night. He walked slowly on, hour after hour, looking anxiously behind him for the expected boat, looking more anxiously before him to discern the two fiery eyes of the boats bound to the west, in time to avoid being swept into the canal by the tow-line. Towards morning, a boat of the slower sort, a scow probably, overtook him; he went on board, and tired with his long walk, lay down in the cabin to rest. Sleep was tardy in alighting upon his eye-lids, and he had the pleasure of hearing his merits and his costume fully and freely discussed by his fellow passengers. It was Monday morning. One passenger explained the coming on board of the stranger at so unusual an

HOTEL
SWINTON
A. WAUD

hour, by suggesting that he had been *courting* all night. (Sunday evening in country places is sacred to love.) His appearance was so exceedingly unlike that of a lover, that this sally created much amusement, in which the wakeful traveler shared. At Rochester he took a faster boat. Wednesday night he reached Schenectady, where he left the canal and walked to Albany, as the canal between those two towns is much obstructed by locks. He reached Albany on Thursday morning, just in time to see the seven o'clock steamboat move out into the stream. He, therefore, took passage in a tow-boat which started at ten o'clock on the same morning. At sunrise on Friday, the eighteenth of August, 1831, Horace Greeley landed at Whitehall, close to the Battery, in the city of New York.

New York was, and is, a city of adventurers. Few of our eminent citizens were born here. It is a common boast among New Yorkers, that this great merchant and that great millionaire came to the city a ragged boy, with only three and sixpence in his pocket; and *now* look at him! In a list of the one hundred men who are esteemed to be the most 'successful' among the citizens of New York, it is probable that seventy-five of the names would be those of men who began their career here in circumstances that gave no promise of future eminence. But among them all, it is questionable whether there was one who on his arrival had so little to help, so much to hinder him, as Horace Greeley.

Of solid cash, his stock was ten dollars. His other property consisted of the clothes he wore, the clothes he carried in his small bundle, and the stick with which he carried it. The clothes he wore need not be described; they were those which had already astonished the people of Erie. The clothes he carried were very few, and precisely similar in cut and quality to the garments which he exhibited to the public. On the violent supposition that his wardrobe could in any case have become a salable commodity, we may compute that he was worth, on this Friday morning at sunrise, ten dollars and seventy-five cents. He had no friend, no acquaintance here. There was not a human being upon whom he had any claim for help or advice. His appearance was all against him. He looked in his round jacket like an overgrown boy. No one was likely to observe the engaging beauty of his face, or the noble round of his brow under that overhanging hat, over that

long and stooping body. He was somewhat timorous in his intercourse with strangers. He would not intrude upon their attention; he had not the faculty of pushing his way, and proclaiming his merits and his desires. To the arts by which men are conciliated, by which unwilling ears are forced to attend to an unwelcome tale, he was utterly a stranger. Moreover, he had neglected to bring with him any letters of recommendation, or any certificate of his skill as a printer. It had not occurred to him that anything of the kind was necessary, so unacquainted was he with the life of cities.

His first employment was to find a boarding-house where he could live a long time on a small sum. Leaving the green Battery on his left hand, he strolled off into Broad-street, and at the corner of that street and Wall discovered a house that in his eyes had the aspect of a cheap tavern. He entered the bar-room, and asked the price of board.

"I guess we 're too high for you," said the bar-keeper, after bestowing one glance upon the inquirer.

"Well, how much a week do you charge?"

"Six dollars."

"Yes, that 's more than I can afford," said Horace with a laugh at the enormous mistake he had made in inquiring at a house of such pretensions.

He turned up Wall-street, and sauntered into Broadway. Seeing no house of entertainment that seemed at all suited to his circumstances, he sought the water once more, and wandered along the wharves of the North River as far as Washington-market. Boarding-houses of the cheapest kind, and drinking-houses of the lowest grade, the former frequented chiefly by emigrants, the latter by sailors, were numerous enough in that neighborhood. A house, which combined the low groggery and the cheap boarding-house in one small establishment, kept by an Irishman named M'Gorlick, chanced to be the one that first attracted the rover's attention. It looked so mean and squalid, that he was tempted to enter, and again inquire for what sum a man could buy a week's shelter and sustenance.

"Twenty shillings," was the landlord's reply.

"Ah," said Horace, "that sounds more like it."

He engaged to board with Mr. M'Gorlick on the instant, and

proceeded soon to test the quality of his fare by taking breakfast in the bosom of his family. The cheapness of the entertainment was its best recommendation.

After breakfast Horace performed an act which I believe he had never spontaneously performed before. He bought some clothes, with a view to render himself more presentable. They were of the commonest kind, and the garments were few, but the purchase absorbed nearly half his capital. Satisfied with his appearance, he now began the round of the printing-offices, going into every one he could find, and asking for employment—merely asking, and going away, without a word, as soon as he was refused. In the course of the morning, he found himself in the office of the Journal of Commerce, and he chanced to direct his inquiry, 'if they wanted a hand,' to the late David Hale, one of the proprietors of the paper. Mr. Hale took a survey of the person who had presumed to address him, and replied in substance as follows:—

"My opinion is, young man, that you 're a runaway apprentice, and you 'd better go home to your master."

Horace endeavored to explain his position and circumstances, but the impetuous Hale could be brought to no more gracious response than, "Be off about your business, and don't bother us."

Horace, more amused than indignant, retired, and pursued his way to the next office. All that day he walked the streets, climbed into upper stories, came down again, ascended other heights, descended, dived into basements, traversed passages, groped through labyrinths, ever asking the same question, 'Do you want a hand?' and ever receiving the same reply, in various degrees of civility, 'No.' He walked ten times as many miles as he needed, for he was not aware that nearly all the printing-offices in New York are in the same square mile. He went the entire length of many streets which any body could have told him did not contain one.

He went home on Friday evening very tired and a little discouraged.

Early on Saturday morning he resumed the search, and continued it with energy till the evening. But no one wanted a hand. Business seemed to be at a stand-still, or every office had its full complement of men. On Saturday evening he was still more fatigued. He resolved to remain in the city a day or two longer, and then, if

still unsuccessful, to turn his face homeward, and inquire for work at the towns through which he passed. Though discouraged, he was not disheartened, and still less alarmed.

The youthful reader should observe here what a sense of independence and what fearlessness dwell in the spirit of a man who has learned the art of living on the mere necessaries of life. If Horace Greeley had, after another day or two of trial, chosen to leave the city, he would have carried with him about four dollars; and with that sum he could have walked leisurely and with an unanxious heart all the way back to his father's house, six hundred miles, inquiring for work at every town, and feeling himself to be a free and independent American citizen, traveling on his own honestly-earned means, undegraded by an obligation, the equal in social rank of the best man in the best house he passed. Blessed is the young man who can walk thirty miles a day, and dine contentedly on half a pound of crackers! Give him four dollars and summer weather, and he can travel and revel like a prince incog. for forty days.

On Sunday morning, our hero arose, refreshed and cheerful. He went to church twice, and spent a happy day. In the morning he induced a man who lived in the house to accompany him to a small Universalist church in Pitt street, near the Dry Dock, not less than three miles distant from M'Gorlick's boarding-house. In the evening he found his way to a Unitarian church. Except on one occasion, he had never before this Sunday heard a sermon which accorded with his own religious opinions; and the pleasure with which he heard the benignity of the Deity asserted and proved by able men, was one of the highest he had enjoyed.

In the afternoon, as if in reward of the pious way in which he spent the Sunday, he heard news which gave him a faint hope of being able to remain in the city. An Irishman, a friend of the landlord, came in the course of the afternoon to pay his usual Sunday visit, and became acquainted with Horace and his fruitless search for work. He was a shoemaker, I believe, but he lived in a house which was much frequented by journeymen printers. From them he had heard that hands were wanted at West's, No. 85 Chatham street, and he recommended his new acquaintance to make immediate application at that office.

Accustomed to country hours, and eager to seize the chance,

Horace was in Chatham street and on the steps of the designated house by half-past five on Monday morning. West's printing office was in the second story, the ground floor being occupied by McElrath and Bangs as a bookstore. They were publishers, and West was their printer. Neither store nor office was yet opened, and Horace sat down on the steps to wait.

Had Thomas McElrath, Esquire, happened to pass on an early walk to the Battery that morning, and seen our hero sitting on those steps, with his red bundle on his knees, his pale face supported on his hands, his attitude expressive of dejection and anxiety, his attire extremely unornamental, it would not have occurred to Thomas McElrath, Esquire, as a *probable* event, that one day he would be the PARTNER of that sorry figure, and proud of the connection! Nor did Miss Reed, of Philadelphia, when she saw Benjamin Franklin pass her father's house, eating a large roll and carrying two others under his arms, see in that poor wanderer any likeness to her future husband, the husband that made her a proud and an immortal wife. The princes of the mind always remain incog. till they come to the throne, and, doubtless, the Coming Man, when he *comes*, will appear in a strange disguise, and no man will know him.

It seemed very long before any one came to work that morning at No. 85. The steps on which our friend was seated were in the narrow part of Chatham-street, the gorge through which at morning and evening the swarthy tide of mechanics pours. By six o'clock the stream has set strongly down-town-ward, and it gradually swells to a torrent, bright with tin kettles. Thousands passed by, but no one stopped till nearly seven o'clock, when one of Mr. West's journeymen arrived, and finding the door still locked, he sat down on the steps by the side of Horace Greeley. They fell into conversation, and Horace stated his circumstances, something of his history, and his need of employment. Luckily this journeyman was a Vermonter, and a kind-hearted, intelligent man. He looked upon Horace as a countryman, and was struck with the singular candor and artlessness with which he told his tale. "I saw," says he, "that he was an honest, good young man, and being a Vermonter myself, I determined to help him if I could."

He did help him. The doors were opened, the men began to arrive; Horace and his newly-found friend ascended to the office,

and soon after seven the work of the day began. It is hardly necessary to say that the appearance of Horace, as he sat in the office waiting for the coming of the foreman, excited unbounded astonishment, and brought upon his friend a variety of satirical observations. Nothing daunted, however, on the arrival of the foreman he stated the case, and endeavored to interest him enough in Horace to give him a trial. It happened that the work for which a man was wanted in the office was the composition of a Polyglot Testament; a kind of work which is extremely difficult and tedious. Several men had tried their hand at it, and, in a few days or a few hours, given it up. The foreman looked at Horace, and Horace looked at the foreman. Horace saw a handsome man (now known to the sporting public as Colonel Porter, editor of the Spirit of the Times.) The foreman beheld a youth who could have gone on the stage, that minute, as Ezekiel Homespun without the alteration of a thread or a hair, and brought down the house by his 'getting up' alone. He no more believed that Ezekiel could set up a page of a Polyglot Testament than that he could construct a chronometer. However, partly to oblige Horace's friend, partly because he was unwilling to wound the feelings of the applicant by sending him abruptly away, he consented to let him try. "Fix up a case for him," said he, "and we'll see if he *can* do anything." In a few minutes Horace was at work.

The gentleman to whose intercession Horace Greeley owed his first employment in New-York is now known to all the dentists in the Union as the leading member of a firm which manufactures annually twelve hundred thousand artificial teeth. He has made a fortune, the reader will be glad to learn, and lives in a mansion up town.

After Horace had been at work an hour or two, Mr. West, the 'boss,' came into the office. What his feelings were when he saw his new man, may be inferred from a little conversation upon the subject which took place between him and the foreman.

"Did you hire that —— fool?" asked West with no small irritation.

"Yes; we must have hands, and he 's the best I could get," said the foreman, justifying h's conduct, though he was really ashamed of it.

"Well," said the master, "for God's sake pay him off to-night, and let him go about his business."

Horace worked through the day with his usual intensity, and in perfect silence. At night he presented to the foreman, as the custom then was, the 'proof' of his day's work What astonishment was depicted in the good-looking countenance of that gentleman when he discovered that the proof before him was greater in quantity, and more correct than that of any other day's work which had yet been done on the Polyglot! There was no thought of sending the new journeyman about his business now. He was an established man at once. Thenceforward, for several months, Horace worked regularly and hard on the Testament, earning about six dollars a week.

He had got into good company. There were about twenty men and boys in the office, altogether, of whom two have since been members of Congress, three influential editors, and several others have attained distinguished success in more private vocations. Most of them are still alive; they remember vividly the coming among them of Horace Greeley, and are fond of describing his ways and works. The following paragraph the reader is requested to regard as the condensed statement of their several recollections.

Horace worked with most remarkable devotion and intensity. His task was difficult, and he was paid by the 'piece.' In order, therefore, to earn tolerable wages, it was necessary for him to work harder and longer than any of his companions, and he did so. Often he was at his case before six in the morning; often he had not left it at nine in the evening; always, he was the first to begin and the last to leave. In the summer, no man beside himself worked before breakfast, or after tea. While the young men and older apprentices were roaming the streets, seeking their pleasure, he, by the light of a candle stuck in a bottle, was eking out a slender day's wages by setting up an extra column of the Polyglot Testament.

For a day or two, the men of the office eyed him askance, and winked at one another severely. The boys were more demonstrative, and one of the most mischievous among them named him THE GHOST, in allusion to his long white hair, and the singular fairness of his complexion. Soon, however, the men who worked near

him began to suspect that his mind was better furnished than his person. Horace always had a way of talking profusely while at work, and that, too, without working with less assiduity. Conversations soon arose about masonry, temperance, politics, religion; and the new journeyman rapidly argued his way to respectful consideration. His talk was ardent, animated, and *positive*. He was perfectly confident of his opinions, and maintained them with an assurance that in a youth of less understanding and less geniality would have been thought arrogance. His enthusiasm at this time, was Henry Clay; his great subject, masonry. In a short time, to quote the language of one his fellow-workmen, 'he was the lion of the shop.' Yet for all that, the men who admired him most would have their joke, and during all the time that Horace remained in the office, it was the standing amusement to make nonsensical remarks in order to draw from him one of his shrewd, half-comic, Scotch-Irish retorts. "And we always *got* it," says one.

The boys of the office were overcome by a process similar to that which frustrated the youth of Poultney. Four or five of them, who knew Horace's practice of returning to the office in the evening and working alone by candle-light, concluded that that would be an excellent time to play a few printing-office tricks upon him. They accordingly lay in ambush one evening, in the dark recesses of the shop, and awaited the appearance of the Ghost. He had no sooner lighted his candle and got at work, than a ball, made of 'old roller,' whizzed past his ear and knocked over his candle. He set it straight again and went on with his work. Another ball, and another, and another, and finally a volley. One hit his 'stick,' one scattered his type, another broke his bottle, and several struck his head. He bore it till the balls came so fast, that it was impossible for him to work, as all his time was wasted in repairing damages. At length, he turned round and said, without the slightest ill-humor and in a supplicating tone, "Now, boys, don't. I want to work. Please, now, let me alone." The boys came out of their places of concealment into the light of the candle, and troubled him no more.

Thus, it appears, that every man can best defend himself with the weapon that nature has provided him—whether it be fists or forgiveness. Little Jane Eyre was of opinion that when anybody

has struck another, he should himself be struck; "very hard," says Jane, "so hard, that he will be afraid ever to strike anybody again." On the contrary, thought Horace Greeley, when any one has wantonly or unjustly struck another, he should be so severely forgiven, and made so thoroughly ashamed of himself, that he will ever after shrink from striking a wanton or an unjust blow. Sound maxims, *both;* the first, for Jane, the second, for Horace.

His good humor was, in truth, naturally imperturbable. He was soon the recognized OBLIGING MAN of the office; the person relied upon always when help was needed—a most inconvenient kind of reputation. Among mechanics, money is generally abundant enough on Sundays and Mondays; and they spend it freely on those days. Tuesday and Wednesday, they are only in moderate circumstances. The last days of the week are days of pressure and borrowing, when men are in a better condition to be treated than to treat. Horace Greeley was the man who had money always; he was as rich apparently on Saturday afternoon as on Sunday morning, and as willing to lend. In an old memorandum-book belonging to one of his companions in those days, still may be deciphered such entries as these: 'Borrowed of Horace Greeley, 2s.' 'Owe Horace Greeley, 9s. 6d.' 'Owe Horace Greeley, 2s. 6d, for a breastpin.' He never refused to lend his money. To himself, he allowed scarcely anything in the way of luxury or amusement; unless, indeed, an occasional purchase of a small share in a lottery-ticket may be styled a luxury.

Lotteries were lawful in those days, and Chatham-street was where lottery-offices most abounded. It was regarded as a perfectly respectable and legitimate business to keep a lottery-office, and a perfectly proper and moral action to buy a lottery-ticket. The business was conducted openly and fairly, and under official supervision; not as it now is, by secret and irresponsible agents in all parts of the city and country. Whether less money, or more, is lost by lotteries now than formerly, is a question which, it is surprising, no journalist has determined. Whether they cause less or greater demoralization is a question which it were well for moralists to consider.

Of the few incidents which occurred to relieve the monotony of

the printing-office in Chatham street, the one which is most gleefully remembered is the following:—

Horace was, of course, subjected to a constant fire of jocular observations upon his dress, and frequently to practical jokes suggested by its deficiencies and redundancies. Men stared at him in the streets, and boys called after him. Still, however, he clung to his linen roundabout, his short trowsers, his cotton shirt, and his dilapidated hat. Still he wore no stockings, and made his wristbands meet with twine. For all jokes upon the subject he had deaf ears; and if any one seriously remonstrated, he would not defend himself by explaining, that all the money he could spare was needed in the wilderness, six hundred miles away, whither he punctually sent it. September passed and October. It began to be cold, but our hero had been toughened by the winters of Vermont, and still he walked about in linen. One evening in November, when business was urgent, and all the men worked till late in the evening, Horace, instead of returning immediately after tea, as his custom was, was absent from the office for two hours. Between eight and nine, when by chance all the men were gathered about the 'composing stone,' upon which a strong light was thrown, a strange figure entered the office, a tall gentleman, dressed in a complete suit of faded broadcloth, and a shabby, over-brushed beaver hat, from beneath which depended long and snowy locks. The garments were fashionably cut; the coat was in the style of a swallow's tail; the figure was precisely that of an old gentleman who had seen better days. It advanced from the darker parts of the office, and emerged slowly into the glare around the composing stone. The men looked inquiringly. The figure spread out its hands, looked down at its habiliments with an air of infinite complacency, and said,—

"Well, boys, and how do you like me now?"

"Why, it 's Greeley," screamed one of the men.

It *was* Greeley, metamorphosed into a decayed gentleman by a second-hand suit of black, bought of a Chatham-street Jew for five dollars.

A shout arose, such as had never before been heard at staid and regular 85 Chatham-street. Cheer upon cheer was given, and men

laughed till the tears came, the venerable gentleman being as happy as the happiest.

"Greeley, you must treat upon *that* suit, and no mistake," said one.

"Oh, of course," said everybody else.

"Come along, boys; I'll treat," was Horace's ready response.

All the company repaired to the old grocery on the corner of Duane-street, and there each individual partook of the beverage that pleased him, the treater indulging in a glass of spruce beer. Posterity may as well know, and take warning from the fact, that this five-dollar suit was a failure. It had been worn thin, and had been washed in blackened water and ironed smooth. A week's wear brought out all its pristine shabbiness, and developed new.

Our hero was not, perhaps, quite so indifferent to his personal appearance as he seemed. One day, when Colonel Porter happened to remark that his hair had once been as white as Horace Greeley's, Horace said with great earnestness, "Was it?"—as though he drew from that fact a hope that his own hair might darken as he grew older. And on another occasion, when he had just returned from a visit to New-Hampshire, he said, "Well, I have been up in the country among my cousins; *they* are all good-looking young men enough; I don't see why *I* should be such a curious-looking fellow."

One or two other incidents which occurred at West's are perhaps worth telling; for one well-authenticated fact, though apparently of trifling importance, throws more light upon character than pages of general reminiscence.

It was against the rules of the office for a compositor to enter the press-room, which adjoined the composing-room. Our hero, however, went on one occasion to the forbidden apartment to speak to a friend who worked there upon a hand-press that was exceedingly hard to pull.

"Greeley," said one of the men, "you're a pretty stout fellow, but you can't pull back that lever."

"Can't I?" said Horace; "I can."

"Try it, then," said the mischief-maker.

The press was arranged in such a manner that the lever offered no resistance whatever, and, consequently, when Horace seized it,

and collected all his strength for a tremendous effort, he fell backwards on the floor with great violence, and brought away a large part of the press with him. There was a thundering noise, and all the house came running to see what was the matter. Horace got up, pale and trembling from the concussion.

"Now, that was too bad," said he.

He stood his ground, however, while the man who had played the trick gave the 'boss' a fictitious explanation of the mishap, without mentioning the name of the apparent offender. When all was quiet again, Horace went privately to the pressman and offered to *pay* his share of the damage done to the press!

With Mr. West, Horace had little intercourse, and yet they did on several occasions come into collision. Mr. West, like all other bosses and men, had a weakness; it was commas. He loved commas, he was a stickler for commas, he was irritable on the subject of commas, he thought more of commas than any other point of prosody, and above all, he was of opinion that he knew more about commas than Horace Greeley. Horace had, on his part, no objection to commas, but he loved them in moderation, and was determined to keep them in their place. Debates ensued. The journeyman expounded the subject, and at length, after much argument, convinced his employer that a redundancy of commas was possible, and, in short, that he, the journeyman, knew how to preserve the balance of power between the various points, without the assistance or advice of any boss or man in Chatham, or any other street. There was, likewise, a certain professor whose book was printed in the office, and who often came to read the proofs. It chanced that Horace set up a few pages of this book, and took the liberty of altering a few phrases that seemed to him inelegant or incorrect. The professor was indignant, and though he was not so ignorant as not to perceive that his language had been altered for the better, he thought it due to his dignity to apply opprobrious epithets to the impertinent compositor. The compositor argued the matter, but did not appease the great man.

Soon after obtaining work, our friend found a better boarding-house, at least a more convenient one. On the corner of Duane-street and Chatham there was, at that time, a large building, occupied below as a grocery and bar-room, the upper stories as a te-

chanics' boarding-house. It accommodated about fifty boarders, most of whom were shoe-makers, who worked in their own rooms, or in shops at the top of the house, and paid, for room and board, two dollars and a half per week. This was the house to which Horace Greeley removed, a few days after his arrival in the city, and there he lived for more than two years. The reader of the Tribune may, perhaps, remember, that its editor has frequently displayed a particular acquaintance with the business of shoe-making, and drawn many illustrations of the desirableness and feasibility of association from the excessive labor and low wages of shoemakers. It was at this house that he learned the mysteries of the craft. He was accustomed to go up into the shops, and sit among the men while waiting for dinner. It was here, too, that he obtained that general acquaintance with the life and habits of city mechanics, which has enabled him since to address them so wisely and so convincingly. He is remembered by those who lived with him there, only as a very quiet, thoughtful, studious young man, one who gave no trouble, never went out 'to spend the evening,' and read nearly every minute when he was not working or eating. The late Mr. Wilson, of the Brother Jonathan, who was his roommate for some months, used to say, that often he went to bed leaving his companion absorbed in a book, and when he awoke in the morning, saw him exactly in the same position and attitude, as though he had not moved all night. He had not read all night, however, but had risen to his book with the dawn. Soon after sunrise, he went over the way to his work.

Another of Mr. Wilson's reminiscences is interesting. The reader is aware, perhaps, from experience, that people who pay only two dollars and a half per week for board and lodging are not provided with all the luxuries of the season; and that, not unfrequently, a desire for something delicious steals over the souls of boarders, particularly on Sundays, between 12, M. and 1, P.M. The eating-house revolution had then just begun, and the institution of Dining Down Town was set up; in fact, a bold man established a Sixpenny Dining Saloon in Beekman-street, which was the talk of the shops in the winter of 1831. On Sundays Horace and his friends, after their return from Mr. Sawyer's (Universalist) church in Orchard-street, were accustomed to repair to this establishment, and indulge

in a splendid repast at a cost of, at least, one shilling each, rising on some occasions to eighteen pence. Their talk at dinner was of the soul-banquet, the sermon, of which they had partaken in the morning, and it was a custom among them to ascertain who could repeat the substance of it most correctly. Horace attended that church regularly, in those days, and listened to the sermon with his head bent forward, his eyes upon the floor, his arms folded, and one leg swinging, quite in his old class attitude at the Westhaven school.

This, then, is the substance of what his companions remember of Horace Greeley's first few months in the metropolis. In a way so homely and so humble, New York's most distinguished citizen, the Country's most influential man, began his career.

In his subsequent writings there are not many allusions of an autobiographical nature to this period. The following is, indeed, the only paragraph of the kind that seems worth quoting. It is valuable as throwing light upon the *habit of his mind* at this time:—

"Fourteen years ago, when the editor of the TRIBUNE came to this city, there was published here a small daily paper entitled the 'Sentinel,' devoted to the cause of what was called by its own supporters 'the Working Men's Party,' and by its opponents 'the *Fanny Wright* Working Men.' Of that party we have little personal knowledge, but at the head of the paper, among several good and many objectionable avowals of principle, was borne the following:

"'*Single Districts for the choice of each Senator and Member of Assembly.*'

"We gave this proposition some attention at the time, and came to the conclusion that it was alike sound and important. It mattered little to us that it was accompanied and surrounded by others that we could not assent to, and was propounded by a party with which we had no acquaintance and little sympathy. We are accustomed to welcome truth, from whatever quarter it may approach us, and on whatever flag it may be inscribed. Subsequent experience has fully confirmed our original impression, and now we have little doubt that this principle, which was utterly slighted when presented under unpopular auspices, will be engrafted on our reformed Constitution without serious opposition."—*Tribune, Dec.*, 1845.

CHAPTER VII.

FROM OFFICE TO OFFICE.

James West's—Works on the 'Evening Post'—Story of Mr. Leggett—'Commercial Advertiser'—'Spirit of the Times'—Specimen of his writing at this period—Naturally fond of the drama—Timothy Wiggins—Works for Mr. Redfield—The first lift.

Horace Greeley was a journeyman printer in this city for fourteen months. Those months need not detain us long from the more eventful periods of his life.

He worked for Mr. West in Chatham street till about the first of November (1831). Then the business of that office fell off, and he was again a seeker for employment. He obtained a place in the office of the 'Evening Post,' whence, it is *said*, he was soon dismissed by the late Mr. Leggett, on the ground of his sorry appearance. The story current among printers is this: Mr. Leggett came into the printing-office for the purpose of speaking to the man whose place Horace Greeley had taken.

"Where 's Jones?" asked Mr. Leggett.

"He 's gone away," replied one of the men.

"Who has taken his place, then?" said the irritable editor.

"There 's the man," said some one, pointing to Horace, who was 'bobbing' at the case in his peculiar way.

Mr. Leggett looked at 'the man,' and said to the foreman, "For God's sake discharge him, and let 's have decent-*looking* men in the office, at least."

Horace was accordingly—so goes the story—discharged at the end of the week.

He worked, also, for a few days upon the 'Commercial Advertiser,' as a 'sub,' probably. Then, for two weeks and a half, upon a little paper called 'The Amulet,' a weekly journal of literature and art. The 'Amulet' was discontinued, and our hero had to wait ten years for his wages.

His next step can be given in his own words. The following is

the beginning of a paragraph in the New Yorker of March 2d, 1839:

"Seven years ago, on the first of January last—that being a holiday, and the writer being then a stranger with few social greetings to exchange in New York—he inquired his way into the ill-furnished, chilly, forlorn-looking attic printing-office in which William T. Porter, in company with another very young man, who soon after abandoned the enterprise, had just issued the 'Spirit of the Times' the first weekly journal devoted entirely to sporting intelligence ever attempted in this country. It was a moderate-sized sheet of indifferent paper, with an atrocious wood-cut for the head—about as uncomely a specimen of the 'fine arts' as our 'native talent' has produced. The paper was about in proportion; for neither of its conductors had fairly attained his majority, and each was destitute of the experience so necessary in such an enterprise, and of the funds and extensive acquaintance which were still more necessary to its success. But one of them possessed a persevering spirit and an ardent enthusiasm for the pursuit to which he had devoted himself."

And, consequently, the 'Spirit of the Times' still exists and flourishes, under the proprietorship of its originator and founder, Colonel Porter. For this paper, our hero, during his short stay in the office, composed a multitude of articles and paragraphs, most of them short and unimportant. As a specimen of his style at this period, I copy from the 'Spirit' of May 5th, 1832, the following epistle, which was considered extremely funny in those innocent days:

"Messrs. Editors:—Hear me you shall, pity me you must, while I proceed to give a short account of the dread calamities which this vile habit of turning the whole city upside down, 'tother side out, and wrong side before, on the First of May, has brought down on my devoted head.

"You must know, that having resided but a few months in your city, I was totally ignorant of the existence of said custom. So, on the morning of the eventful, and to me disastrous day, I rose, according to immemorial usage, at the dying away of the last echo of the breakfast bell, and soon found myself seated over my coffee, and my good landlady exercising her powers of volubility (no weak ones) apparently in my behalf; but so deep was the reverie in which my half-awakened brain was then engaged, that I did not catch a single idea from the whole of her discourse. I smiled and said, "Yes, ma'am," "certainly ma'am," at each pause; and having speedily dispatched

my breakfast, sallied immediately out, and proceeded to attend to the business which engrossed my mind. Dinner-time came, but no time for dinner; and it was late before I was at liberty to wend my way, over wheel-barrows, barrels, and all manner of obstructions, towards my boarding-house. All here was still; but by the help of my night-keys, I soon introduced myself to my chamber, dreaming of nothing but sweet repose; when, horrible to relate! my ears were instantaneously saluted by a most piercing female shriek, proceeding exactly from my own bed, or at least from the place where it should have been; and scarcely had sufficient time elapsed for my hair to bristle on my head, before the shriek was answered by the loud vociferations of a ferocious mastiff in the kitchen beneath, and re-echoed by the outcries of half a dozen inmates of the house, and these again succeeded by the rattle of the watchman; and the next moment, there was a round dozen of them (besides the dog) at my throat, and commanding me to tell them instantly what the devil all this meant.

"You do well to ask that," said I, as soon as I could speak, "after falling upon me in this fashion in my own chamber."

"O take him off," said the one who assumed to be the master of the house; "perhaps he's not a thief after all; but, being too tipsy for starlight, he has made a mistake in trying to find his lodgings,"—and in spite of all my remonstrances, I was forthwith marched off to the watch-house, to pass the remainder of the night. In the morning, I narrowly escaped commitment on the charge of 'burglary with intent to steal (I verily believe it would have gone hard with me if the witnesses could have been got there at that unseasonable hour), and I was finally discharged with a solemn admonition to guard *for the future* against intoxication (think of that, sir, for a member of the Cold Water Society!)

"I spent the next day in unraveling the mystery; and found that my landlord had removed his goods and chattels to another part of the city, on the established day, supposing me to be previously acquainted and satisfied with his intention of so doing; and another family had immediately taken his place; of which changes, my absence of mind and absence from dinner had kept me ignorant; and thus had I been led blindfold into a 'Comedy' (or rather tragedy) of Errors. Your unfortunate,

"TIMOTHY WIGGINS."

His connection with the office of a sporting paper procured him occasionally an order for admission to a theater, which he used. He appeared to have had a natural liking for the drama; all intelligent persons have when they are young; and one of his companions of that day remembers well the *intense* interest with which he once witnessed the performance of Richard III., at the old Chat-

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ham theater. 'At the close of the play, he said there was another of Shakespeare's tragedies which he had long wished to see, and that was Hamlet.

Soon after writing his letter, the luckless Wiggins, tempted by the prospect of better wages, left the Spirit of the Times, and went back to West's, and worked for some weeks on Prof. Bush's Notes on Genesis, 'the worst manuscript ever seen in a printing-office. That finished, he returned to the Spirit of the Times, and remained till October, when he went to visit his relatives in New Hampshire. He reached his uncle's farm in Londonderry in the apple-gathering season, and going at once to the orchard found his cousins engaged in that pleasing exercise. Horace jumped over the fence, saluted them in the hearty and unornamental Scotch-Irish style, sprang into a tree, and assisted them till their task for the day was done, and then all the party went frolicking into the woods on a grape-hunt Horace was a welcome guest. He was full of fun in those days, and kept the boys roaring with his stories, or agape with descriptions of city scenes.

Back to the city again early in November, in time and on purpose to vote at the fall elections.

He went to work, soon after, for Mr. J. S. Redfield, now an eminent publisher of this city, then a stereotyper. Mr. Redfield favors me with the following note of his connection with Horace Greeley: —"My recollections of Mr. Greeley extend from about the time he first came to the city to work as a compositor. I was carrying on the stereotyping business in William street, and having occasion one day for more compositors, one of the hands brought in Greeley, remarking 'sotto voce' as he introduced him, that he was a "boyish and rather odd looking genius," (to which remark I had no difficulty in assenting,) 'but he had understood that he was a good workman.' Being much in want of help at the time, Greeley was set to work, and I was not a little surprised to find on Saturday night, that his bills were much larger than those of any other compositor in the office, and oftentimes nearly double those at work by the side of him on the same work. He would accomplish this, too, *and talk all the time!* The same untiring industry, and the same fearlessness and independence, which have characterized his

course as Editor of the New York Tribune, were the distinguishing features of his character as a journeyman."

He remained in the office of Mr. Redfield till late in December, when the circumstance occurred which gave him his FIRST LIFT in the world. There is a tide, it is said, in the affairs of every man, *once* in his life, which taken at the flood leads on to fortune.

Horace Greeley's First Lift happened to take place in connection with an event of great, world-wide and lasting consequence; yet one which has never been narrated to the public. It shall, therefore, have in this work a short chapter to itself.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FIRST PENNY PAPER—AND WHO THOUGHT OF IT.

Importance of the cheap daily press—The originator of the idea—History of the idea—Dr. Sheppard's Chatham-street cogitations—The Idea is conceived—It is born—Interview with Horace Greeley—The Doctor thinks he is 'no common boy'—The schemer baffled—Daily papers twenty-five years ago—Dr. Sheppard comes to a resolution—The firm of Greeley and Story—The Morning Post appears—And fails—The sphere of the cheap press—Fanny Fern and the pea-nut merchant.

When the Historian of the United States shall have completed the work that has occupied so many busy and anxious years, and, in the tranquil solitude of his study, he reviews the long series of events which he has narrated, the question may arise in his mind,—Which of the events that occurred during the first seventy years of the Republic is likely to exert the greatest and most lasting influence upon its future history? Surely, he will not pause long for a reply. For, there is one event, which stands out so prominently beyond and above all others, the consequences of which, to this country and all other countries, must be so immense, and, finally, so beneficial, that no other can be seriously placed in competition with it. It was the establishment of the first penny daily paper in the city of New York in the year 1833. Its results, in this country, have already been wonderful indeed, and it is destined to

play a great part in the history of every civilized nation, and in that of every nation yet to be civilized.

Not that Editors are, in all cases, or in most, the wisest of men not that editorial writing has a greater value than hasty composition in general. Editors are a useful, a laborious, a generous, an honorable class of men and women, and their writings have their due effect. But, that part of the newspaper which interests, awakens, moves, warns, inspires, instructs and educates all classes and conditions of people, the wise and the unwise, the illiterate and the learned, is the NEWS! And the News, the same news, at nearly the same instant of time, is communicated to all the people of this fair and vast domain which we inherit, by the instrumentality of the Cheap Press, aided by its allies the Rail and the Wire.

A catastrophe happens to-day in New York. New Orleans shudders to-morrow at the recital; and the Nation shudders before the week ends. A 'Great Word,' uttered on any stump in the land, soon illuminates a million minds. A bad deed is perpetrated, and the shock of disgust flies with electric rapidity from city to city, from State to State—from the heart that records it to every heart that beats. A gallant deed or a generous one is done, or a fruitful idea is suggested, and it falls, like good seed which the wind scatters, over all the land at once. Leave the city on a day when some stirring news is rife, travel as far and as fast as you may, rest not by day nor night; you cannot easily get where that News is not, where it is not the theme of general thought and talk, where it is not doing its part in informing, or, at least, exciting the public mind. Abandon the great lines of travel, go rocking in a stage over corduroy roads, through the wilderness, to the newest of new villages, a cluster of log-houses, in a field of blackened stumps, and even there you must be prompt with your news, or it will have flown out from a bundle of newspapers under the driver's seat, and fallen in flakes all over the settlement.

The Cheap Press—its importance cannot be estimated! It puts every mind in direct communication with the greatest minds, which all, in one way or another, speak through its columns. It brings the *Course of Events* to bear on the progress of every individual. It is the great leveler, elevator and democraticizer. It makes this huge Commonwealth, else so heterogeneous and disunited, think with one

mind, feel with one heart, and talk with one tongue. Dissolve the Union into a hundred petty States, and the Press will still keep us, in heart and soul and habit, One People.

Pardon this slight digression, dear reader. Pardon it, because the beginnings of the greatest things are, in appearance, so insignificant, that unless we look at them in the light of their consequences, it is impossible to take an interest in them.

There are not, I presume, twenty-five persons alive, who know in whose head it was, that the idea of a cheap daily paper originated. Nor has the proprietor of that head ever derived from his idea, which has enriched so many others, the smallest pecuniary advantage. He walks these streets, this day, an unknown man, and poor. His name—the reader may forget it, History will not—is Horatio Davis Sheppard. The story of his idea, amply confirmed in every particular by living and unimpeachable witnesses, is the following:

About the year 1830, Mr. Sheppard, recently come of age and into the possession of fifteen hundred dollars, moved from his native New Jersey to New York, and entered the Eldridge Street Medical School as a student of medicine. He was ambitious and full of ideas. Of course, therefore, his fifteen hundred dollars *burned* in his vest pocket—(where he actually used to carry it, until a fellow student almost compelled him to deposit it in a place of safety). He took to dabbling in newspapers and periodicals, a method of getting rid of superfluous cash, which is as expeditious as it is fascinating. He soon had an interest in a medical magazine, and soon after, a share in a weekly paper. By the time he had completed his medical studies, he had gained some insight into the nature of the newspaper business, and lost the greater part of his money.

People who live in Eldridge street, when they have occasion to go 'down town,' must necessarily pass through Chatham street, a thoroughfare which is noted, among many other things, for the extraordinary number of articles which are sold in it for a 'penny a piece.' Apple-stalls, peanut-stalls, stalls for the sale of oranges, melons, pine-apples, cocoanuts, chestnuts, candy, shoe-laces, cakes, pocket-combs, ice-cream, suspenders, lemonade, and oysters, line the sidewalk. In Chatham street, those small trades are carried on, on a scale of magnitude, with a loudness of vociferation, and a

flare of lamp-light, unknown to any other part of the town. Along Chatham street, our medical student ofttimes took his way, musing on the instability of fifteen hundred dollars, and observing, possibly envying, the noisy merchants of the stalls. He was struck with the rapidity with which they sold their penny ware. A small boy would sell half a dozen penny cakes in the course of a minute. The difference between a cent, and no money, did not seem to be appreciated by the people. If a person saw something, wanted it, knew the price to be only a cent, he was almost as certain to buy it as though it were offered him for nothing. Now, thought he, to make a fortune, one has nothing more to do than to produce a tempting article which can be sold profitably for a cent, place it where everybody can see it, and buy it, without stopping—and lo! the thing is done! If it were only *possible* to produce a small, spicy daily paper for a cent, and get boys to sell it about the streets, *how* it would sell! How many pennies that now go for cakes and peanuts would be spent for news and paragraphs!

The idea was born—the twin ideas of the penny paper and the newsboy. But, like the young of the kangaroo, they crawled into the mental pouch of the teeming originator, and nestled there for months, before they were fully formed and strong enough to confront the world.

Perhaps it *is* possible, continued the musing man of medicine, on a subsequent walk in Chatham street. He went to a paper warehouse, and made inquiries touching the price of the cheaper kinds of printing paper. He figured up the cost of composition. He computed office expenses and editorial salaries. He estimated the probable circulation of a penny paper, and the probable income to be derived from advertising. Surely, he could sell four or five thousand a day! *There*, for instance, is a group of people; suppose a boy were at this moment to go up to *them* with an armful of papers, 'only one cent,' I am positive, thought the sanguine projector, that six of the nine would buy a copy! His conclusion was, that he could produce a newspaper about twice the size of an average sheet of letter-paper, half paragraphs and half advertisements, and sell it at a cent per copy, with an ample profit to himself. He was *sure* of it! He had tried all his arithmetic upon the project, and the figures gave the same result always. The twins leaped from

the pouch, and taking their progenitor by the throat, led him a fine dance before he could shake them off. For the present, they possessed him wholly.

As most of his little inheritance had vanished, it was necessary for him to interest some one in the scheme who had either capital or a printing office. The Spirit of the Times was then in its infancy. To the office of that paper, where Horace Greeley was then a journeyman, Mr. Sheppard first directed his steps, and there he first unfolded his plans and exhibited his calculations. Mr. Greeley was not present on his first entrance. He came in soon after, and began telling in high glee a story he had picked up of old Isaac Hill, who used to read his speeches in the House, and one day brought the wrong speech, and got upon his legs, and half way into a swelling exordium before he discovered his mistake. The narrator told his story extremely well, taking off the embarrassment of the old gentleman as he gradually came to the knowledge of his misfortune, to the life. The company were highly amused, and Mr. Sheppard said to himself, "That 's no common *boy*." Perhaps it was an unfortunate moment to introduce a bold and novel idea; but it is certain that every individual present, from the editor to the devil, regarded the notion of a penny paper as one of extreme absurdity,—foolish, ridiculous, frivolous! They took it as a joke, and the schemer took his leave.

Nor is it at all surprising that they should have regarded it in that light. A daily newspaper in those days was a solemn thing. People in moderate circumstances seldom saw, never bought one. The price was ten dollars a year. Cut the present Journal of Commerce in halves, fold it, fancy on its second page half a column of serious editorial, a column of news, half a column of business and shipping intelligence, and the rest of the ample sheet covered with advertisements, and you have before your mind's eye the New York daily paper of twenty-five years ago. It was not a thing for the people; it appertained to the counting-house; it was taken by the wholesale dealer; it was cumbrous, heavy, solemn. The idea of making it an article to be cried about the streets, to be sold for a cent, to be bought by workingmen and boys, to come into competition with cakes and apples, must have seemed to the respectable New Yorkers of 1831, unspeakably absurd. When the respectable

New Yorker first saw a penny paper, he gazed at it (I saw him) with a feeling similar to that with which an ill-natured man may be supposed to regard General Tom Thumb, a feeling of mingled curiosity and contempt; he put the ridiculous little thing into his waistcoat pocket to carry home for the amusement of his family; and he wondered what nonsense would be perpetrated *next.*

Dr. Sheppard—he had now taken his degree—was not disheartened by the merry reception of his idea at the office of the Spirit of the Times. He went to other offices—to nearly *every* other office! For eighteen months it was his custom, whenever opportunity offered, to expound his project to printers and editors, and, in fact, to any one who would listen to him long enough. *He could not convince one man of the feasibility of his scheme,—not one!* A few people thought it a good idea for the instruction of the million, and recommended him to get some society to take hold of it. But not a human being could be brought to believe that it would *pay* as a business, and only a few of the more polite and complaisant printers could be induced to consider the subject in a serious light at all.

Reader, possessed with an Idea, reader, 'in a minority of one,' take courage from the fact.

Despairing of getting the assistance he required, Dr. Sheppard resolved, at length, to make a desperate effort to start the paper himself. His means were fifty dollars in cash and a promise of credit for two hundred dollars' worth of paper. Among his printer friends was Mr. Francis Story, the foreman of the Spirit of the Times office, who, about that time, was watching for an opportunity to get into business on his own account. To him Dr. Sheppard announced his intention, and proposed that he should establish an office and print the forthcoming paper, offering to pay the bill for composition every Saturday. Mr. Story hesitated; but, on obtaining from Mr. Sylvester a promise of the printing of his *Bank Note Reporter*, he embraced Dr. Sheppard's proposal, and offered Horace Greeley, for whom he had long entertained a warm friendship and a great admiration, an equal share in the enterprise. Horace was not favorably impressed with Dr. Sheppard's scheme. In the first place, he had no great faith in the practical ability of that gentleman; and, secondly, he was of opinion that the smallest price for which a daily paper could be profitably sold was two cents.

His arguments on the latter point did not convince the ardent doctor; but, with the hope of overcoming his scruples and enlisting his co-operation, he consented to give up his darling idea, and fix the price of his paper at two cents. Horace Greeley agreed, at length, to try his fortune as a master printer, and in December, the firm of Greeley and Story was formed.

Now, experience has since proved that two cents is the best price for a cheap paper. But the point, the charm, the *impudence* of Dr. Sheppard's project all lay in those magical words, 'PRICE ONE CENT,' which his paper was to have borne on its heading—but did not. And the capital to be invested in the enterprise was so ludicrously inadequate, that it was necessary for the paper to pay at once, or cease to appear. Horace Greeley's advice, therefore, though good as a general principle, was not applicable to the case in hand. Not that the proposed paper would, or could, have succeeded upon any terms. Its failure was inevitable. Dr. Sheppard is one of those projectors who have the faculty of suggesting the most valuable and fruitful ideas, without possessing, in any degree, the qualities needful for their realization.

The united capital of the two printers was about one hundred and fifty dollars. They were both, however, highly respected in the printing world, and both had friends among those whose operations keep that world in motion. They hired part of a small office at No. 54 Liberty street. Horace Greeley's candid story prevailed with Mr. George Bruce, the great type founder, so far, that he gave the new firm credit for a small quantity of type—an act of trust and kindness which secured him one of the best customers he has ever had. (To this day the type of the Tribune is supplied by Mr. Bruce.) Before the new year dawned, Greeley and Story were ready to execute every job of printing which was not too extensive or intricate, on favorable terms, and with the utmost punctuality and dispatch.

On the morning of January 1st, 1833, the MORNING POST, and a snow-storm of almost unexampled fury, came upon the town together. The snow was a wet blanket upon the hopes of newsboys and carriers, and quite deadened the noise of the new paper, filling up areas, and burying the tiny sheet at the doors of its few subscribers. For several days the streets were obstructed with snow. It was very cold. There were few people in the streets, and those few

were not easily tempted to stop and fumble in their pockets for two cents. The newsboys were soon discouraged, and were fain to run shivering home. Dr. Sheppard was wholly unacquainted with the details of editorship, and most of the labor of getting up the numbers fell upon Mr. Greeley, and they were produced under every conceivable disadvantage. Yet, with all these misfortunes and drawbacks, several hundred copies were daily sold, and Dr. Sheppard was able to pay all the expenses of the first week. On the second Saturday, however, he paid his printers half in money and half in promises. On the third day of the third week, the faith and the patience of Messrs. Greeley and Story gave out, and the 'Morning Post' ceased to exist.

The last two days of its short life it was sold for a cent, and the readiness with which it was purchased convinced Dr. Sheppard, but him alone, that if it had been started at that price, it would not have been a failure. His money and his credit were both gone, and the error could not be retrieved. He could not even pay his printers the residue of their account, and he had, in consequence, to endure some emphatic observations from Mr. Story on the madness and presumption of his scheme. "Did n't I tell you so?" said the other printers. "Everybody," says Dr. Sheppard, "abused me, except Horace Greeley. He spoke very kindly, and told me not to mind what Story said." The doctor, thenceforth, washed his hands of printers' ink, and entered upon the practice of his profession.

Nine months after, the SUN appeared, a penny paper, a dingy sheet a little larger than a sheet of letter paper. Its success demonstrated the correctness of Dr. Sheppard's calculations, and justified the enthusiasm with which he had pursued his Idea. The office from which the Sun was issued was one of the last which Dr. Sheppard had visited for the purpose of enlisting co-operation. Neither of the proprietors was present, but the ardent schemer expounded his plans to a journeyman, and thus planted the seed which, in September, produced fruit in the form of the Sun, which 'shines for all.'

This morning, the cheap daily press of this city has issued a hundred and fifty thousand sheets, the best of which contain a history of the world for one day, so completely given, so intelligently com

mented upon, as to place the New York Press at the head of the journalism of the world. The Cheap Press, be it observed, had, first of all, to create *itself*, and, secondly, to create its *Public*. The papers of the old school have gone on their way prospering. They are read by the class that read them formerly. But—mark that long line of hackmen, each seated on his box waiting for a customer, and *each reading his morning paper!* Observe the paper that is thrust into the pocket of the omnibus driver. Look into shops and factories at the dinner hour, and note how many of the men are reading their newspaper as they eat their dinner. All *this* is new. All this has resulted from the Chatham-street cogitations of Horatio Davis Sheppard.

A distinguished authoress of this city relates the following circumstance, which occurred last summer:

THE MAN WHO DOES TAKE THE PAPER.

To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune.

SIR:—Not long since I read in your paper an article headed "the man who never took a newspaper." In contrast to this I would relate to you a little incident which came under my own observation:

Having been disappointed the other morning in receiving that part of my breakfast contained in THE N. Y. DAILY TRIBUNE, I dispatched a messenger to see what could be done in the way of satisfaction. After half an hour's diligent search he returned, much to my chagrin, empty-handed. Recollecting an old copy set me at school after this wise: "If you want a thing done do it yourself," I seized my bonnet and sallied forth. Not far from my domicil appears each morning, with the rising sun, an old huckster-man, whose stock in trade consists of two empty barrels, across which is thrown a *pro tem* counter in the shape of a plank, a pint of pea-nuts, six sticks of peppermint candy, half a dozen choleric looking pears and apples, copies of the daily papers, and an old stubby broom, with which the owner carefully brushes up the nut-shells dropped by graceless urchins to the endangerment of his side-walk lease.

"Have you this morning's TRIBUNE?" said I, looking as amiable as I knew how.

"No *Ma'am*," was the decided reply.

"Why—yes, you have," said I, laying my hand on the desired number.

"Well, you *can't* have *that*, Ma'am," said the disconcerted peanut merchant, "for I have n't read it myself!"

"I 'll give you *three* cents for it," said I.

(A shake of the head)

"Four cents?"

(Another shake.)

"Sixpence?" (I was getting excited.)

"It's no use, Ma'am," said the persistent old fellow. "It's the only number I could get, and I tell you that nobody shall have *that* TRIBUNE till I have read it myself!"

You should have seen, Mr. Editor, the shapeless hat, the mosaic coat, the tattered vest, and the *extraordinary* pair of trousers that were educated up to that TRIBUNE—it was a picture! FANNY FERN.

CHAPTER IX.

THE FIRM CONTINUES

Lottery printing — The Constitutionalist—Dudley S. Gregory—The lottery suicide—The firm prospers—Sudden death of Mr. Story—A new partner—Mr. Greeley as a master—A dinner story—Sylvester Graham—Horace Greeley at the Graham House—The New Yorker projected—James Gordon Bennett.

THE firm of Greeley and Story was not seriously injured by the failure of the Morning Post. They stopped printing it in time, and their loss was not more than fifty or sixty dollars. Meanwhile, their main stay was Sylvester's Bank Note Reporter, which yielded about fifteen dollars' worth of composition a week, payment for which was sure and regular. In a few weeks Mr. Story was fortunate enough to procure a considerable quantity of lottery printing. This was profitable work, and the firm, thenceforth, paid particular attention to that branch of business, and our hero acquired great dexterity in setting up and arranging the list of prizes and drawings.

Among other things, they had, for some time, the printing of a small tri-weekly paper called the *Constitutionalist*, which was the organ of the great lottery dealers, and the vehicle of lottery news, a small, dingy quarto of four pages, of which one page only was devoted to reading matter, the rest being occupied by lottery tables and advertisements. The heading of this interesting peri

odical was as follows: "THE CONSTITUTIONALIST, Wilmington, Delaware. Devoted to the Interests of Literature, Internal Improvement, Common Schools, &c., &c." The last half square of the last column of the Constitutionalist's last page contained a standing advertisement, which read thus:—

"Greeley and Story, No. 54 Liberty-street, New York, respectfully solicit the patronage of the public to their business of Letter-Press Printing, particularly Lottery Printing, such as schemes, periodicals, &c., which will be executed on favorable terms."

Horace Greeley, who had by this time become an inveterate paragraphist, and was scribbler-general to the circle in which he moved, did not disdain to contribute to the first page of the Constitutionalist. The only set of the paper which has been preserved I have examined; and though many short articles are pointed out by its proprietor, as written by Mr. Greeley, I find none of the slightest present interest, and none which throw any light upon his feelings, thoughts or habits, at the time when they were written. He wrote well enough, however, to impress his friends with a high idea of his talent; and his prompt fidelity in all his transactions, at this period, secured him one friend, who, in addition to a host of other good qualities, chanced to be the possessor, or wielder, of extensive means. This friend, at various subsequent crises of our hero's life, proved to be a friend indeed, because a friend in need. They sat together, long after, the printer and the patron, in the representative's hall at Washington, as members of the thirtieth Congress. Why shall I not adorn this page by writing on it the name of the kindly, the munificent Dudley S. Gregory, to whose wise generosity, Jersey City, and Jersey citizens, owe so much; in whose hands large possessions are far more a public than a private good?

Mr. Gregory was, in 1833, the agent or manager of a great lottery association, and he had much to do with arranging the tables and schemes published in the Constitutionalist. This brought him in contact with the senior member of the firm of Greeley and Story, to whose talents his attention was soon called by a particular circumstance. A young man, who had lost all his property by the lottery, in a moment of desperation committed suicide. A great hue and cry arose all over the country against lotteries; and many

newspapers clamored for their suppression by law. The lottery dealers were alarmed. In the midst of this excitement, Horace Greeley, while standing at the case, composed an article on the subject, the purport of which is said to have been, that the argument for and against lotteries was not affected by the suicide of that young man; but it simply proved, that he, the suicide, was a person of weak character, and had nothing to do with the question whether the State ought, or ought not, to license lotteries. This article was inserted in one of the lottery papers, attracted considerable attention, and made Mr. Gregory aware that his printer was not an ordinary man. Soon after, Mr. Greeley changed his opinion on the subject of lotteries, and advocated their suppression by law.

Greeley and Story were now prosperous printers. Their business steadily increased, and they began to accumulate capital. The term of their copartnership, however, was short. The great dissolver of partnerships, King Death himself, dissolved theirs in the seventh month of its existence. On the 9th of July, Francis Story went down the bay on an excursion, and never returned alive. He was drowned by the upsetting of a boat, and his body was brought back to the city the same evening. There had existed between these young partners a warm friendship. Mr. Story's admiration of the character and talents of our hero amounted to enthusiasm; and he, on his part, could not but love the man who so loved him. When he went up to the coffin to look for the last time on the marble features that had never turned to his with an unkind expression, he said, "Poor Story! shall I ever meet with any one who will bear with me as he did?" To the bereaved family Horace Greeley behaved with the most scrupulous justice, sending Mr. Story's mother half of all the little outstanding accounts as soon as they were paid, and receiving into the vacant place a brother-in-law of his deceased partner, Mr. Jonas Winchester, a gentleman now well known to the press and the people of this country.

A short time before, he had witnessed the marriage of Mr. Winchester by the Episcopal form. He was deeply impressed with the ceremony, listening to it in an attitude expressive of the profoundest interest; and when it was over, he exclaimed aloud, "That's the

most beautiful service I ever saw. If ever I am married it shall be by that form."

The business of "Greeley and Co." went on prospering through the year; but increase of means made not the slightest difference in our hero's habits or appearance. His indifference to dress was a chronic complaint, and the ladies of his partner's family tried in vain to coax and laugh him into a conformity with the usages of society. They hardly succeeded in inducing him to keep his shirt buttoned over his white bosom. "He was always a clean man, you know," says one of them. There was not even the show or pretence of discipline in the office. One of the journeymen made an outrageous caricature of his employer, and showed it to him one day as he came from dinner. "Who's that?" asked the man. "That's me," said the master, with a smile, and passed in to his work. The men made a point of appearing to differ in opinion from him on every subject, because they liked to hear him talk; and, one day, after a long debate, he exclaimed, "Why, men, if I were to say that that black man there was black, you'd all swear he was white." He worked with all his former intensity and absorption. Often, such conversations as these took place in the office about the middle of the day:

(H. G., looking up from his work)—Jonas, have I been to dinner?

(Mr. Winchester)—You ought to know best. I don't know

(H. G.)—John, have I been to dinner?

(John)—I believe not. Has he, Tom?

To which Tom would reply 'no,' or 'yes,' according to his own recollection or John's wink; and if the office generally concurred in Tom's decision, Horace would either go to dinner or resume his work, in unsuspecting accordance therewith.

It was about this time that he embraced the first of his two "isms" (he has never had but two). Graham arose and lectured, and made a noise in the world, and obtained followers. The substance of his message was that We, the people of the United States, are in the habit of taking our food in too concentrated a form. Bulk is necessary as well as nutriment; brown bread is better than white; and meat should be eaten only once a day, or never, said the Rev. Dr. Graham. Stimulants, he added, were pernicious, and their apparent necessity arises solely from too concentrated, and

therefore indigestible food. A simple message, and one most obviously true. The wonder is, not that he should have obtained followers, but that there should have been found one human being so besottedly ignorant and so incapable of being instructed as to deny the truth of his leading principles. Graham was a remarkable man. He was one of those whom nature has gifted with the power of taking an interest in human welfare. He was a *discoverer* of the facts, that most of us are sick, and that none of us need be; that disease is impious and *disgraceful*, the result, in almost every instance, of folly or crime. He exonerated God from the aspersions cast upon His wisdom and goodness by those who attribute disease to *His* "mysterious dispensations," and laid all the blame and shame of the ills that *flesh* endures at the door of those who endure them. Graham was one of the two or three men to whom this nation might, with some propriety, erect a monument. Some day, perhaps, a man will take the trouble to read Graham's two tough and wordy volumes, and present the substance of them to the public in a form which will not repel, but win the reader to perusal and conviction.

Horace Greeley, like every other thinking person that heard Dr. Graham lecture, was convinced that upon the whole he was right. He abandoned the use of stimulants, and took care in selecting his food, to see that there was the proper proportion between its bulk and its nutriment; *i. e.* he ate Graham bread, little meat, and plenty of rice, Indian meal, vegetables and fruit. He went, after a time, to board at the Graham house, a hotel conducted, as its name imported, on Graham principles, the rules and regulations having been written by Dr. Graham himself. The first time our friend appeared at the table of the Graham House, a silly woman who lived there tried her small wit upon him.

"It 's lucky," said she to the landlady, "that you 've no cat in the house."

"Why?" asked the landlady.

"Because," was the killing reply, "if you had, the cat would certainly take that man with the white head for a gosling, and fly at him."

Gentlemen who boarded with him at the Graham House, remember him as a Portentious Anomaly, one who, on ordinary occasions,

said nothing, but was occasionally roused to most vehement argument; a man much given to reading and cold-water baths.

In the beginning of the year 1834, the dream of editorship revived in the soul of Horace Greeley. A project for starting a weekly paper began to be agitated in the office. The firm, which then consisted of three members, H. Greeley, Jonas Winchester, and E. Sibbett, considered itself worth three thousand dollars, and was further of opinion, that it contained within itself an amount of editorial talent sufficient to originate and conduct a family paper superior to any then existing. The firm was correct in both opinions, and the result was—the NEW YORKER.

An incident connected with the job office of Greeley & Co. is, perhaps, worth mentioning here. One James Gordon Bennett, a person then well known as a smart writer for the press, came to Horace Greeley, and exhibiting a fifty-dollar bill and some other notes of smaller denomination as his cash capital, invited him to join in setting up a new daily paper, the New York Herald. Our hero declined the offer, but recommended James Gordon to apply to another printer, naming one, who he thought would like to share in such an enterprise. To him the editor of the Herald did apply, and with success. The Herald appeared soon after, under the joint proprietorship of Bennett and the printer alluded to. Upon the subsequent burning of the Herald office, the partners separated, and the Herald was thenceforth conducted by Bennett alone.

CHAPTER X.

EDITOR OF THE NEW YORKER.

Character of the Paper—Its Early Fortunes—Happiness of the Editor—Scene in the Office—Specimens of Horace Greeley's Poetry—Subjects of his Essays—His Opinions then—His Marriage—The Silk-stocking Story—A day in Washington—His impressions of the Senate—Pecuniary difficulties—Causes of the New-Yorker's ill-success as a Business—The missing letters—The Editor gets a nickname—The Agonies of a Debtor—Park Benjamin—Henry J. Raymond.

LUCKILY for the purposes of the present writer, Mr. Greeley is the most autobiographical of editors. He takes his readers into his

confidence, his sanctum, and his iron safe. He has not the least objection to tell the public the number of his subscribers, the amount of his receipts, the excess of his receipts over his expenditures, or the excess of his expenditures over his receipts. Accordingly, the whole history of the New Yorker, and the story of its editor's joys and sorrows, his trials and his triumphs, lie plainly and fully written in the New Yorker itself.

The New Yorker was, incomparably, the best newspaper of its kind that had ever been published in this country. It was printed, at first, upon a large folio sheet; afterwards, in two forms, folio and quarto, the former at two dollars a year, the latter at three. Its contents were of four kinds; literary matter, selected from home and foreign periodicals, and well selected; editorial articles by the editor, vigorously and courteously expressed; news, chiefly political, compiled with an accuracy new to American journalism; city, literary, and miscellaneous paragraphs. The paper took no side in politics, though the ardent convictions of the editor were occasionally manifest, in spite of himself. The heat and fury of some of his later writings never characterize the essays of the New Yorker. He was always gentle, however strong and decided; and there was a modesty and candor in his manner of writing that made the subscriber a friend. For example, in the very first number, announcing the publication of certain mathematical books, he says, "As we are not ourselves conversant with the higher branches of mathematics, we cannot pretend to speak authoritatively upon the merits of these publications"—a kind of avowal which omniscient editors are not prone to make.

A paper, that lived long, never stole into existence more quietly than the New Yorker. Fifteen of the personal friends of the editors had promised to become subscribers; and when, on the 22d of March, 1834, the first number appeared, it sold to the extent of one hundred copies. No wonder. Neither of the proprietors had any reputation with the public; all of them were very young, and the editor evidently supposed that it was only necessary to make a good paper in order to sell a great many copies. The 'Publishers' Address,' indeed, expressly said:—

"There is one disadvantage attending our *debut* which is seldom encoun

tored in the outset of periodicals aspiring to general popularity and patronage. Ours is not blazoned through the land as, 'The Cheapest Periodical in the World,' 'The Largest Paper ever Published,' or any of the captivating clap-traps wherewith enterprising gentlemen, possessed of a convenient stock of assurance, are wont to usher in their successive experiments on the gullibility of the Public. No likenesses of eminent and favorite authors will embellish our title, while they disdain to write for our columns. No 'distinguished literary and fashionable characters' have been dragged in to bolster up a rigmarole of preposterous and charlatan pretensions. And indeed so serious is this deficiency, that the first (we may say the only) objection which has been started by our most judicious friends in the discussion of our plans and prospects, has invariably been this:—'You do not indulge sufficiently in high-sounding pretensions. You cannot succeed without *humbug*.' Our answer has constantly been:—'*We shall try*,' and in the spirit of this determination, we respectfully solicit of our fellow-citizens the extension of that share of patronage which they shall deem warranted by our performances rather than our promises."

The public took the New Yorker at its word. The second number had a sale of nearly two hundred copies, and for three months, the increase averaged a hundred copies a week. In September, the circulation was 2,500; and the second volume began with 4,500. During the first year, three hundred papers gave the New Yorker a eulogistic notice. The editor became, at once, a person known and valued throughout the Union. He enjoyed his position thoroughly, and he labored not more truly with all his might, than with all his heart.

The spirit in which he performed his duties, and the glee with which he entered into the comicalities of editorial life, cannot be more agreeably shown than by transcribing his own account of a Scene which was enacted in the office of the New Yorker, soon after its establishment. The article was entitled 'Editorial Luxuries.'

We love not the ways of that numerous class of malcontents who are perpetually finding fault with their vocation, and endeavoring to prove themselves the most miserable dogs in existence. If they really think so, why under the sun do they not abandon their present evil ways and endeavor to hit upon something more endurable? Nor do we not deem these grumblers more plentiful among the brethren of the quill than in other professions, simply because the groanings uttered through the press are more widely circu

lated than when merely breathed to the night-air of some unsympathizing friend who forgets all about them the next minute; but we do think the whole business is in most ridiculously bad taste. An Apostle teaches us of "groanings which cannot be uttered"—it would be a great relief to readers, if editorial groanings were of this sort. Now, *we* pride ourselves rather on the delights of our profession; and we rejoice to say, that we find them neither few nor inconsiderable. There is one which even now flitted across our path, which, to tell the truth, was rather above the average—in fact, so good, that we can not afford to monopolize it, even though we shall be constrained to allow our reader a peep behind the curtain. So, here it is:

[Scene. Editorial Sanctum—Editor *solus*—*i. e.* immersed in thought and newspapers, with a journal in one hand and busily spoiling white paper with the other—only two particular friends talking to him at each elbow. Devil calls for 'copy' at momentary intervals. Enter a butternut-colored gentleman, who bows most emphatically.]

Gent. Are you the editor of the New Yorker, sir?

Editor. The same, sir, at your service.

Gent. Did you write this, sir?

Editor. Takes his scissored extract and reads—'So, when we hear the brazen vender of quack remedies boldly trumpeting his miraculous cures, or the announcement of the equally impudent experimenter on public credulity (*Goward*) who announces, that he 'teaches music in six lessons, and half a dozen distinct branches of science in as many weeks,' we may be grieved, and even indignant, that such palpable deceptions of the simple and unwary should not be discountenanced and exposed.'

That reads like me, sir. I do not remember the passage; but if you found it in the editorial columns of the New Yorker, I certainly *did* write it.

Gent. It was in No. 15. "The March of Humbug."

Editor. Ah! *now* I recollect it—there is no mistake in my writing that article.

Gent. Did you allude to *me*, sir, in those remarks?

Editor. You will perceive that the name '*Goward*' has been introduced by yourself—there is nothing of the kind in my paper.

Gent. Yes, sir; but I wish to know whether you intended those remarks to apply to me.

Editor. Well, sir, without pretending to recollect exactly what I may have been thinking of while writing an article three months ago, I will frankly say, that I think I must have had you in my eye while penning that paragraph.

Gent. Well, sir, do you know that such remarks are grossly unjust and impertinent to me?

Editor. I know nothing of you, sir, but from the testimony of friends and your own advertisements in the papers—and these combine to assure me that you are a quack.

Gent. That is what my enemies say, sir; but if you examine my certificates, sir, you will know the contrary.

Editor. I am open to conviction, sir.

Gent. Well, sir, I have been advertising in the Traveler for some time, and have paid them a great deal of money, and here they come out this week and abuse me—so, I have done with them; and, now, if you will say you will not attack me in this fashion, I will patronize you (holding out some tempting advertisements).

Editor. Well, sir, I shall be very happy to advertise for you; but I can give no pledge as to the course I shall feel bound to pursue.

Gent. Then, I suppose you will continue to call me a quack

Editor. I do not know that I am accustomed to attack my friends and patrons; but if I have occasion to speak of you at all, it shall be in such terms as my best judgment shall dictate.

Gent. Then, I am to understand you as my enemy.

Editor. Understand me as you please, sir; I shall endeavor to treat you and all men with fairness.

Gent. But do you suppose I am going to pay money to those who ridicule me and hold me up as a quack?

Editor. You will pay it where you please, sir—I must enjoy my opinions.

Gent. Well, but is a man to be judged by what his enemies say of him? Every man has his enemies.

Editor. I hope not, sir; I trust I have not an enemy in the world.

Gent. Yes, you have—*I 'm your enemy!*—and the enemy of every one who misrepresents me. I can get no justice from the press, except among the penny dailies. I 'll start a paper myself before a year. I 'll show that some folks can edit newspapers as well as others.

Editor. The field is open, sir,—go ahead.

[Exit in a rage, *Rev.* J. R. Goward, A. M., Teacher (in six lessons) of everything.]

Another proof of the happiness of the early days of our hero's editorial career might be found in the habit he then had of writing verses. It will, perhaps, surprise some of his present readers, who know him only as one of the most practical of writers, one given to politics, sub-soil plows, and other subjects supposed to be unpoetical, to learn that he was in early life a very frequent, and by no means altogether unsuccessful poetizer. Many of the early numbers of the New-Yorker contain a poem by "H. G." He has published, in all, about thirty-five poems, of which the New-Yorker contains twenty; the rest may be found in the Southern Literary Messenger, and various other magazines, annuals, and occasional volumes. I

have seen no poem of his which does not contain the *material* of poetry—thought, feeling, fancy; but in few of them was the poet enabled to give his thought, feeling and fancy complete expression. A specimen or two of his poetry it would be an unpardonable omission not to give, in a volume like this, particularly as his poetic period is past.

The following is a tribute to the memory of one who was the ideal hero of his youthful politics. It was published in the first number of the New-Yorker:

ON THE DEATH OF WILLIAM WIRT.

Rouse not the muffled drum,
Wake not the martial trumpet's mournful sound
For him whose mighty voice in death is dumb;
Who, in the zenith of his high renown,
To the grave went down.

Invoke no cannon's breath
To swell the requiem o'er his ashes poured—
Silently bear him to the house of death:—
The aching hearts by whom he was adored,
He won not with the sword.

No! let affection's tear
Be the sole tribute to his memory paid;
Earth has no monument so justly dear
To souls like his in purity arrayed—
Never to fade.

I loved thee, patriot Chief!
I battled proudly 'neath thy banner pure;
Mine is the breast of woe—the heart of grief,
Which suffer on unmindful of a cure—
Proud to endure.

But vain the voice of wail
For thee, from this dim vale of sorrow fled—

Earth has no spell whose magic shall not fail
To light the gloom that shrouds thy narrow bed,
Or woo thee from the dead.

Then take thy long repose
Beneath the shelter of the deep green sod:
Death but a brighter halo o'er thee throws—
Thy fame, thy soul alike have spurned the clod—
Rest thee in God.

A series of poems, entitled "Historic Pencilings," appear in the first volume of the New Yorker, over the initials "H. G." These were the poetized reminiscences of his boyish historical reading. Of these poems the following is, perhaps, the most pleasing and characteristic:

NERO'S TOMB.

"When Nero perished by the justest doom,
* * * * *
Some hand unseen strewed flowers upon his grave.
BYRON.

The tyrant slept in death;
His long career of blood had ceased forever,
And but an empire's execrating breath
Remained to tell of crimes exampled never.
Alone remained? Ah! no;
Rome's scathed and blackened walls retold the story
Of conflagrations broad and baleful glow.
Such was the halo of the despot's glory!

And round his gilded tomb
Came crowds of sufferers—but not to weep—
Not theirs the wish to light the house of gloom
With sympathy. No! Curses wild and deep
His only requiem made.
But soft! see, strewed around his dreamless bed
The trophies bright of many a verdant glade,
The living's tribute to the honored dead

What mean those gentle flowers?
So sweetly smiling in the face of wrath—
Children of genial suns and fostering showers.
Now crushed and trampled in the million's path—
What do they, withering here?
Ah! spurn them not? they tell of sorrow's flow—
There has been *one* to shed affection's tear,
And 'mid a nation's joy, to feel a pang of woe!

No! scorn them not, those flowers,
They speak too deeply to each feeling heart—
They tell that Guilt hath still its holier hours—
That none may e'er from earth unmourned depart;
That none hath *all* effaced
The spell of Eden o'er his spirit cast,
The heavenly image in his features traced—
Or quenched the love unchanging to the last!

Another of the 'Historic Pencilings,' was on the 'Death of Pericles.' This was its last stanza:—

No! let the brutal conqueror
Still glut his soul with war,
And let the ignoble million
With shouts surround his car;
But dearer far the lasting fame
Which twines its wreaths with peace—
Give *me* the tearless memory
Of the mighty one of Greece.

Only one of his poems seems to have been inspired by the tender passion. It is dated May 31st, 1834. Who this bright Vision was to whom the poem was addressed, or whether it was ever visible to any but the poet's eye, has not transpired.

FANTASIES.

They deem me cold, the thoughtless and light-hearted,
In that I worship not at beauty's shrine;

They deem me cold, that through the years departed,
I ne'er have bowed me to some form divine.
They deem me proud, that, where the world hath flattered,
I ne'er have knelt to languish or adore;
They think not that the homage idly scattered
Leaves the heart bankrupt, ere its spring is o'er.

No! in my soul there glows but one bright vision,
And o'er my heart there rules but one fond spell,
Bright'ning my hours of sleep with dreams Elysian
Of one unseen, yet loved, aye cherished well;
Unseen? Ah! no; her presence round me lingers,
Chasing each wayward thought that tempts to rove
Weaving Affection's web with fairy fingers,
And waking thoughts of purity and love.

Star of my heaven! thy beams shall guide me ever,
Though clouds obscure, and thorns bestrew my path
As sweeps my bark adown life's arrowy river
Thy angel smile shall soothe misfortune's wrath;
And ah! should Fate ere speed her deadliest arrow,
Should vice allure to plunge in her dark sea,
Be this the only shield my soul shall borrow—
One glance to Heaven—one burning thought of thee!

I ne'er on earth may gaze on those bright features,
Nor drink the light of that soul-beaming eye;
But wander on 'mid earth's unthinking creatures,
Unloved in life, and unlamented die;
But ne'er shall fade the spell thou weavest o'er me,
Nor fail the star that lights my lonely way;
Still shall the night's fond dreams that light restore me,
Though Fate forbid its gentler beams by day.

I have not dreamed that gold or gems adorn thee—
That Flatt'ry's voice may vaunt thy matchless form;
I little reck that worldlings all may scorn thee,
Be but thy soul still pure, thy [illegible] warm.

Be thine bright Intellect's unfading treasures,
And Poesy's more deeply-hallowed spell,
And Faith the zest which heightens all thy pleasures,
With trusting love—Maid of my soul! farewell!

One more poem claims place here, if from its autobiographic character alone. Those who believe there *is* such a thing as regeneration, who know that a man *can* act and live in a disinterested spirit, will not read this poem with entire incredulity. It appeared in the Southern Literary Messenger for August, 1840.

THE FADED STARS.

I mind the time when Heaven's high dome
Woke in my soul a wondrous thrill—
When every leaf in Nature's tome
Bespoke creation's marvels still;
When mountain cliff and sweeping glade,
As morn unclosed her rosy bars,
Woke joys intense—but naught e'er bade
My heart leap up, like you, bright stars!

Calm ministrants to God's high glory!
Pure gems around His burning throne!
Mute watchers o'er man's strange, sad story
Of Crime and Woe through ages gone!
'Twas yours the mild and hallowing spell
That lured me from ignoble gleams—
Taught me where sweeter fountains swell
Than ever bless the worldling's dreams.

How changed was life! a waste no more,
Beset by Want, and Pain, and Wrong;
Earth seemed a glad and fairy shore,
Vocal with Hope's inspiring song.
But ye, bright sentinels of Heaven!
Far glories of Night's radiant sky!
Who, as ye gemmed the brow of Even,
Has ever deemed Man born to die?

* * * *

'Tis faded now, that wondrous grace
That once on Heaven's forehead shone;
I read no more in Nature's face
A soul responsive to my own.
A dimness on my eye and spirit,
Stern time has cast in hurrying by;
Few joys my hardier years inherit,
And leaden dullness rules the sky.

Yet mourn not I—a stern, high duty
Now nerves my arm and fires my brain;
Perish the dream of shapes of beauty,
So that *this* strife be not in vain;
To war on Fraud entrenched with Power—
On smooth Pretense and specious Wrong—
This task be mine, though Fortune lower;
For this be banished sky and song.

The subjects upon which the editor of the New Yorker used to descant, as editor, contrast curiously with those upon which, as poet, he aspired to sing. Turning over the well-printed pages of that journal, we find calm and rather elaborate essays upon 'The Interests of Labor,' 'Our Relations with France,' 'Speculation,' The Science of Agriculture,' 'Usury Laws,' 'The Currency,' 'Overtrading,' 'Divorce of Bank and State,' 'National Conventions,' 'International Copyright,' 'Relief of the Poor,' 'The Public Lands,' 'Capital Punishment,' 'The Slavery Question,' and scores of others equally unromantic. There are, also, election returns given with great minuteness, and numberless paragraphs recording nominations. The New Yorker gradually became *the* authority in the department of political statistics. There were many people who did not consider an election 'safe,' or 'lost,' until they saw the figures in the New Yorker. And the New Yorker deserved this distinction; for there never lived an editor more scrupulous upon the point of literal and absolute correctness than Horace Greeley. To quote the language of a proof-reader—"If there *is* a thing that will make Horace furious, it is to have a name spelt wrong, or a mistake

in election returns." In fact, he was morbid on the subject, till time toughened him; time, and proof-readers.

The opinions which he expressed in the columns of the New Yorker are, in general, those to which he still adheres, though on a few subjects he used *language* which he would not now use. His opinions on those subjects have rather advanced than changed. For example: he is now opposed to the punishment of death in all cases, except when, owing to peculiar circumstances, the immediate safety of the community demands it. In June, 1836, he wrote:—"And now, having fully expressed our conviction that the punishment of death is one which should sometimes be inflicted, we may add, that we would have it resorted to as unfrequently as possible. Nothing, in our view, but cold-blooded, premeditated, unpalliated murder, can fully justify it. Let this continue to be visited with the sternest penalty."

Another example. The following is part of an article on the Slavery Question, which appeared in July, 1834. It differs from his present writings on the same subject, not at all in doctrine, though very much in tone. Then, he thought the North the aggressor. Since then, we have had Mexican Wars, Nebraska bills, etc., and he now writes as one assailed.

"To a philosophical observer, the existence of domestic servitude in one portion of the Union while it is forbidden and condemned in another, would indeed seem to afford no plausible pretext for variance or alienation. The Union was formed with a perfect knowledge, on the one hand, that slavery existed at the south, and, on the other, that it was utterly disapproved and discountenanced at the north. But the framers of the constitution saw no reason for distrust and dissension in this circumstance. Wisely avoiding all discussion of a subject so delicate and exciting, they proceeded to the formation of 'a more perfect union,' which, leaving each section in the possession of its undoubted right of regulating its own internal government and enjoying its own speculative opinions, provided only for the common benefit and mutual well-being of the whole. And why should not this arrangement be satisfactory and perfect? Why should not even the existing evils of one section be left to the correction of its own wisdom and virtue, when pointed out by the unerring finger of experience?

* * * * * * * * *

We entertain no doubt that the system of slavery is at the bottom of most of the evils which afflict the communities of the south—that it has occasioned

the decline of Virginia, of Maryland, of Carolina. We see it even retarding the growth of the new State of Missouri, and causing her to fall far behind her sister Indiana in improvement and population. And we venture to assert, that if the objections to slavery, drawn from a correct and enlightened political economy, were once fairly placed before the southern public, they would need no other inducements to impel them to enter upon an immediate and effective course of legislation, with a view to the ultimate extinction of the evil. But, right or wrong, no people have a greater disinclination to the lectures or even the advice of their neighbors; and we venture to predict, that whoever shall bring about a change of opinion in that quarter, must, in this case, reverse the proverb which declares, that 'a prophet hath honor except in his own country.'"

* * * * * *

After extolling the Colonization Society, and condemning the formation of anti-slavery societies at the North, as irritating and useless, the editor proceeds:—"We hazard the assertion, that there never existed two distinct races—so diverse as to be incapable of amalgamation—inhabiting the same district of country, and in open and friendly contact with each other, that maintained a perfect equality of political and social condition. * * * It remains to be proved, that the history of the nineteenth century will afford a direct contradiction to all former experience. * * * We cannot close without reiterating the expression of our firm conviction, that if the African race are ever to be raised to a degree of comparative happiness, intelligence, and freedom, it must be in some other region than that which has been the theater of their servitude and degradation. They must 'come up *out* of the land of Egypt and out of the house of bondage;' even though they should be forced to cross the sea in their pilgrimage and wander forty years in the wilderness."

Again. In 1835, he had not arrived at the Maine Law, but was feeling his way towards it. He wrote thus:

"Were we called upon to indicate simply the course which *should* be pursued for the eradication of this crying evil, our compliance would be a far easier matter. We should say, unhesitatingly, that the vending of alcohol, or of liquors of which alcohol forms a leading component, should be regulated by the laws which govern the sale of other insidious, yet deadly poisons. It should be kept for sale only by druggists, and dealt out in small portions, and with like regard to the character and ostensible purpose of the applicant

as in the case of its counterpart. * * * * But we must not forget, that we are to determine simply what *may* be done by the friends of temperance for the advancement of the noble cause in which they are engaged, rather than what the more ardent of them (with whom we are proud to rank ourselves) would desire to see accomplished. We are to look at things as they *are;* and, in that view, all attempts to interdict the sale of intoxicating liquors in our hotels, our country stores, and our steam-boats, in the present state of public opinion, must be hopelessly, ridiculously futile. * * * * The only available provision bearing on this branch of the traffic, which could be urged with the least prospect of success, is the imposition of a *real* license-tax—say from $100 to $1000 per annum—which would have the effect of diminishing the evil by rendering less frequent and less universal the temptations which lead to it. But even that, we apprehend, would meet with strenuous opposition from so large and influential a portion of the community, as to render its adoption and efficiency extremely doubtful."

The most bold and stirring of his articles in the New Yorker, was one on the "Tyranny of Opinion," which was suggested by the extraordinary enthusiasm with which the Fourth of July was celebrated in 1837. A part of this article is the only specimen of the young editor's performance, which, as a specimen, can find place in this chapter. The sentiments which it avows, the country has not yet caught up with; nor will it, for many a year after the hand that wrote them is dust. After an allusion to the celebration, the article proceeds:

"The great pervading evil of our social condition is the worship and the bigotry of Opinion. While the theory of our political institutions asserts or implies the absolute freedom of the human mind—the right not only of free thought and discussion, but of the most unrestrained action thereon within the wide boundaries prescribed by the laws of the land, yet the *practical commentary* upon this noble text is as discordant as imagination can conceive. Beneath the thin veil of a democracy more free than that of Athens in her glory, we cloak a despotism more pernicious and revolting than that of Turkey or China. It is the despotism of Opinion. Whoever ventures to propound opinions strikingly at variance with those of the majority, must be content to brave obloquy, contempt and persecution. If political, they exclude him from public employment and trust; if religious, from social intercourse and general regard, if not from absolute rights. However moderately heretical in his political views, he cannot be a justice of the peace, an officer of the customs, or a lamp-lighter; while, if he be positively and frankly skeptical in his theology, grave judges pronounce him incompetent to give

testimony in courts of justice, though his character for veracity be indubitable That is but a narrow view of the subject which ascribes all this injustice to the errors of parties or individuals; it flows naturally from the vice of the age and country—the tyranny of Opinion. It can never be wholly rectified until the whole community shall be brought to feel and acknowledge, that the only security for public liberty is to be found in the absolute and unqualified freedom of thought and expression, confining penal consequences to *acts* only which are detrimental to the welfare of society.

"The philosophical observer from abroad may well be astounded by the gross inconsistencies which are presented by the professions and the conduct of our people. Thousands will flock together to drink in the musical periods of some popular disclaimer on the inalienable rights of man, the inviolability of the immunities granted us by the Constitution and Laws, and the invariable reverence of freemen for the majesty of law. They go away delighted with our institutions, the orator and themselves. The next day they may be engaged in 'lynching' some unlucky individual who has fallen under their sovereign displeasure, breaking up a public meeting of an obnoxious cast, or tarring and feathering some unfortunate lecturer or propagandist, whose views do not square with their own, but who has precisely the same right to enjoy and propagate his opinions, however erroneous, as though he inculcated nothing but what every one knows and acknowledges already. The shamelessness of this incongruity is sickening; but it is not confined to this glaring exhibition. The sheriff, town-clerk, or constable, who finds the political majority in his district changed, either by immigration or the course of events, must be content to change too, or be hurled from his station. Yet what necessary connection is there between his politics and his office? Why might it not as properly be insisted that a town-officer should be six feet high, or have red hair, if the majority were so distinguished, as that he should think with them respecting the men in high places and the measures projected or opposed by them? And how does the proscription of a man in any way for obnoxious opinions differ from the most glaring tyranny?"

In the New Yorker of July 16th, 1836, may be seen, at the head of a long list of recent marriages, the following interesting announcement:

"In Immanuel church, Warrenton, North Carolina, on Tuesday morning, 5th inst., by Rev. William Norwood, Mr. Horace Greeley, editor of the New Yorker, to Miss Mary Y. Cheney, of Warrenton, formerly of this city."

The lady was by profession a teacher, and to use the emphatic language of one of her friends, 'crazy for knowledge. The acquaintance had been formed at the Graham House, and was con-

tinued by correspondence after Miss Cheney, in the pursuit of her vocation, had removed to North Carolina. Thither the lover hied, the two became one, and returned together to New York. They were married, as he said he would be, by the Episcopal form. Sumptuous was the attire of the bridegroom; a suit of fine black broadcloth, and "on this occasion only," a pair of silk stockings! It appears that silk stockings and matrimony were, in his mind, associated ideas, as rings and matrimony, orange blossoms and matrimony, are in the minds of people in general. Accordingly, he bought a pair of silk stockings; but trying on his wedding suit previous to his departure for the south, he found, to his dismay, that the stockings were completely hidden by the affluent terminations of another garment. The question now at once occurred to his logical mind, 'What is the use of *having* silk stockings, if nobody can *see* that you have them?' He laid the case, it is said, before his tailor, who, knowing his customer, immediately removed the difficulty by cutting away a crescent of cloth from the front of the aforesaid terminations, which rendered the silk stockings obvious to the most casual observer. Such is the *story*. And I regret that other stories, and true ones, highly honorable to his head and heart, delicacy forbids the telling of in this place.

The editor, of course, turned his wedding tour to account in the way of his profession. On his journey southward, Horace Greeley first saw Washington, and was impressed favorably by the houses of Congress, then in session. He wrote admiringly of the Senate:—"That the Senate of the United States is unsurpassed in intellectual greatness by any body of fifty men ever convened, is a trite observation. A phrenologist would fancy a strong confirmation of his doctrines in the very appearance of the Senate; a physiognomist would find it. The most striking person on the floor is Mr. Clay, who is incessantly in motion, and whose spare, erect form betrays an easy dignity approaching to majesty, and a perfect gracefulness, such as I have never seen equaled. His countenance is intelligent and indicative of character; but a glance at his figure while his face was completely averted, would give assurance that he was no common man. Mr. Calhoun is one of the plainest men and certainly the dryest, hardest speaker I ever listened to. The flow of his ideas reminded me of a barrel filled

with pebbles, each of which must find great difficulty in escaping from the very solidity and number of those pressing upon it and impeding its natural motion. Mr. Calhoun, though far from being a handsome, is still a very remarkable personage; but Mr. Benton has the least intellectual countenance I ever saw on a senator. Mr. Webster was not in his place." * * * * "The best speech was that of Mr. Crittenden, of Kentucky. That man is not appreciated so highly as he should and must be. He has a rough readiness, a sterling good sense, a republican manner and feeling, and a vein of biting, though homely satire, which will yet raise him to distinction in the National Councils."

Were Greeley and Co. making their fortune meanwhile? Far from it. To edit a paper well is one thing; to make it pay as a business is another. The New Yorker had soon become a famous, an admired, and an influential paper. Subscriptions poured in; the establishment looked prosperous; but it was not. The sorry tale of its career as a business is very fully and forcibly told in the various addresses to, and chats with, Our Patrons, which appear in the volumes of 1837, that 'year of ruin,' and of the years of slow recovery from ruin which followed. In October, 1837, the editor thus stated his melancholy case:

"Ours is a plain story; and it shall be plainly told. The New Yorker was established with very moderate expectations of pecuniary advantage, but with strong hopes that its location at the head-quarters of intelligence for the continent, and its cheapness, would insure it, if well conducted, such a patronage as would be ultimately adequate, at least, to the bare expenses of its publication. Starting with scarce a shadow of patronage, it had four thousand five hundred subscribers at the close of the first year, obtained at an outlay of three thousand dollars beyond the income in that period. This did not materially disappoint the publishers' expectations. Another year passed, and their subscription increased to seven thousand, with a further outlay, beyond all receipts, of two thousand dollars. A third year was commenced with two editions—folio and quarto—of our journal; and at its close, their conjoint subscriptions amounted to near nine thousand five hundred; yet our receipts had again fallen two thousand dollars behind our absolutely necessary expenditures. Such was our situation at the commencement of this year of ruin; and we found ourselves wholly unable to continue our former reliance on the honor and ultimate good faith of our backward subscribers. Two thousand five hundred of them were stricken from our list, and every possible retrenchment of

our expenditures effected. With the exercise of the most parsimonious frugality, and aided by the extreme kindness and generous confidence of our friends, we have barely and with great difficulty kept our bark afloat. For the future, we have no resource but in the justice and generosity of our patrons. Our humble portion of this world's goods has long since been swallowed up in the all-devouring vortex; both of the Editor's original associates in the undertaking have abandoned it with loss, and those who now fill their places have invested to the full amount of their ability. Not a farthing has been drawn from the concern by any one save for services rendered; and the allowance to the proprietors having charge respectively of the editorial and publishing departments has been far less than their services would have commanded elsewhere. The last six months have been more disastrous than any which preceded them, as we have continued to fall behind our expenses without a corresponding increase of patronage. A large amount is indeed due us; but we find its collection almost impossible, except in inconsiderable portions and at a ruinous expense. All appeals to the honesty and good faith of the delinquents seem utterly fruitless. As a last resource, therefore, and one beside which we have no alternative, we hereby announce, that from and after this date, the price of the New Yorker will be three dollars per annum for the folio, and four dollars for the quarto edition

"Friends of the New Yorker! Patrons! we appeal to you, not for charity, but for justice. Whoever among you is in our debt, no matter how small the sum, is guilty of a moral wrong in withholding the payment. We bitterly need it—we have a right to expect it. Six years of happiness could not atone for the horrors which blighted hopes, agonizing embarrassments, and gloomy apprehensions—all arising in great measure from your neglect—have conspired to heap upon us during the last six months. We have borne all in silence: we now tell you we *must* have our pay. Our obligations for the next two months are alarmingly heavy, and they must be satisfied, at whatever sacrifice. We shall cheerfully give up whatever may remain to us of property, and mortgage years of future exertion, sooner than incur a shadow of dishonor, by subjecting those who have credited us to loss or inconvenience. We must pay; and for the means of doing it we appeal most earnestly to you. It is possible that we might still further abuse the kind solicitude of our friends; but the thought is agony. We should be driven to what is but a more delicate mode of beggary, when justice from those who withhold the hard earnings of our unceasing toil would place us above the revolting necessity! At any rate, we will not submit to the humiliation without an effort.

"We have struggled until we can no longer doubt that, with the present currency—and there seems little hope of an immediate improvement—we cannot live at our former prices. The suppression of small notes was a blow to cheap city papers, from which there is no hope of recovery. With a currency including notes of two and three dollars, one half our receipts would come to

us directly from the subscribers; without such notes, we must submit to an agent's charge on nearly every collection. Besides, the notes from the South Western States are now at from twenty to thirty per cent. discount; and have been more: those from the West range from six to twenty. All notes beyond the Delaware River range from twice to ten times the discount charged upon them when we started the New Yorker. We cannot afford to depend exclusively upon the patronage to be obtained in our immediate neighborhood; we cannot retain distant patronage without receiving the money in which alone our subscribers can pay. But one course, then, is left us—to tax our valuable patronage with the delinquencies of the worse than worthless—the paying for the non-paying, and those who send us par-money, with the evils of our present depraved and depreciated currency."

Two years after, there appeared another chapter of pecuniary history, written in a more hopeful strain. A short extract will complete the reader's knowledge of the subject:

"Since the close of the year of ruin (1837), we have pursued the even tenor of our way with such fortune as was vouchsafed us; and, if never elated with any signal evidence of popular favor, we have not since been doomed to gaze fixedly for months into the yawning abyss of Ruin, and feel a moral certainty that, however averted for a time, that must be our goal at last. On the contrary, our affairs have slowly but steadily improved for some time past, and we now hope that a few months more will place us beyond the reach of pecuniary embarrassments, and enable us to add new attractions to our journal.

"And this word 'attraction' brings us to the confession that the success of our enterprise, if success there has been, has not been at all of a pecuniary cast thus far. Probably we lack the essential elements of that very desirable kind of success. There have been errors, mismanagement and losses in the conduct of our business. We mean that we lack, or do not take kindly to, the arts which contribute to a newspaper sensation. When our journal first appeared, a hundred copies marked the extent to which the public curiosity claimed its perusal. Others establish new papers, (the New World and Brother Jonathan Mr. Greeley might have instanced,) even without literary reputation, as we were, and five or ten thousand copies are taken at once—just to see what the new thing is. And thence they career onward on the crest of a towering wave.

"Since the New Yorker was first issued, seven copartners in its publication have successively withdrawn from the concern, generally, we regret to say, without having improved their fortunes by the connection, and most of them with the conviction that the work, however valuable, was not calculated to prove lucrative to its proprietors. 'You don't humbug enough,' has been the complaint of more than one of our retiring associates; 'you ought to

make more noise and vaunt your own merits. The world will never believe you print a good paper unless you tell them so.' Our course has not been changed by these representations. We have endeavored in all things to maintain our self-respect and deserve the good opinion of others; if we have not succeeded in the latter particular, the failure is much to be regretted, but hardly to be amended by pursuing the vaporous course indicated. If our journal be a good one, those who read it will be very apt to discover the fact; if it be not, our assertion of its excellence, however positive and frequent, would scarcely outweigh the weekly evidence still more abundantly and convincingly furnished. We are aware that this view of the case is controverted by practical results in some cases; but we are content with the old course, and have never envied the success which Merit or Pretense may attain by acting as its own trumpeter."

The New Yorker never, during the seven years of its existence became profitable; and its editor, during the greater part of the time, derived even his means of subsistence either from the business of job printing or from other sources, which will be alluded to in a moment. The causes of the New Yorker's signal failure as a business seem to have been these:

1. It was a very *good* paper, suited only to the more intelligent class of the community, which, in all times and countries, is a small class. "We have a pride," said the editor once, and truly, "in believing that we might, at any time, render our journal more attractive to the million by rendering it less deserving; and that by merely considering what would be sought after and read with avidity, without regard to its moral or its merit, we might easily become popular at the mere expense of our own self-approval."

2. It seldom praised, never puffed, itself. The editor, however seems to have thought, that he might have done both with propriety. Or was he speaking in pure irony, when he gave the Mirror this 'first-rate notice.' "There is one excellent quality," said he, "which has always been a characteristic of the *Mirror*—the virtue of self-appreciation. We call it a virtue, and it is not merely one in itself, but the parent of many others. As regards our vocation, it is alike necessary and just. The world should be made to understand, that the aggregate of talent, acquirement, tact, industry, and general intelligence which is required to sustain creditably the character of a public journal, might, if judiciously parceled out, form the stamina of, at least, one professor of languages, two brazen lec-

turers on science, ethics, or phrenology, and three average congressional or other demagogues. Why, then, should starvation wave his skeleton scepter *in terrorem* over such a congregation of available excellences?"

3. The leading spirit of the New Yorker had a singular, a constitutional, an incurable inability to conduct business. His character is the exact opposite of that 'hard man' in the gospel, who reaped where he had not sown. He was too amiable, too confiding, too absent, and too 'easy,' for a business man. If a boy stole his letters from the post-office, he would admonish him, and either let him go or try him again. If a writer in extremity offered to do certain paragraphs for three dollars a week, he would say, "No, that's too little; I'll give you five, till you can get something better." On one occasion, he went to the post-office himself, and receiving a large number of letters, put them, it is said, into the pockets of his overcoat. On reaching the office, he hung the overcoat on its accustomed peg, and was soon lost in the composition of an article. It was the last of the chilly days of spring, and he thought no more either of his overcoat or its pockets, till the autumn. Letters kept coming in complaining of the non-receipt of papers which had been ordered and paid for; and the office was sorely perplexed. On the first cool day in October, when the editor was shaking a summer's dirt from his overcoat, the missing letters were found, and the mystery was explained. Another story gives us a peep into the office of the New Yorker. A gentleman called, one day, and asked to see the editor. "I am the editor," said a little coxcomb who was temporarily in charge of the paper. "You are not the person I want to see," said the gentleman. "Oh!" said the puppy, "you wish to see the *Printer*. He's not in town." The men in the composing-room chanced to overhear this colloquy, and thereafter, our hero was called by the nickname of 'The Printer,' and by that alone, whether he was present or absent. It was "Printer, how will you have this set?" or "Printer, we're waiting for copy." All this was very pleasant and amiable; but, businesses which *pay* are never carried on in that style. It is a pity, but a fact, that businesses which pay, are generally conducted in a manner which is exceedingly disagreeable to those who assist in them.

4. The Year of Ruin.

5. The 'cash principle,' the only safe one, had not been yet applied to the newspaper business. The New Yorker lost, on an average, 1,200 dollars a year by the removal of subscribers to parts unknown, who left without paying for their paper, or notifying the office of their departure.

Of the unnumbered pangs that mortals know, pecuniary anxiety is to a sensitive and honest *young* heart the bitterest. To live upon the edge of a gulf that yawns hideously and always at our feet, to feel the ground giving way under the house that holds our happiness, to walk in the pathway of avalanches, to dwell under a volcano rumbling prophetically of a coming eruption, is not pleasant. But welcome yawning abyss, welcome earthquake, avalanche, volcano! They can crush, and burn, and swallow a man, but not degrade him. The terrors they inspire are not to be compared with the deadly and withering FEAR that crouches sullenly in the soul of that honest man who owes much money to many people, and cannot think how or when he can pay it. That alone has power to take from life *all* its charm, and from duty all its interest. For other sorrows there is a balm. *That* is an evil unmingled, while it lasts; and the light which it throws upon the history of mankind and the secret of man's struggle with fate, is purchased at a price fully commensurate with the value of that light.

The editor of the New Yorker suffered all that a man could suffer from this dread cause. In private letters he alludes, but only alludes, to his anguish at this period. "Through most of the time," he wrote years afterward, "I was very poor, and for four years really bankrupt; though always paying my notes and keeping my word, but living as poorly as possible." And again: "My embarrassments were sometimes dreadful; not that I feared destitution, but the fear of involving my friends in my misfortunes was very bitter." He came one afternoon into the house of a friend, and handing her a copy of his paper, said: "There, Mrs. S., that is the last number of the New Yorker you will ever see. I can secure my friends against loss if I stop now, and I'll not risk their money by holding on any longer." He went over that evening to Mr. Gregory, to make known to him his determination; but that constant and invincible friend would not listen to it. He insisted on his continuing the struggle, and offered his assistance with such

frank and earnest cordiality, that our hero's scruples were at length removed, and he came home elate, and resolved to battle another year with delinquent subscribers and a depreciated currency.

During the early years of the New Yorker, Mr. Greeley had little regular assistance in editing the paper. In 1839, Mr. Park Benjamin contributed much to the interest of its columns by his lively and humorous critiques; but his connection with the paper was not of long duration. It was long enough, however, to make him acquainted with the character of his associate. On retiring, in October, 1839, he wrote: "Grateful to my feelings has been my intercourse with the readers of the New Yorker and with its principal editor and proprietor. By the former I hope my humble efforts will not be unremembered; by the latter I am happy to believe that the sincere friendship which I entertain for him is reciprocated. I still insist upon my editorial right so far as to say in opposition to any veto which my coadjutor may interpose, that I cannot leave the association which has been so agreeable to me without paying to sterling worth, unbending integrity, high moral principle and ready kindness, their just due. These qualities exist in the character of the man with whom now I part; and by all, to whom such qualities appear admirable, must such a character be esteemed. His talents, his industry, require no commendation from me; the readers of this journal know them too well; the public is sufficiently aware of the manner in which they have been exerted. What I have said has flowed from my heart, tributary rather to its own emotions than to the subject which has called them forth; his plain good name is his best eulogy."

A few months later, Mr. Henry J. Raymond, a recent graduate of Burlington College, Vermont, came to the city to seek his fortune. He had written some creditable sketches for the New Yorker, over the signature of "Fantome," and on reaching the city called upon Horace Greeley. The result was that he entered the office as an assistant editor "till he could get something better," and it may encourage some young, hard-working, unrecognized, ill-paid journalist, to know that the editor of the New York Daily Times began his editorial career upon a salary of eight dollars a week. The said unrecognized, however, should further be informed, that Mr. Raymond is the hardest and swiftest worker connected with the New York Press.

CHAPTER XI.

THE JEFFERSONIAN.

Objects of the Jeffersonian—Its character—A novel Glorious-Victory paragraph—The Graves and Cilley duel—The Editor overworked.

THE slender income derived from the New Yorker obliged its editor to engage in other labors. He wrote, as occasion offered, for various periodicals. The Daily Whig he supplied with its leading article for several months, and in 1838 undertook the entire editorial charge of the Jeffersonian, a weekly paper of the 'campaign' description, started at Albany on the third of March, and continuing in existence for one year.

With the conception and the establishment of the Jeffersonian, Horace Greeley had nothing to do. It was published under the auspices and by the direction of the Whig Central Committee of the State of New York, and the fund for its establishment was contributed by the leading politicians of the State in sums of ten dollars. "I never sought the post of its editor," wrote Mr. Greeley in 1848, "but was sought for it by leading Whigs whom I had never before personally known." It was afforded at fifty cents a year, attained rapidly a circulation of fifteen thousand; the editor, who spent three days of each week in Albany, receiving for his year's services a thousand dollars. The ostensible object of the paper was —to quote the language of its projectors—"to furnish to every person within the State of New York a complete summary of political intelligence, at a rate which shall place it absolutely within the reach of every man who will read it." But, according to the subsequent explanation of the Tribune, "it was established on the impulse of the whig tornado of 1837, to secure a like result in 1838, so as to give the Whig party a Governor, Lieutenant Governor Senate, Assembly, U. S. Senator, Congressmen, and all the vast executive patronage of the State, then amounting to millions of dollars a year."

The Jeffersonian was a good paper. It was published in a neat ... to form of eight pages. Its editorials, generally few and brief, were written to convince, not to inflame, to enlighten, not to blind. It published a great many of the best speeches of the day, some for, some against, its own principles. Each number contained a full and well-compiled digest of political intelligence, and one page, or more, of general intelligence. It was not, in the slightest degree, like what is generally understood by a 'campaign paper.' Capital letters and points of admiration were as little used as in the sedate and courteous columns of the New Yorker; and there is scarcely anything to be found of the 'Glorious Victory' sort except this:

"Glorious Victory! 'We have met the enemy, and they are ours!' Our whole ticket, with the exception of town clerk, one constable, three fence-viewers, a pound-master and two hog-reeves elected! There never was such a triumph!"

Stop, my friend. Have you elected the best men to the several offices to be filled? Have you chosen men who have hitherto evinced not only capacity but integrity?—men whom you would trust implicity in every relation and business of life? Above all, have you selected the very best person in the township for the important office of Justice of the Peace? If yea, we rejoice with you. If the men whose election will best subserve the cause of virtue and public order have been chosen, even your opponents will have little reason for regret. If it be otherwise, *you* have achieved but an empty and dubious triumph.

It would be gratifying to know what the Whig Central Committee thought of such unexampled 'campaign' langnage. In a word, the Jeffersonian was a better fifty cents' worth of thought and fact than had previously, or has since, been afforded, in the form of a weekly paper.

The columns of the Jeffersonian afford little material for the purposes of this volume. There are scarcely any of those characteristic touches, those autobiographical allusions, that contribute so much to the interest of other papers with which our hero has been connected. This is one, however:

(Whosoever may have picked up the wallet of the editor of this paper—lost somewhere near State street, about the 20th ult., shall receive half the contents, all round, by returning the balance to this office.)

I will indulge the reader with one article entire from the Jeffersonian; 1, because it is interesting; 2, because it will serve to show the spirit and the manner of the editor in recording and commenting upon the topics of the day. He has since written more emphatic, but not more effective articles, on similar subjects:

THE TRAGEDY AT WASHINGTON.

The whole country is shocked, and its moral sensibilities outraged, by the horrible tragedy lately perpetrated at Washington, of which a member of Congress was the victim. It was, indeed, an awful, yet we will hope not a profitless catastrophe; and we blush for human nature when we observe the most systematic efforts used to pervert to purposes of party advantage and personal malignity, a result which should be sacred to the interests of humanity and morality—to the stern inculcation and enforcement of a reverence for the laws of the land and the mandates of God.

Nearly a month since, a charge of corruption, or an offer to sell official influence and exertion for a pecuniary consideration, against some unnamed member of Congress, was transmitted to the New York Courier and Enquirer by its correspondent, 'the Spy in Washington.' Its appearance in that journal called forth a resolution from Mr. Wise, that the charge be investigated by the House. On this an irregular and excited debate arose, which consumed a day or two, and which was signalized by severe attacks on the Public Press of this country, and on the letter-writers from Washington. In particular, the Courier and Enquirer, in which this charge appeared, its chief Editor, and its correspondent the Spy, were stigmatized; and Mr. Cilley, a member from Maine, was among those who gave currency to the charges. Col. Webb, the Editor, on the appearance of these charges, instantly proceeded to Washington, and there addressed a note to Mr. Cilley on the subject. That note, it appears, was courteous and dignified in its language, merely inquiring of Mr. C. if his remarks, published in the Globe, were intended to convey any personal disrespect to the writer, and containing no menace of any kind. It was handed to Mr. Cilley by Mr. Graves, a member from Kentucky, but declined by Mr. C., on the ground, as was understood, that he did not choose to be drawn into controversy with Editors of public journals in regard to his remarks in the House. This was correct and honorable ground. The Constitution expressly provides that members of Congress shall not be responsible elsewhere for words spoken in debate, and the provision is a most noble and necessary one.

But Mr. Graves considered the reply as placing him in an equivocal position. If a note transmitted through his hands had been declined, as was liable to be understood, because the writer was not worthy the treatment of a gentleman, the dishonor was reflected on himself as the bearer of a disgrace-

ful message. Mr. Graves, therefore, wrote a note to Mr. C., asking him if he were correct in his understanding that the letter in question was declined because Mr. C. could not consent to hold himself accountable to public journalists for words spoken in debate, and not on grounds of personal objection to Col. Webb as a gentleman. To this note Mr. Cilley replied, on the advisement of his friends, that he declined the note of Col. Webb, because he "chose to be drawn into no controversy with *him*," and added that he neither affirmed nor denied anything in regard to his character." This was considered by Mr. Graves as involving him fully in the dilemma which he was seeking to avoid, and amounting to an impeachment of his veracity, and he now addressed another note to inquire, "*whether you declined to receive his* (Col. Webb's) *communication on the ground of any personal objection to him as a gentleman of honor?*" To this query Mr. Cilley declined to give an answer, denying the right of Mr. G. to propose it. The next letter in course was a challenge from Mr. Graves by the hand of Mr. Wise, promptly responded to by Mr. Cilley through Gen. Jones of Wisconsin.

The weapons selected by Mr. Cilley were rifles; the distance eighty yards (It was said that Mr. Cilley was practicing with the selected weapon the morning of accepting the challenge, and that he lodged eleven balls in succession in a space of four inches square.) Mr. Graves experienced some difficulty in procuring a rifle, and asked time, which was granted; and Gen. Jones, Mr. Cilley's second, tendered him the use of his own rifle; but, meantime, Mr. Graves had procured one.

The challenge was delivered at 12 o'clock on Friday; the hour selected by Mr. Cilley was 12 of the following day. His unexpected choice of rifles, however, and Mr. Graves' inability to procure one, delayed the meeting till 2 o'clock.

The first fire was ineffectual. Mr. Wise, as second of the challenging party, now called all parties together, to effect a reconciliation. Mr. C. declining to negotiate while under challenge, it was suspended to give room for explanation. Mr. Wise remarked—"Mr. Jones, these gentlemen have come here without animosity towards each other; they are fighting merely upon a point of honor; cannot Mr. Cilley assign some reason for not receiving at Mr. Graves' hands Colonel Webb's communication, or make some disclaimer which will relieve Mr. Graves from his position?" The reply was—"I am authorized by my friend, Mr. Cilley, to say that in declining to receive the note from Mr. Graves, purporting to be from Colonel Webb, he meant no disrespect to Mr. Graves, because he entertained for him then, as he now does, the highest respect and the most kind feelings; but that he declined to receive the note because he chose not to be drawn into any controversy with Colonel Webb.' This is Mr. Jones' version; Mr. Wise thinks he said, "My friend refuses to disclaim disrespect to Colonel Webb, because he does not choose to be drawn into an expression of opinion as to him." After consultation, Mr Wise re-

turned to Mr. Jones and said, "Mr. Jones, this answer leaves Mr. Graves precisely in the position in which he stood when the challenge was sent."

Another exchange of shots was now had to no purpose, and another attempt at reconciliation was likewise unsuccessful. The seconds appear to have been mutually and anxiously desirous that the affair should here terminate, but no arrangement could be effected. Mr. Graves insisted that his antagonist should place his refusal to receive the message of which he was the bearer on some grounds which did not imply such an opinion of the writer as must reflect disgrace on the bearer. He endeavored to have the refusal placed on the ground that Mr. C. "did not hold himself accountable to Colonel Webb for words spoken in debate." This was declined by Mr. Cilley, and the duel proceeded.

The official statement, drawn up by the two seconds, would seem to import that but three shots were exchanged; but other accounts state positively that Mr. Cilley fell at the fourth fire. He was shot through the body, and died in two minutes. On seeing that he had fallen, badly wounded, Mr. Graves expressed a wish to see him, and was answered by Mr. Jones—"My friend is dead, sir!"

Colonel Webb first heard of the difficulty which had arisen on Friday evening, but was given to understand that the meeting would not take place for several days. On the following morning, however, he had reason to suspect the truth. He immediately armed himself, and with two friends proceeded to Mr. Cilley's lodgings, intending to force the latter to meet him before he did Mr. Graves. He did not find him, however, and immediately proceeded to the old dueling ground at Bladensburgh, and thence to several other places, to interpose himself as the rightful antagonist of Mr. Cilley. Had he found the parties, a more dreadful tragedy still would doubtless have ensued. But the place of meeting had been changed, and the arrangements so secretly made, that though Mr. Clay and many others were on the alert to prevent it, the duel was not interrupted.

"We believe we have here stated every material fact in relation to this melancholy business. It is suggested, however, that Mr. Cilley was less disposed to concede anything from the first in consideration of his own course when a difficulty recently arose between two of his colleagues, Messrs. Jarvis and Smith, which elicited a challenge from the former, promptly and nobly declined by the latter. This refusal, it is said, was loudly and vehemently stigmatized as cowardly by Mr. Cilley. This circumstance does not come to us well authenticated, but it is spoken of as notorious at Washington.

"But enough of detail and circumstance. The reader who has not seen the official statement will find its substance in the foregoing. He can lay the blame where he chooses. We blame only the accursed spirit of False Honor which required this bloody sacrifice—the horrid custom of Dueling which extracts and palliates this atrocity. It appears evident that Mr. Cilley's course must have been based on the determination that Col. Webb was not entitled

to be regarded as a gentleman; and if so, there was hardly an escape from a bloody conclusion after Mr. Graves had once consented, however unconsciously, to bear the note of Col. Webb. Each of the parties, doubtless, acted as he considered due to his own character; each was right in the view of the duelist's code of honor, but fearfully wrong in the eye of reason, of morality, of humanity, and the imperative laws of man and of God. Of the principals, one sleeps cold and stiff beneath the icy pall of winter and the clods of the valley; the other—far more to be pitied—lives to execrate through years of anguish and remorse the hour when he was impelled to imbrue his hands in the blood of a fellow-being.

Mr. Graves we know personally, and a milder and more amiable gentleman is rarely to be met with. He has for the last two years been a Representative from the Louisville District, Kentucky, and is universally esteemed and beloved. Mr. Cilley was a young man of one of the best families in New Hampshire; his grandfather was a Colonel and afterwards a General of the Revolution. His brother was a Captain in the last War with Great Britain, and leader of the desperate bayonet charge at Bridgewater. Mr. Cilley himself, though quite a young man, has been for two years Speaker of the House of Representatives of Maine, and was last year elected to Congress from the Lincoln District, which is decidedly opposed to him in politics, and which recently gave 1,200 majority for the other side. Young as he was, he had acquired a wide popularity and influence in his own State, and was laying the foundations of a brilliant career in the National Councils. And this man, with so many ties to bind him to life, with the sky of his future bright with hope, without an enemy on earth, and with a wife and three children of tender age whom his death must drive to the verge of madness—has perished miserably in a combat forbidden by God, growing out of a difference so pitiful in itself, so direful in its consequences.

Could we add anything to render the moral more terribly impressive?

The year of the Jeffersonian was a most laborious and harassing one. No one but a Greeley would or could have endured such continuous and distracting toils. He had two papers to provide for; papers diverse in character, papers published a hundred and fifty miles apart, papers to which expectant thousands looked for their weekly supply of mental pabulum. As soon as the agony of getting the New Yorker to press was over, and copy for the outside of the next number given out, away rushed the editor to the Albany boat; and after a night of battle with the bed-bugs of the cabin, or the politicians of the hurricane-deck, he hurried off to new duties at the office of the Jeffersonian. The Albany boat of 1838 was a very different style of conveyance from the Albany boat of the present

year of our Lord. It was, in fact, not much more than six times as elegant and comfortable as the steamers that, at this hour, ply in the seas and channels of Europe. The sufferings of our hero may be imagined.

But, not his labors. *They* can be understood only by those who know, by blessed experience, what it *is* to get up, or try to get up, a good, correct, timely, and entertaining weekly paper. The subject of editorial labor, however, must be reserved for a future page.

CHAPTER XII.

THE LOG-CABIN.

"TIPPECANOE AND TYLER TOO."

Wire-pulling—The delirium of 1840—The Log-Cabin—Unprecedented hit—A glance at its pages—Log-Cabin jokes—Log-Cabin songs—Horace Greeley and the cake-basket—Pecuniary difficulties continue—The Tribune announced.

WIRE-PULLING is a sneaking, bad, demoralizing business, and the people hate it. The campaign of 1840, which resulted in the election of General Harrison to the presidency, was, at bottom, the revolt of the people of the United States against the wire-pulling principle, supposed to be incarnate in the person of Martin Van Buren. Other elements entered into the delirium of those mad months. The country was only recovering, and that slowly, from the disasters of 1836 and 1837, and the times were still 'hard.' But the fire and fury of the struggle arose from the fact, that General Harrison, a man who had done something, was pitted against Martin Van Buren, a man who had pulled wires. The hero of Tippecanoe and the farmer of North Bend, against the wily diplomatist who partook of sustenance by the aid of gold spoons. The Log-Cabin against the White House.

Great have been the triumphs of wire-pulling in this and other countries; and yet it is an unsafe thing to engage in. As bluff King Hal melted away, with one fiery glance, all the greatness of

Wolsey; as the elephant, with a tap of his trunk, knocks the breath out of the little tyrant whom he had been long accustomed implicitly to obey,—so do the People, in some quite unexpected moment, blow away, with one breath, the elaborate and deep-laid schemes of the republican wire-puller; and *him!* They have done it, O wire-puller! and will do it again.

Who can have forgotten that campaign of 1840? The 'mass meetings,' the log-cabin raisings, the 'hard cider' drinking, the song singing, the Tippecanoe clubs, the caricatures, the epigrams, the jokes, the universal excitement! General Harrison was *sung* into the presidential chair. Van Buren was laughed out of it. Every town had its log-cabin, its club, and its chorus. Tippecanoe song-books were sold by the hundred thousand. There were Tippecanoe medals, Tippecanoe badges, Tippecanoe flags, Tippecanoe handkerchiefs, Tippecanoe almanacs, and Tippecanoe shaving-soap. All other interests were swallowed up in the one interest of the election. All noises were drowned in the cry of Tippecanoe and Tyler too.

The man who contributed most to keep alive and increase the popular enthusiasm, the man who did most to feed that enthusiasm with the substantial fuel of fact and argument, was, beyond all question, Horace Greeley.

On the second of May, the first number of the LOG-CABIN appeared, by 'H. Greeley & Co.,' a weekly paper, to be published simultaneously at New York and Albany, at fifty cents for the campaign of six months. It was a small paper, about half the size of the present Tribune; but it was conducted with wonderful spirit, and made an unprecedented hit. Of the first number, an edition of twenty thousand was printed, which Mr. Greeley's friends thought a far greater number than would be sold; but the edition vanished from the counter in a day. Eight thousand more were struck off; they were sold in a morning. Four thousand more were printed, and still the demand seemed unabated. A further supply of six thousand was printed, and the types were then distributed. In a few days, however, the demand became so urgent, that the number was re-set, and an edition of ten thousand struck off. Altogether, forty-eight thousand of the first number were sold. Subscribers came pouring in at the rate of seven hundred a day. The list lengthened in a few

weeks to sixty thousand names, and kept increasing till the weekly issue was between eighty and ninety thousand. 'H. Greeley and Co.' were really overwhelmed with their success. They had made no preparations for such an enormous increase of business, and they were troubled to hire clerks and folders fast enough to get their stupendous edition into the mails.

The Log Cabin is not dull reading, even now, after the lapse of fifteen years; and though the men and the questions of that day are, most of them, dead. But *then*, it was devoured with an eagerness, which even those who remember it can hardly realize. Let us glance hastily over its pages.

The editor explained the 'objects and scope' of the little paper, thus:—

"The Log Cabin will be a zealous and unwavering advocate of the rights, interests and prosperity of our whole country, but especially those of the hardy subduers and cultivators of her soil. It will be the advocate of the cause of the Log Cabin against that of the Custom House and Presidential Palace. It will be an advocate of the interests of unassuming industry against the schemes and devices of functionaries 'drest in a little brief authority,' whose salaries are trebled in value whenever Labor is forced to beg for employment at three or four shillings a day. It will be the advocate of a sound, uniform, *adequate* Currency for our whole country, against the visionary projects and ruinous experiments of the official Dousterswivels of the day, who commenced by promising Prosperity, Abundance, and Plenty of Gold as the sure result of their policy; and lo! we have its issues in disorganization, bankruptcy, low wages and treasury rags. In fine, it will be the advocate of Freedom, Improvement, and of National Reform, by the election of Harrison and Tyler, the restoration of purity to the government, of efficiency to the public will, and of Better Times to the People. Such are the objects and scope of the Log Cabin."

The contents of the Log Cabin were of various kinds. The first page was devoted to Literature of an exclusively Tippecanoe character, such as "Sketch of Gen. Harrison," "Anecdote of Gen. Harrison," "General Harrison's Creed," "Slanders on Gen. Harrison refuted," "Meeting of the Old Soldiers," &c. The first number had *twenty-eight* articles and paragraphs of this description. The sec-

ond page contained editorials and correspondence. The third was where the "Splendid Victories," and "Unprecedented Triumphs," were recorded. The fourth page contained a Tippecanoe song with music, and a few articles of a miscellaneous character. Dr. Channing's lecture upon the Elevation of the Laboring Classes ran through several of the early numbers. Most of the numbers contain an engraving or two, plans of General Harrison's battles, portraits of the candidates, or a caricature. One of the caricatures represented Van Buren caught in a trap, and over the picture was the following explanation:—"The New Era has prepared and pictured a Log Cabin Trap, representing a Log Cabin—set as a figure-4-trap, and baited with a barrel of hard cider. By the following it will be seen that the trap has been SPRUNG, and a sly nibbler from Kinderhook is looking out through the gratings. Old Hickory is intent on prying him out; but it is manifestly no go." The editorials of the Log Cabin were mostly of a serious and argumentative cast, upon the Tariff, the Currency, and the Hard Times. They were able and timely. The *spirit* of the campaign, however, is contained in the other departments of the paper, from which a few brief extracts may amuse the reader for a moment, as well as illustrate the feeling of the time.

The Log Cabins that were built all over the country, were 'raised' and inaugurated with a great show of rejoicing. In one number of the paper, there are accounts of as many as six of these hilarious ceremonials, with their speechifyings and hard-cider drinkings. The humorous paragraph annexed appears in an early number, under the title of "Thrilling Log Cabin Incident:"—

"The whigs of Erie, Pa., raised a Log Cabin last week from which the banner of Harrison and Reform was displayed. While engaged in the dedication of their Cabin, the whigs received information which led them to apprehend a hostile demonstration from Harbor Creek, a portion of the borough whose citizens had ever been strong Jackson and Van Buren men. Soon afterwards a party of horsemen, about forty in number, dressed in Indian costume, armed with tomahawks and scalping knives, approached the Cabin! The whigs made prompt preparations to defend their banner. The scene became intensely exciting. The assailants rode up to the Cabin, dismounted, and surrendered themselves up as voluntary prisoners of war. On inquiry, they proved to be stanch Jackson men from Harbor Creek, who had taken that mode of array.

ing themselves under the HARRISON BANNER! The tomahawk was then buried; after which *the string of the latch was pushed out*, and the Harbor-Creekers were ushered into the Cabin, where they pledged their support to Harrison in a bumper of good old hard cider."

The great joker of that election, as of every other since, was Mr. Prentice, of the Louisville Journal, the wittiest of editors, living or dead. Many of his good things appear in the Log Cabin, but most of them allude to men and events that have been forgotten, and the point of the joke is lost. The following are three of the Log Cabin jokes; they sparkled in 1840, flat as they may seem now:—

"The Globe says that 'there are but two parties in the country, the poor man's party and the rich man's party,' and that 'Mr. Van Buren is the friend of the former.' The President is certainly in favor of strengthening the poor man's party, *numerically!* He goes for impoverishing the whole country—except the office-holders."

"What do the locofocos expect by vilifying the Log Cabin? Do they not know that a Log Cabin is all the better for being daubed with mud?"

"A whig passing through the streets of Boston a few mornings ago, espied a custom-house officer gazing ruefully at a bulletin displaying the latest news of the Maine election. 'Ah! Mr. ———, taking your *bitters* this morning, I see.' The way the loco scratched gravel was a pattern for sub-treasurers."

One specimen paragraph from the department of political news will suffice to show the *frenzy* of those who wrote for it. A letter-writer at Utica, describing a 'mass meeting' in that city, bursts upon his readers in this style:

"This has been the proudest, brightest day of my life! Never—no, never have I before seen the people in their majesty! Never were the foundations of popular sentiment so broken up! The scene from early dawn to sunset, has been one of continued, increasing, bewildering enthusiasm. The hearts of TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND FREEMEN have been overflowing with gratitude, and gladness, and joy. It has been a day of jubilee—an ERA OF DELIVERANCE FOR CENTRAL NEW YORK! The people in waves have poured in from the valleys and rushed down from the mountains. The city has been vocal with eloquence, with music, and with acclamations. Demonstrations of strength, and emblems of victory, and harbingers of prosperity are all around us, cheering and animating, and assuring a people who are finally and effectually aroused. I will not now *attempt* to describe the procession of the people. Suffice it to say that

there was an ocean of them! The procession was over FIVE MILES LONG. * * * Governor Seward and Lieut. Gov. Bradish were unanimously nominated by resolution for re-election. The result was communicated to the people assembled in MASS in Chancery Square, whose response to the nomination was spontaneous, loud, deep and resounding."

The profusion of the presidential mansion was one of the standing topics of those who wished to eject its occupant. In one number of the Log-Cabin is a speech, delivered in the House of Representatives by a member of the opposition, in which the bills of the persons who supplied the White House are given at length. Take these specimens:

34 table knives ground,	$1,37½
2 new knife blades,	75
2 cook's knife blades,	2,50
	4,62½
2 dozen brooms,	$3,75
1-2 do. hard scrubs,	2,37
1-2 do. brooms,	1,38
	6,50
2 tin buckets,	$2,00
Milk strainer and skimmer,	92½
Chamber bucket,	2,00
2 dozen tart pans,	2,50
	7,12½

This seems like putting an extremely fine point upon a political argument. What the orator wished to show, however, was, that such articles as the above ought to be paid for out of the presidential salary, not the public treasury. The speech exhibited some columns of these 'house-bills.' It made a great sensation, and was enough to cure any decent man of a desire to become a servant of the people.

But, as I have observed, Gen. Harrison was *sung* into the presidential chair. The Log Cabin preserves a large number of the political ditties of the time; the editor himself contributing two. A very few stanzas will suffice to show the quality of the Tippecanoe poetry The following is one from the 'Wolverine's Song':

We know that Van Buren can ride in his coach,
With servants, forbidding the Vulgar's approach—
We know that his fortune such things will allow,
And we know that our candidate follows the plough;
But what if he does? Who was bolder to fight
In his country's defense on that perilous night,
When naught save his valor sufficed to subdue
Our foes at the battle of Tippecanoe?
Hurrah for Tippecanoe!
He dropped the red Locos at Tippecanoe!

From the song of the 'Buckeye Cabin,' these are two stanzas:

Oh! where, tell me where, was your Buckeye Cabin made?
Oh! where, tell me where, was your Buckeye Cabin made?
'Twas made among the merry boys that wield the plough and spade
Where the Log Cabins stand in the bonnie Buckeye shade.

Oh! what, tell me what, is to be your Cabin's fate?
Oh! what, tell me what, is to be your Cabin's fate?
We 'll wheel it to the Capitol and place it there elate,
For a token and a sign of the bonnie Buckeye State.

The 'Turn Out Song' was very popular, and easy to sing:

From the White House, now Matty, turn out, turn out,
From the White House, now Matty, turn out!
Since there you have been
No peace we have seen,
So Matty, now please to turn out, turn out,
So Matty, now please to turn out!
* * * * * * *
Make way for old Tip! turn out, turn out!
Make way for old Tip, turn out!
'Tis the people's decree,
Their choice he shall be,
So, Martin Van Buren, turn out, turn out,
So, Martin Van Buren, turn out!

But of all the songs ever sung, the most absurd and the most telling, was that which began thus:

What has caused this great commotion-motion-motion
Our country through?
It is the ball a-rolling on
For Tippecanoe and Tyler too,
For Tippecanoe and Tyler too;
And with them we'll beat little Van;
Van, Van, Van is a used-up man,
And with them we'll beat little Van.

This song had two advantages. The tune—half chant, half jig—was adapted to bring out all the absurdities of the words, and, in particular, those of the last two lines. The second advantage was, that stanzas could be multiplied to any extent, on the spot, to suit the exigences of any occasion. For example:

"The beautiful girls, God bless their souls, souls, souls,
The country through,
Will all, to a man, do all they can
For Tippecanoe and Tyler too;
And with them," etc., etc.

During that summer, ladies attended the mass meetings in thousands, and in their honor the lines just quoted were frequently sung.

These few extracts from the Log Cabin show the nature of the element in which our editor was called upon to work in the hot months of 1840. His own interest in the questions at issue was intense, and his labors were incessant and most arduous. He wrote articles, he made speeches, he sat on committees, he traveled, he gave advice, he suggested plans; while he had two newspapers on his hands, and a load of debt upon his shoulders. His was a willing servitude. From the days of his apprenticeship he had observed the course of 'Democratic' administrations with disgust and utter disapproval, and he had borne his full share of the consequences of their bad measures. His whole soul was in this contest. He fought fairly too. His answer to a correspondent, that 'articles assailing the personal character of Mr. Van Buren or any of his supporters cannot be published in the Cabin,' was in advance of the politics of 1840.

One scene, if it could be portrayed on the printed page as visibly as it exists in the memories of those who witnessed it, would show

better than declaratory words, how *absorbed* Mr. Greeley was in politics during this famous 'campaign.' It is a funny story, and literally true.

Time,—Sunday evening. Scene,—the parlor of a friend's house. Company,—numerous and political, except the ladies, who are gracious and hospitable. Mr. Greeley is expected to tea, but does not come, and the meal is transacted without him. Tea over, he arrives, and plunges headlong into a conversation on the currency. The lady of the house thinks he 'had better take some tea,' but cannot get a hearing on the subject; is distressed, puts the question at length, and has her invitation hurriedly declined; brushed aside, in fact, with a wave of the hand.

"Take a cruller, any way," said she, handing him a cake-basket containing a dozen or so of those unspeakable, Dutch indigestibles.

The expounder of the currency, dimly conscious that a large object was approaching him, puts forth his hands, still vehemently talking, and takes, not a cruller, but the cake-basket, and deposits it in his lap. The company are inwardly convulsed, and some of the weaker members retire to the adjoining apartment, the expounder continuing his harangue, unconscious of their emotions or its cause. Minutes elapse. His hands, in their wandering through the air, come in contact with the topmost cake, which they take and break. He begins to eat; and eats and talks, talks and eats, till he has finished a cruller. Then he feels for another, and eats that, and goes on, slowly consuming the contents of the basket, till the last crum is gone. The company look on amazed, and the kind lady of the house fears for the consequences. She had heard that cheese is an antidote to indigestion. Taking the empty cake-basket from his lap, she silently puts a plate of cheese in its place, hoping that instinct will guide his hand aright. The experiment succeeds. Gradually, the blocks of white new cheese disappear. She removes the plate. No ill consequences follow. Those who saw this sight are fixed in the belief, that Mr. Greeley was not then, nor has since become, aware, that on that evening he partook of sustenance.

The reader, perhaps, has concluded that the prodigious sale of the Log Cabin did something to relieve our hero from his pecuniary embarrassments. Such was not the fact He paid some debts

but he incurred others, and was not, for any week, free from anxiety. The price of the paper was low, and its unlooked-for sale involved the proprietors in expenses which might have been avoided, or much lessened, if they had been prepared for it. The mailing of single numbers cost a hundred dollars. The last number of the campaign series, the great "O K" number, the number that was all staring with majorities, and capital letters, and points of admiration, the number that announced the certain triumph of the Whigs, and carried joy into a thousand Log Cabins, contained a most moving "Appeal" to the "Friends who owe us." It was in small type, and in a corner remote from the victorious columns. It ran thus:—"We were induced in a few instances to depart from our general rule, and forward the first series of the Log Cabin on credit—having in almost every instance a promise, that the money should be sent us before the first of November. That time has passed, and we regret to say, that many of those promises have not been fulfilled. To those who owe us, therefore, we are compelled to say, Friends! *we need our money*—our paper-maker needs it! and has a right to ask us for it. The low price at which we have published it, forbids the idea of gain from this paper: we only ask the means of paying what we owe. Once for all, we *implore* you to do us justice, and enable us to do the same." This tells the whole story. Not a word need be added.

The Log Cabin was designed only for the campaign, and it was expected to expire with the twenty-seventh number. The zealous editor, however, desirous of presenting the complete returns of the victory, issued an extra number, and sent it gratuitously to all his subscribers. This number announced, also, that the Log Cabin would be resumed in a few weeks. On the fifth of December the new series began, as a family political paper, and continued, with moderate success, till both it and the New Yorker were merged in the Tribune.

For his services in the campaign—and no man contributed *as much* to its success as he—Horace Greeley accepted no office; nor did he even witness the inauguration. This is not strange. But it *is* somewhat surprising that the incoming administration had not the decency to *offer* him something. Mr. Fry (W. H.) made a speech one evening at a political meeting in Philadelphia. The

next morning, a committee waited upon him to know for what office he intended to become an applicant. "Office?" said the astonished composer—"No office." "Why, then," said the committee, "*what the h—ll did you speak last night for?*" Mr. Greeley had not even the honor of a visit from a committee of this kind.

The Log Cabin, however, gave him an immense reputation in all parts of the country, as an able writer and a zealous politician—a reputation which soon became more valuable to him than pecuniary capital. The Log Cabin of April 3d contained the intelligence of General Harrison's death; and, among a few others, the following advertisement:

"NEW YORK TRIBUNE.

"On Saturday, the tenth day of April instant, the Subscriber will publish the first number of a New Morning Journal of Politics, Literature, and General Intelligence.

"The TRIBUNE, as its name imports, will labor to advance the interests of the People, and to promote their Moral, Social, and Political well-being. The immoral and degrading Police Reports, Advertisements and other matter which have been allowed to disgrace the columns of our leading Penny Papers, will be carefully excluded from this, and no exertion spared to render it worthy of the hearty approval of the virtuous and refined, and a welcome visitant at the family fireside.

"Earnestly believing that the political revolution which has called William Henry Harrison to the Chief Magistracy of the Nation was a triumph of Right Reason and Public Good over Error and Sinister Ambition, the Tribune will give to the New Administration a frank and cordial, but manly and independent support, judging it always by its acts, and commending those only so far as they shall seem calculated to subserve the great end of all government—the welfare of the People.

"The Tribune will be published every morning on a fair royal sheet—(size of the Log-Cabin and Evening Signal)—and transmitted to its city subscribers at the low price of *one cent* per copy. Mail subscribers, $1 per annum. It will contain the news by the morning's Southern Mail, which is contained in no other Penny Paper. Subscriptions are respectfully solicited by

HORACE GREELEY, 30 ANN ST.

CHAPTER XIII.

STARTS THE TRIBUNE.

The Capital—The Daily Press of New York in 1841—The Tribune appears—The Omens unpropitious—The first week—Conspiracy to put down the Tribune—The Tribune triumphs—Thomas McElrath—The Tribune alive—Industry of the Editors—Their independence—Horace Greeley and John Tyler—The Tribune a Fixed Fact.

Who furnished the capital? Horace Greeley. But he was scarcely solvent on the day of the Tribune's appearance. True; and yet it is no less the fact that nearly all the large capital required for the enterprise was supplied by him.

A large capital is indispensable for the establishment of a good daily paper; but it need not be a capital of money. It may be a capital of reputation, credit, experience, talent, opportunity. Horace Greeley was trusted and admired by his party, and by many of the party to which he was opposed. In his own circle, he was known to be a man of incorruptible integrity—one who *would* pay his debts at any and at every sacrifice—one who was quite incapable of contracting an obligation which he was not *confident* of being able to discharge. In other words, his credit was good. He had talent and experience. Add to these a thousand dollars lent him by a friend, (James Coggeshall,) and the evident need there was of just such a paper as the Tribune proved to be, and we have the capital upon which the Tribune started. All told, it was equivalent to a round fifty thousand dollars.

In the present year, 1855, there are two hundred and three periodicals published in the city of New York, of which twelve are daily papers. In the year 1841, the number of periodicals was one hundred, and the number of daily papers twelve. The Courier and Enquirer, New York American, Express, and Commercial Advertiser were Whig papers, at ten dollars a year. The Evening Post and Journal of Commerce, at the same price, leaned to the 'Democratic' side of politics, the former avowedly, the latter not. The

Signal, Tatler, and Star were cheap papers, the first two neutral, the latter dubious. The Herald, at two cents, was—the Herald! The Sun, a penny paper of immense circulation, was affectedly neutral, really 'Democratic,' and very objectionable for the gross character of many of its advertisements. A cheap paper, of the Whig school of politics, did not exist. On the 10th of April, 1841, the Tribune appeared—a paper one-third the size of the present Tribune, price one cent; office No. 30 Ann-street; Horace Greeley, editor and proprietor, assisted in the department of literary criticism, the fine arts, and general intelligence, by H. J. Raymond. Under its heading, the new paper bore, as a motto, the dying words of Harrison: "I DESIRE YOU TO UNDERSTAND THE TRUE PRINCIPLES OF THE GOVERNMENT. I WISH THEM CARRIED OUT. I ASK NOTHING MORE."

The omens were not propitious. The appallingly sudden death of General Harrison, the President of so many hopes, the first of the Presidents who had died in office, had cast a gloom over the whole country, and a prophetic doubt over the prospects of the Whig party.

The editor watched the preparation of his first number all night, nervous and anxious, withdrawing this article and altering that, and never leaving the form till he saw it, complete and safe, upon the press. The morning dawned sullenly upon the town. "The sleety atmosphere," wrote Mr. Greeley, long after, "the leaden sky, the unseasonable wintriness, the general gloom of that stormy day, which witnessed the grand though mournful pageant whereby our city commemorated the blighting of a nation's hopes in the most untimely death of President Harrison, were not inaptly miniatured in his own prospects and fortunes. Having devoted the seven preceding years almost wholly to the establishment of a weekly compend of literature and intelligence, (The New Yorker,) wherefrom, though widely circulated and warmly praised, he had received no other return than the experience and wider acquaintance thence accruing, he entered upon his novel and most precarious enterprise, most slenderly provided with the external means of commanding subsistence and success in its prosecution. With no partner or business associate, with inconsiderable pecuniary resources, and only a promise from political friends of aid to the extent of two thousand dollars, of which but one half was ever realized, (and that long

duce repaid, but the sense of obligation to the far from wealthy friend who made the loan is none the less fresh and ardent,) he undertook the enterprise—at all times and under any circumstances hazardous—of adding one more to the already amply extensive list of daily newspapers issued in this emporium, where the current expenses of such papers, already appalling, were soon to be doubled by rivalry, by stimulated competition, by the progress of business, the complication of interests, and especially by the general diffusion of the electric telegraph, and where at least nineteen out of every twenty attempts to establish a new daily have proved disastrous failures. Manifestly, the prospects of success in this case were far from flattering."

The Tribune began with about six hundred subscribers, procured by the exertions of a few of the editor's personal and political friends. Five thousand copies of the first number were printed, and "we found some difficulty in giving them away," says Mr. Greeley in the article just quoted. The expenses of the first week were five hundred and twenty-five dollars; the receipts, ninety-two dollars. A sorry prospect for an editor whose whole cash capital was a thousand dollars, and that borrowed.

But the Tribune was a live paper. FIGHT was the word with it from the start; FIGHT has been the word ever since; FIGHT is the word this day! If it had been let alone, it would not have died; its superiority both in quantity and the quality of its matter to any other of the cheap papers would have prevented that catastrophe; but its progress was amazingly accelerated in the first days of its existence by the efforts of an enemy to put it down. That enemy was the Sun.

"The publisher of the Sun," wrote Park Benjamin in the Evening Signal, "has, during the last few days, got up a conspiracy to crush the New York Tribune. The Tribune was, from its inception, very successful, and, in many instances, persons in the habit of taking the Sun, stopped that paper—wisely preferring a sheet which gives twice the amount of reading matter, and always contains the latest intelligence. This fact afforded sufficient evidence to Beach, as it did to all others who were cognizant of the circumstances, that the Tribune would, before the lapse of many weeks, supplant the Sun. To prevent this, and, if possible, to destroy the

circulation of the Tribune altogether, an attempt was made to bribe the carriers to give up their routes; fortunately this succeeded only in the cases of two men who were likewise carriers of the Sun In the next place, all the newsmen were threatened with being deprived of the Sun, if, in any instance, they were found selling the Tribune. But these efforts were not enough to gratify Beach. He instigated boys in his office, or others, to whip the boys engaged in selling the Tribune. No sooner was this fact ascertained at the office of the Tribune, than young men were sent to defend the sale of that paper. They had not been on their station long, before a boy from the Sun office approached and began to flog the lad with the Tribune; retributory measures were instantly resorted to; but, before a just chastisement was inflicted, Beach himself, and a man in his employ, came out to sustain their youthful emissary. The whole matter will, we understand, be submitted to the proper magistrates."

The public took up the quarrel with great spirit, and this was *one* reason of the Tribune's speedy and striking success. For three weeks subscribers poured in at the rate of three hundred a day! It began its fourth week with an edition of six thousand; its seventh week, with eleven thousand, which was the utmost that could be printed with its first press. The advertisements increased in proportion. The first number contained four columns; the twelfth, nine columns; the hundredth, thirteen columns. Triumph! triumph! nothing but triumph! New presses capable of printing the astounding number of thirty-five hundred copies an hour are duly announced. The indulgence of advertisers is besought 'for this day only;' 'to-morrow, their favors *shall* appear.' The price of advertising was raised from four to six cents a line. Letters of approval came by every mail. "We have a number of requests," said the Editor in an early paragraph, "to blow up all sorts of abuses, which shall be attended to as fast as possible." In another, he returns his thanks "to the friends of this paper and the principles it upholds, for the addition of over a thousand substantial names to its subscription list last week." Again: "The Sun is rushing rapidly to destruction. It has lost even the groveling sagacity, the vulgar sordid instinct with which avarice once gifted it." Again: "Everything appears to work well with us. True, we

have not heard (except through the veracious Sun) from any gentlemen proposing to give us a $2,500 press; but if any gentlemen *have* such an intention, and proceed to put it in practice, the public may rest assured that they will not be ashamed of the act, while we shall be most eager to proclaim it and acknowledge the kindness. But even though we wait for such a token of good-will and sympathy until the Sun shall cease to be the slimy and venomous instrument of loco-focoism it is, jesuitical and deadly in politics and groveling in morals—we shall be abundantly sustained and cheered by the support we are regularly receiving." Editors wrote in the English language in those days. Again: "The Sun of yesterday gravely informed its readers that '*It is doubtful whether the Land Bill can pass the House.*' The Tribune of the same date contained the news of the *passage* of that very bill!" Triumph! saucy triumph! nothing but triumph!

One thing only was wanting to *secure* the Tribune's brilliant success; and that was an efficient business partner. Just in the nick of time, the needed and predestined man appeared, the man of all others for the duty required. On Saturday morning, July 31st, the following notices appeared under the editorial head on the second page:

The undersigned has great pleasure in announcing to his friends and the public that he has formed a copartnership with THOMAS MCELRATH, and that THE TRIBUNE will hereafter be published by himself and Mr. M. under the firm of GREELEY & McELRATH. The principal Editorial charge of the paper will still rest with the subscriber; while the entire business management of the concern henceforth devolves upon his partner. This arrangement, while it relieves the undersigned from a large portion of the labors and cares which have pressed heavily upon him for the last four months, assures to the paper efficiency and strength in a department where they have hitherto been needed; and I cannot be mistaken in the trust that the accession to its conduct of a gentleman who has twice been honored with their suffrages for an important station, will strengthen THE TRIBUNE in the confidence and affections of the Whigs of New York. Respectfully,

July 31st. HORACE GREELEY.

The undersigned, in connecting himself with the conduct of a public journal, invokes a continuance of that courtesy and good feeling which has been extended to him by his fellow-citizens. Having heretofore received evidence of kindness and regard from the conductors of the Whig press of this city

and rejoicing in the friendship of most of them, it will be his aim in his new vocation to justify that kindness and strengthen and increase those friendships. His hearty concurrence in the principles, Political and Moral, on which THE TRIBUNE has thus far been conducted, has been a principal incitement to the connection here announced; and the statement of this fact will preclude the necessity of any special declaration of opinions. With gratitude for past favors, and an anxious desire to merit a continuance of regard, he remains,

The Public's humble servant, THOMAS MCELRATH.

A strict disciplinarian, a close calculator, a man of method and order, experienced in business, Mr. McElrath possessed in an eminent degree the very qualities in which the editor of the Tribune was most deficient. Roll Horace Greeley and Thomas McElrath into one, and the result would be, a very respectable approximation to a Perfect Man. The two, united in partnership, have been able to produce a very respectable approximation to a perfect newspaper. As Damon and Pythias are the types of perfect friendship, so may Greeley and McElrath be of a perfect partnership; and one may say, with a sigh at the many discordant unions the world presents, Oh! that every Greeley could find his McElrath! and blessed is the McElrath that finds his Greeley!

Under Mr. McElrath's direction, order and efficiency were soon introduced into the business departments of the Tribune office. It became, and has ever since been, one of the best-conducted newspaper establishments in the world. Early in the fall, the New Yorker and Log Cabin were merged into the Weekly Tribune, the first number of which appeared on the 20th of September. The concern, thus consolidated, knew, thenceforth, nothing but prosperity. The New Yorker had existed seven years and a half; the Log Cabin, eighteen months.

The Tribune, I repeat, was a live paper. It was, also, a variously interesting one. Its selections, which in the early volumes occupied several columns daily, were of high character. It gave the philosophers of the Dial an ample hearing, and many an appreciating notice. It made liberal extracts from Carlyle, Cousin, and others, whose works contained the spirit of the New Time. The eighth number gave fifteen songs from a new volume of Thomas Moore Barnaby Rudge was published entire in the first volume. Mr. Raymond's notices of new books were a conspicuous and interesting fea-

ture. Still more so, were his clear and able sketches and reports of public lectures. In November, the Tribune gave a fair and courteous report of the Millerite Convention. About the same time, Mr. Greeley himself reported the celebrated McLeod trial at Utica, sending on from four to nine columns a day.

Amazing was the industry of the editors. Single numbers of the Tribune contained eighty editorial paragraphs. Mr. Greeley's average day's work was three columns, equal to fifteen pages of foolscap; and the mere writing which an editor does, is *not* half his daily labor. In May, appeared a series of articles on Retrenchment and Reform in the City Government, a subject upon which the Tribune has since shed a considerable number of barrels of ink. In the same month, it disturbed a hornet's nest by saying, that "the whole moral atmosphere of the Theater, as it actually exists among us, is in our judgment unwholesome, and therefore, while we do not propose to war upon it, we seek no alliance with it, and cannot conscientiously urge our readers to visit it, as would be expected if we were to solicit and profit by its advertising patronage."

Down came all the hornets of the press. The Sun had the effrontery to assert, in reply, that "most of the illegitimate births in New York owe their origin to acquaintances formed at 'Evening Churches,' and that 'Class-meetings' have done more to *people* the House of Refuge than twenty times the number of theaters." This discussion might have been turned to great advantage by the Tribune, if it had not, with obstinate honesty, given the religious world a rebuff by asserting its right to advertise heretical books.

"As to our friend," said the Tribune, "who complains of the advertising of certain Theological works which do not square with his opinions, we must tell him plainly that he is unreasonable. No other paper that we ever heard of establishes any test of the Orthodoxy of works advertised in its columns; even the Commercial Advertiser and Journal of Commerce advertise for the very sect proscribed by him. If one were to attempt a discrimination, where would he end? One man considers Universalism immoral; but another is equally positive that Arminianism is so; while a third holds the same bad opinion of Calvinism. Who shall decide between them? Certainly not the Editor of a daily newspaper, un

less he prints it avowedly under the patronage of a particular sect Our friend inquires whether we should advertise infidel books also We answer, that if any one should offer an advertisement of lewd, ribald, indecent, blasphemous or law-prohibited books, we should claim the right to reject it. But a work no otherwise objectionable than as controverting the Christian record and doctrine, would not be objected to by us. True Christianity neither fears refutation nor dreads discussion—or, as JEFFERSON has forcibly said, 'Error of opinion may be tolerated where Reason is left free to combat it.'"

In politics, the Tribune was strongly, yet not blindly whig. It appealed, in its first number, to the whig party for support. The same number expressed the decided opinion, that Mr. Tyler would prove to be, as president, all that the whigs desired, and that opinion the Tribune was one of the last to yield. In September it justified Daniel Webster in retaining office, after the 'treachery' of Tyler was manifest, and when all his colleagues had resigned in disgust. It justified him on the ground that he could best bring to a conclusion the Ashburton negotiations. This defense of Webster was deeply offensive to the more violent whigs, and it remained a pretext of attack on the Tribune for several years. With regard to his course in the Tyler controversy, Mr. Greeley wrote in 1845 a long explanation, of which the material passage was as follows:—"In December, 1841, I visited Washington upon assurances that John Tyler and his advisers were disposed to return to the Whig party, and that I could be of service in bringing about a complete reconciliation between the Administration and the Whigs in Congress and in the country. I never proposed to 'connect myself with the cause of the Administration,' but upon the understanding that it should be heartily and faithfully a WHIG Administration. * * Finally, I declined utterly and absolutely, to 'connect myself with the cause of the Administration' the moment I became satisfied, as I did during that visit, that the *Chief* of the Government did not desire a reconciliation, upon the basis of sustaining Whig principles and Whig measures, with the party he had so deeply wronged, but was treacherously coqueting with Loco-Focoism, and fooled with the idea of a re-election."

Against Repudiation, then an exciting topic, the Tribune went

lead in many a telling article. In behalf of Protection to American Industry, the editor wrote columns upon columns.

In a word, the Tribune was equal to its opportunity; it lived up to its privileges. In every department it steadily and strikingly improved throughout the year. It began its second year with twelve thousand subscribers, and a daily average of thirteen columns of advertisements. The Tribune was a Fixed Fact.

The history of a daily paper is the history of the world. It is obviously impossible in the compass of a work like this to give anything like a complete history of the Tribune. For that purpose ten octavo volumes would be required, and most interesting volumes they would be. All that I can do is to select the leading events of its history which were most intimately connected with the history of its editor, and dwell with some minuteness upon them, connecting them together only by a slender thread of narrative, and omitting even to mention many things of real interest. It will be convenient, too, to group together in separate chapters events similar in their nature, but far removed from one another in the time of their occurrence. Indeed, I am overwhelmed with the mass of materials, and must struggle out as best I can.

A great book is a great evil, says the Greek Reader. This book was fore-ordained to be a small one.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE TRIBUNE AND FOURIERISM.

What made Horace Greeley a Socialist—The hard winter of 1838—Albert Brisbane—The subject broached—Series of articles by Mr. Brisbane begun—Their effect—Cry of Mad Dog—Discussion between Horace Greeley and Henry J. Raymond—How it arose—Abstract of it in a conversational form.

THE editor of the Tribune was a Socialist years before the Tribune came into existence.

The winter of 1838 was unusually severe. The times were hard,

fuel and food were dear, many thousands of men and women were out of employment, and there was general distress. As the cold months wore slowly on, the sufferings of the poor became so aggravated, and the number of the unemployed increased to such a degree, that the ordinary means were inadequate to relieve even those who were destitute of every one of the necessaries of life Some died of starvation. Some were frozen to death. Many, through exposure and privation, contracted fatal diseases. A large number, who had never before known want, were reduced to beg. Respectable mechanics were known to offer their services as waiters in eating-houses for their food only. There never had been such a time of suffering in New York before, and there has not been since. Extraordinary measures were taken by the comfortable classes to alleviate the sufferings of their unfortunate fellow-citizens. Meetings were held, subscriptions were made, committees were appointed; and upon one of the committees Horace Greeley was named to serve, and did serve, faithfully and laboriously, for many weeks. The district which his committee had in charge was the Sixth Ward, the 'bloody' Sixth, the squalid, poverty-stricken Sixth, the pool into which all that is worst in this metropolis has a tendency to reel and slide. It was his task, and that of his colleagues, to see that no one froze or starved in that forlorn and polluted region. More than this they could not do, for the subscriptions, liberal as they were, were not more than sufficient to relieve actual and pressing distress. In the better parts of the Sixth Ward a large number of mechanics lived, whose cry was, not for the bread and the fuel of charity, but for WORK! Charity their honest souls disdained. Its food choked them, its fire chilled them. Work, give us work! was their eager, passionate demand.

All this Horace Greeley heard and saw. He was a young man—not quite twenty-six—compassionate to weakness, generous to a fault. He had known what it was to beg for work, from shop to shop, from town to town; and, that very winter, he was struggling with debt, at no safe distance from bankruptcy. *Why* must these things be? *Are* they inevitable? Will they *always* be inevitable? Is it in human wisdom to devise a remedy? in human virtue to apply it? *Can* the beneficent God have designed this, who, with such wonderful profusion, has provided for the wants, tastes, and luxuries

of all his creatures, and for a hundred times as many creatures as yet have lived at the same time? Such questions Horace Greeley pondered, in silence, in the depths of his heart, during that winter of misery.

From Paris came soon the calm, emphatic answer, These things need NOT be! They are due alone to the short-sightedness and injustice of man! Albert Brisbane brought the message. Horace Greeley heard and believed it. He took it to his heart. It became a part of him.

Albert Brisbane was a young gentleman of liberal education, the son of wealthy parents. His European tour included, of course, a residence at Paris, where the fascinating dreams of Fourier were the subject of conversation. He procured the works of that amiable and noble-minded man, read them with eager interest, and became completely convinced that his captivating theories were capable of speedy realization—not, perhaps, in slow and conservative Europe, but in progressive and unshackled America. He returned home a Fourierite, and devoted himself with a zeal and disinterestedness that are rare in the class to which he belonged, and that in any class cannot be too highly praised, to the dissemination of the doctrines in which he believed. He wrote essays and pamphlets. He expounded Fourierism in conversation. He started a magazine called the Future, devoted to the explanation of Fourier's plans, published by Greeley & Co. He delivered lectures. In short, he did all that a man could do to make known to his fellow men what he believed it became them to know. He made a few converts, but only a few, till the starting of the Tribune gave him access to the public ear.

Horace Greeley made no secret of his conversion to Fourierism. On the contrary, he avowed it constantly in private, and occasionally in public print, though never in his own paper till towards the end of the Tribune's first year. His native sagacity taught him that before Fourierism could be realized, a complete revolution in public sentiment must be effected, a revolution which would require many years of patient effort on the part of its advocates.

The first mention of Mr. Brisbane and Fourierism in the Tribune, appeared October 21st, 1841. It was merely a notice of one of Mr. Brisbane's lectures:

"Mr. A. Brisbane delivered a lecture at the Stuyvesant Institute last evening upon the Genius of Christianity considered in its bearing on the Social Institutions and Terrestrial Destiny of the Human Race. He contended that the mission of Christianity upon earth has hitherto been imperfectly understood, and that the doctrines of Christ, carried into practical effect, would free the world of Want, Misery, Temptation and Crime. This, Mr. B. believes, will be effected by a system of Association, or the binding up of individual and family interests in Social and Industrial Communities, wherein all faculties may be developed, all energies usefully employed, all legitimate desires satisfied, and idleness, want, temptation and crime be annihilated. In such Associations, individual property will be maintained, the family be held sacred, and every inducement held out to a proper ambition. Mr. B. will lecture hereafter on the practical details of the system of *Fourier*, of whom he is a zealous disciple, and we shall then endeavor to give a more clear and full account of his doctrines."

A month later, the Tribune copied a flippant and sneering article from the London Times, on the subject of Fourierism in France. In his introductory remarks the editor said:

"We have written something, and shall yet write much more, in illustration and advocacy of the great Social revolution which our age is destined to commence, in rendering all useful Labor at once attractive and honorable, and banishing Want and all consequent degradation from the globe. The germ of this revolution is developed in the writings of Charles Fourier, a philanthropic and observing Frenchman, who died in 1837, after devoting thirty years of a studious and unobtrusive life to inquiries, at once patient and profound, into the causes of the great mass of Social evils which overwhelm Humanity, and the true means of removing them. These means he proves to be a system of Industrial and Household Association, on the principle of Joint Stock Investment, whereby Labor will be ennobled and rendered attractive and universal, Capital be offered a secure and lucrative investment, and Talent and Industry find appropriate, constant employment, and adequate reward, while Plenty, Comfort, and the best means of Intellectual and Moral Improvement is guaranteed to all, regardless of former acquirements or condition. This grand, benignant plan is fully developed in the various works of M. Fourier, which are abridged in the single volume on 'The Social Destiny of Man,' by Mr. A. Brisbane, of this State. Some fifteen or sixteen other works in illustration and defense of the system have been given to the world, by Considerant, Chevalier, Paget, and other French writers, and by Hugh Doherty, Dr. H. McCormack, and others in English. A tri-weekly journal ('*La Phalange*') devoted to the system, is published by M. Victor Considerant in

Paris, and another (the London Phalanx') by Hugh Doherty, in London, each ably edited."

Early in 1842, a number of gentlemen associated themselves together for the purpose of bringing the schemes of Fourier fully and prominently before the public; and to this end, they purchased the right to occupy one column daily on the first page of the Tribune with an article, or articles, on the subject, from the pen of Mr. Brisbane The first of these articles appeared on the first of March, 1842, and continued, with some interruptions, at first daily, afterwards three times a week, till about the middle of 1844, when Mr. Brisbane went again to Europe. The articles were signed with the letter B, and were known to be communicated. They were calm in tone, clear in exposition. At first, they seem to have attracted little attention, and less opposition. They were regarded (as far as my youthful recollection serves) in the light of articles to be skipped, and by most of the city readers of the Tribune, I presume, they were skipped with the utmost regularity, and quite as a matter of course. Occasionally, however, the subject was alluded to editorially, and every such allusion was of a nature to be read. Gradually, Fourierism became one of the topics of the time. Gradually certain editors discovered that Fourierism was unchristian. Gradually, the cry of Mad Dog arose. Meanwhile, the articles of Mr. Brisbane were having their effect upon the People.

In May, 1843, Mr. Greeley wrote, and with perfect truth:

"The Doctrine of Association is spreading throughout the country with a rapidity which we did not anticipate, and of which we had but little hope. We receive papers from nearly all parts of the Northern and Western States, and some from the South, containing articles upon Association, in which general views and outlines of the System are given. They speak of the subject as one 'which is calling public attention,' or, 'about which so much is now said,' or, 'which is a good deal spoken of in this part of the country,' &c, showing that our Principles are becoming a topic of public discussion. From the rapid progress of our Doctrines during the past year, we look forward with hope to their rapid continued dissemination. We feel perfectly confident that never, in the history of the world, has a philosophical doctrine, or the plan of a great reform, spread with the rapidity which the Doctrine of Association has spread in the United States for the last year or two. There are now a large number of papers, and quite a number of lecturers in various parts of

the country, who are lending their efforts to the cause, so that the onward movement must be greatly accelerated.

"Small Associations are springing up rapidly in various parts of the country. The Sylvania Association in Pike country, Pa., is now in operation; about seventy persons are on the domain, erecting buildings, &c., and preparing for the reception of other members.

"An Association has been organized in Jefferson county. Our friend, A. M. Watson, is at the head of it; he has been engaged for the last three years in spreading the principles in that part of the State, and the result is the formation of an Association. Several farmers have put in their farms and taken stock; by this means the Domain has been obtained. About three hundred persons, we are informed, are on the lands. They have a very fine quarry on their Domain, and they intend, among the branches of Industry which they will pursue, to take contracts for erecting buildings out of the Association. They are now erecting a banking-house in Watertown, near which the Association is located.

"Efforts are making in various parts of this State, in Vermont, in Pennsylvania, Indiana, and Illinois, to establish Associations, which will probably be successful in the course of the present year. We have heard of these movements; there may be others of which we are not informed."

About the same time, he gave a box on the ear to the editors who wrote of Fourierism in a hostile spirit:—"The kindness of our friends of the New York Express, Rochester Evening Post, and sundry other Journals which appear inclined to wage a personal controversy with us respecting Fourierism, (the Express without knowing how to spell the word,) is duly appreciated. Had we time and room for disputation on that subject, we would prefer opponents who would not be compelled to confess frankly or betray clearly their utter ignorance of the matter, whatever might be their manifestations of personal pique or malevolence in unfair representations of the little they *do* understand. We counsel our too belligerent friends to possess their souls in patience, and not be too eager to rival the fortune of him whose essay proving that steamships could *not* cross the Atlantic happened to reach us in the first steamship that *did* cross it. 'The proof of the pudding' is not found in wrangling about it."

We also find, occasionally, a paragraph in the Tribune like this: "T. W. Whitley and H. Greeley will address such citizens of Newark as choose to hear them on the subject of 'Association' at 7½

o'clock this evening at the Relief Hall, rear of J. M. Quimby's Repository."

Too fast. Too fast. I need not detail the progress of Fourierism—the many attempts made to establish Associations—the failure of all of them but one, which still exists—the ruin that ensued to many worthy men—the ridicule with which the Associationists were assailed—the odium excited in many minds against the Tribune—the final relinquishment of the subject. All this is perfectly well known to the people of this country.

Let us come, at once, to the grand climax of the Tribune's Fourierism, the famous discussion of the subject between Horace Greeley and H. J. Raymond, of the Courier and Enquirer, in the year 1846. That discussion *finished* Fourierism in the United States.

Mr. Raymond had left the Tribune, and joined the Courier and Enquirer, at the solicitation of Col. Webb, the editor of the latter. It was a pity the Tribune *let* him go, for he is a born journalist, and could have helped the Tribune to attain the position of the great, only, undisputed Metropolitan Journal, many years sooner than it will. Horace Greeley is not a born journalist. He is too much in earnest to be a perfect editor. He has too many opinions and preferences. He is a BORN LEGISLATOR, a Deviser of Remedies, a Suggester of Expedients, a Framer of Measures. The most successful editor is he whose great endeavor it is to tell the public *all it wants to know*, and whose comments on passing events best express the *feeling of the country* with regard to them. Mr. Raymond is not a man of first-rate talent—great talent would be in his way—he is most interesting when he attacks; and of the varieties of composition, polished vituperation is not the most difficult. But he has the right *notion* of editing a daily paper, and when the Tribune lost him, it lost more than it had the slightest idea of—as events have since shown.

However, Horace Greeley and Henry J. Raymond, the one naturally liberal, the other naturally conservative—the one a Universalist, the other a Presbyterian—the one regarding the world as a place to be made better by living in it, the other regarding it as an oyster to be opened, and bent on opening it—would have found it hard to work together on equal terms. They separated amicably, and each went his way. The discussion of Fourierism arose thus:

Mr Brisbane, on his return from Europe, renewed the agitation of his subject. The Tribune of August 19th, 1846, contained a letter by him, addressed to the editors of the Courier and Enquirer, proposing several questions, to which answers were requested, respecting Social Reform. The Courier replied. The Tribune rejoined editorially, and was answered in turn by the Courier. Mr. Brisbane addressed a second letter to the Courier, and sent it direct to the editor of that paper in manuscript. The Courier agreed to publish it, if the Tribune would give place to its reply The Tribune declined doing so, but challenged the editor of the Courier to a public discussion of the whole subject.

"Though we cannot now," wrote Mr. Greeley, "open our columns to a set discussion by others of social questions (which may or may not refer mainly to points deemed relevant by us), we readily close with the *spirit* of the Courier's proposition. * * As soon as the State election is fairly over—say Nov. 10th—we will publish an entire article, filling a column of the Tribune, very nearly, in favor of Association as we understand it; and, upon the Courier copying this and replying, we will give place to its reply, and respond; and so on, till each party shall have published twelve articles on its own side, and twelve on the other, which shall fulfill the terms of this agreement. All the twelve articles of each party shall be published without abridgment or variation in the Daily, Weekly, and Semi-weekly editions of both papers. Afterward each party will, of course, be at liberty to comment at pleasure in his own columns. In order that neither paper shall be crowded with this discussion, one article per week, only, on either side, shall be published, unless the Courier shall prefer greater dispatch. Is not this a fair proposition? What says the Courier? It has, of course, the advantage of the defensive position and of the last word."

The Courier said, after much toying and dallying, and a preliminary skirmish of paragraphs, COME ON! and, on the 20th of November, the Tribune came on. The debate lasted six months. It was conducted on both sides with spirit and ability, and it attracted much attention. The twenty-four articles, of which it consisted, were afterwards published by the Harpers in a pamphlet of eighty-three closely-printed, double-columned pages, which had a considerable sale, and has long been out of print. On one side

we see earnestness and sincerity; on the other tact and skill. One strove to convince, the other to triumph. The thread of argument is often lost in a maze of irrelevancy. The subject, indeed, was peculiarly ill calculated for a public discussion. When men converse on a scheme which has for its object the good of mankind, let them confer in awful whispers—apart, like conspirators, not distract themselves in dispute in the hearing of a nation; for they who would benefit mankind must do it either by stealth or by violence.

I have tried to condense this tremendous pamphlet into the form and brevity of a conversation, with the following result. Neither of the speakers, however, are to be held responsible for the language employed.

Horace Greeley. Nov. 20th. The earth, the air, the waters, the sunshine, with their natural products, were divinely intended and appointed for the sustenance and enjoyment of the whole human family. But the present *fact* is, that a very large majority of mankind are landless; and, by law, the landless have no inherent right to stand on a single square foot of their native State, except in the highways. Perishing with cold, they have no legal right to a stick of decaying fuel in the most unfrequented morass. Famishing, they have no legal right to pluck and eat the bitterest acorn in the depths of the remotest forest. But the Past cannot be recalled. What has been done, has been done. The legal rights of individuals must be held sacred. But those whom society has divested of their natural right to a share in the soil, are entitled to *Compensation*, i. e. to continuous opportunity to earn a subsistence by Labor. To own land is to possess this opportunity. The majority own no land. Therefore the minority, who own *legally* all the land, which *naturally* belongs to all men alike, are bound to secure to the landless majority a compensating security of remunerating Labor. But, as society is now organized, this is not, and cannot be, done. "Work, work! give us something to do! anything that will secure us honest bread," is at this moment the prayer of not less than thirty thousand human beings within the sound of the City-Hall bell. Here is an enormous waste and loss. We must devise a remedy and that remedy, I propose to show, is found in Association.

H. J. Raymond. Nov. 23d. Heavens! Here we have one of the leading Whig presses of New York advocating the doctrine that *no man can rightfully own land!* Fanny Wright was of that opinion. The doctrine is erroneous and *dangerous*. If a man cannot rightfully own land, he cannot rightfully own anything which the land produces; that is, he cannot rightfully own anything at all. The blessed institution of property, the basis of the social fabric, from which arts, agriculture, commerce, civilization spring, and without which they could not exist, is threatened with destruction, and by a leading Whig paper too. Conservative Powers, preserve us!

Horace Greeley. Nov. 26th. Fudge! What I said was this: Society, having divested the majority of any right to the soil, is bound to compensate them by guaranteeing to each an opportunity of earning a subsistence by Labor. Your vulgar, clap-trap allusion to Fanny Wright does not surprise me. I shall neither desert nor deny a truth because she, or any one else, has proclaimed it. But to proceed. By association I mean a Social Order, which shall take the place of the present Township, to be composed of some hundreds or some thousands of persons, who shall be united together in interest and industry for the purpose of securing to each individual the following things: 1, an elegant and commodious house; 2, an education, complete and thorough; 3, a secure subsistence; 4, opportunity to labor; 5, fair wages; 6, agreeable social relations; 7, progress in knowledge and skill. As society is at present organized, these are the portion of a very small minority. But by association of capital and industry, they might become the lot of all; inasmuch as association tends to *Economy* in all departments, economy in lands, fences, fuel, household labor, tools, education, medicine, legal advice, and commercial exchanges. My opponent will please observe that his article is three times as long as mine, and devoted in good part to telling the public that the Tribune is an exceedingly mischievous paper; which is an imposition.

H. J. Raymond. Nov. 30th. A home, fair wages, education, etc., are very desirable, we admit; and it is the unceasing aim of all good men in society, as it now exists, to place those blessings within the reach of all. The Tribune's claim that it can be accomplished only by association is only a claim. Substantiate it. Give us proof of

its efficacy. Tell us in whom the property is to be vested, how labor is to be remunerated, what share capital is to have in the concern, by what device men are to be induced to labor, how moral offenses are to be excluded or punished. Then we may be able to discuss the subject. Nothing was stipulated about the length of the articles; and we *do* think the Tribune a mischievous paper.

Horace Greeley. Dec. 1st. The property of an association will be vested in those who contributed the capital to establish it, represented by shares of stock, just as the property of a bank, factory, or railroad now is. Labor, skill and talent, will be remunerated by a fixed proportion of their products, or of its proceeds, if sold. Men will be induced to labor by a knowledge that its rewards will be a certain and major proportion of the product, which of course will be less or more according to the skill and industry of each individual. The slave has no motive to diligence except fear; the hireling is tempted to eye-service; the solitary worker for himself is apt to become disheartened; but men working for themselves, in groups, will find labor not less attractive than profitable. Moral offenses will be punished by legal enactment, and they will be rendered un frequent by plenty and education.

H. J. Raymond. Dec. 8th. Oh—then the men of capital are to own the land, are they? Let us see. A man with money enough may buy an entire domain of five thousand acres; men without money will cultivate it on condition of receiving a fixed proportion of its products; the major part, says the Tribune; suppose we say *three-fourths.* Then the contract is simply this:—*One rich man (or company) owns five thousand acres of land, which he leases forever to two thousand poor men at the yearly rent of one-fourth of its products.* It is an affair of landlord and tenant—the lease perpetual, payment in kind; and the landlord to own the cattle, tools, and furniture of the tenant, as well as the land. Association, then, is merely a plan for extending the relation of landlord and tenant over the whole arable surface of the earth.

Horace Greeley. Dec. 10th. By no means. The capital of a mature association would be, perhaps, half a million of dollars; it

an infant association, fifty thousand dollars; and this increase of value would be both created and *owned* by Labor. In an ordinary township, however, the increase, though all created by Labor, is chiefly owned by Capital. The majority of the inhabitants remain poor; while a few—merchants, land-owners, mill-owners, and manufacturers—are enriched. That this is the fact in recently-settled townships, is undeniable. That it would not be the fact in a township settled and cultivated on the principle of association, seems to me equally so.

H. J. Raymond. Dec 14*th.* But not to me. Suppose fifty men furnish fifty thousand dollars for an association upon which a hundred and fifty others are to labor and to live. With that sum they buy the land, build the houses, and procure everything needful for the start. The capitalists, bear in mind, are the absolute owners of the entire property of the association. In twenty years, that property may be worth half a million, and it still remains the property of the capitalists, the laborers having annually drawn their share of the products. They may have saved a portion of their annual share, and thus have accumulated property; but they have no more title to the *domain* than they had at first. If the concern should not prosper, the laborers could not buy shares; if it should, the capitalists would not sell except at their increased value. What advantage, then, does association offer for the poor man's acquiring property superior to that afforded by the present state of things? None, that we can see. On the contrary, the more rapidly the domain of an association should increase in value, the more difficult it would be for the laboring man to rise to the class of proprietors; and this would simply be an *aggravation* of the worst features of the social system. And how you associationists *would* quarrel! The skillful would be ever grumbling at the awkward, and the lazy would shirk their share of the work, but clamor for their share of the product. There would be ten occasions for bickerings where now there is one. The fancies of the associationist, in fact, are as baseless, though not as beautiful, as More's Utopia, or the Happy Valley of Rasselas.

Horace Greeley. Dec. 16*th.* No, *Sir!* In association, those who

furnish the original capital are the owners merely of *so much stock* in the concern—not of all the land and other property, as you represent. Suppose that capital to be fifty thousand dollars. At the end of the first year it is found that twenty-five thousand dollars have been added to the value of the property by Labor. For this amount *new stock* is issued, which is apportioned to Capital, Labor and Skill as impartial justice shall dictate—to the non-resident capitalist a certain proportion; to the working capitalist the same proportion, plus the excess of his earnings over his expenses; to the laborer that excess only. The apportionment is repeated every year; and the proportion of the new stock assigned to Capital is such that when the property of the association is worth half a million, Capital will own about one-fifth of it. With regard to the practical working of association, I point you to the fact that association and civilization are one. They advance and recede together. In this age we have large steamboats, monster hotels, insurance, partnerships, joint stock companies, public schools, libraries, police, Odd Fellowship—all of which are exemplifications of the *idea* upon which association is based; all of which work well as institutions, and are productive of incalculable benefits to mankind.

H. J. Raymond. Dec. 24th. Of course;—but association assumes to shape and govern the details of *social life*, which is a very different affair. One '*group*,' it appears, is to do all the cooking, another the gardening, another the ploughing. But suppose that some who want to be cooks are enrolled in the gardening group. They will naturally sneer at the dishes cooked by their rivals, perhaps form a party for the expulsion of the cooks, and so bring about a kitchen war. Then, who will consent to be a member of the boot-blacking, ditch-digging and sink-cleaning groups? Such labors must be done, and groups must be detailed to do them. Then, who is to settle the wages question? Who is to determine upon the *comparative* efficiency of each laborer, and settle the comparative value of his work? There is the religious difficulty too, and the educational difficulty, the medical difficulty, and numberless other difficulties, arising from differences of opinion, so radical and so earnestly entertained as to preclude the *possibility* of a large number of

persons living together in the intimate relation contemplated by association.

Horace Greeley. Dec. 28th. Not so fast. After the first steamship had crossed the Atlantic all the demonstrations of the impossibility of that fact fell to the ground. Now, with regard to associations, *the first steamship has crossed!* The communities of Zoar and Rapp have existed from twenty to forty years, and several associations of the kind advocated by me have survived from two to five years, not only without being broken up by the difficulties alluded to, but without their presenting themselves in the light of *difficulties* at all. No inter-kitchen war has disturbed their peace, no religious differences have marred their harmony, and men have been found willing to perform ungrateful offices, required by the general good. Passing over your objections, therefore, I beg you to consider the enormous difficulties, the wrongs, the waste, the misery, occasioned by and inseparable from society as it is now organized. For example, the coming on of winter contracts business and throws thousands out of employment. They and their families suffer, the dealers who supply them are losers in custom, the almshouse is crowded, private charity is taxed to the extreme, many die of diseases induced by destitution, some are driven by despair to intoxication; and all this, while every ox and horse is well fed and cared for, while there is inaccessible plenty all around, while capital is luxuriating on the products of the very labor which is now palsied and suffering. Under the present system, capital is everything, man nothing, except as a means of accumulating capital. Capital founds a factory, and for the *single* purpose of increasing capital, taking no thought of the human beings by whom it is increased. The fundamental ideas of association, on the other hand, is to effect a just *distribution* of products among capital, talent and labor.

H. J. Raymond. Jan. 6th. The *idea* may be good enough; but the means are impracticable; the details are absurd, if not inhumane and impious. The Tribune's admission, that an association of indolent or covetous persons could not endure *without a moral transformation of its members*, seems to us fatal to the whole theory of association. It implies that *individual* reform must precede *so*

cial reform, which is precisely our position. But how is individual reform to be effected? *By association*, says the Tribune. That is, the motion of the water-wheel is to *produce* the water by which alone it can be *set* in motion—the action of the watch is to produce the main-spring without which it cannot move. Absurd.

Horace Greeley. Jan. 13th. Incorrigible mis-stater of my positions! I am as well aware as you are that the mass of the ignorant and destitute are, at present, incapable of so much as understanding the social order I propose, much less of becoming efficient members of an association. What I say is, let those who *are* capable of understanding and promoting it, *begin* the work, found associations, and *show* the rest of mankind how to live and thrive in harmonious industry. You tell me that the sole efficient agency of Social Reform is Christianity. I answer that association *is* Christianity; and the dislocation *now* existing between capital and labor, between the capitalist and the laborer, is as atheistic as it is inhuman.

H. J. Raymond. Jan. 20th. Stop a moment. The test of true benevolence is practice, not preaching; and we have no hesitation in saying that the members of any one of our city churches do more every year for the practical relief of poverty and suffering than any phalanx that ever existed. There are in our midst hundreds of female sewing societies, each of which clothes more nakedness and feeds more hunger, than any 'association' that ever was formed. There is a single individual in this city whom the Tribune has vilified as a selfish, grasping despiser of the poor, who has expended more money in providing the poor with food, clothing, education, sound instruction in morals and religion, than all the advocates of association in half a century. While association has been *theorizing* about starvation, Christianity has been *preventing* it. Associationists tell us, that giving to the poor deepens the evil which it aims to relieve, and that the bounty of the benevolent, as society is now organized, is very often abused. We assure them, it is not the social system which abuses the bounty of the benevolent; it is simply the dishonesty and indolence of individuals, and they would do the same under any system, and especially in association.

Horace Greeley. Jan. 29th. Private benevolence is good and necessary; the Tribune has ever been its cordial and earnest advocate. But benevolence relieves only the *effects* of poverty, while Association proposes to reach and finally eradicate its *causes*. The charitable are doing nobly this winter for the relief of the destitute; but will there be in this city *next* winter fewer objects of charity than there are now? And let me tell you, sir, if you do not know it already, that the advocates of association, in proportion to their number, and their means, are, at least, *as* active and *as* ready in feeding the hungry and clothing the naked, as any class in the community. Make the examinations as close as you please, bring it as near home as you like, and you will find the fact to be as I have asserted.

H. J. Raymond. Feb. 10th. You overlook one main objection. Association aims, not merely to re-organize Labor, but to revolutionize Society, to change radically Laws, Government, Manners and Religion. It pretends to be a new Social Science, *discovered* by Fourier. In our next article we shall show what its principles are, and point out their inevitable tendency.

Horace Greeley. Feb. 17th. Do so. Meanwhile let me remind you, that there is *need* of a new Social System, when the old one works so villanously and wastefully. There is Ireland, with three hundred thousand able-bodied men, willing to work, yet unemployed. Their labor is worth forty-five millions of dollars a year, which they need, and Ireland needs, but which the present Social System dooms to waste. There is work enough in Ireland to do, and men enough willing to do it; but the spell of a vicious Social System broods over the island, and keeps the workmen and the work apart. Four centuries ago, the English laborer could earn by his labor a good and sufficient subsistence for his family. Since that time Labor and Talent have made England rich 'beyond the dreams of avarice;' and, at this day, the Laborer, as a rule, cannot, by unremitting toil, fully supply the necessities of his family. His bread is coarse, his clothing scanty, his home a hovel, his children uninstructed, his life cheerless. He lives from hand to mouth in abject terror of the poor-house, where, he shudders to think, he

must end his days. Precisely the same causes are in operation here, and, in due time, will produce precisely the same effects. There is NEED of a Social Re-formation!

H. J. Raymond. March 3d. You are mistaken. The statement that the laborers of the present day are worse off than those of former ages, has been exploded. They are *not*. On the contrary their condition is *better* in every respect. Evils under the present Social System exist, great evils—evils, for the removal of which the most constant and zealous efforts ought to be made; yet they are very far from being *as* great or as *general* as the Associationists assert. The fact is indisputable, that, as a rule throughout the country, no honest man, able and willing to work, need stand idle from lack of opportunity. The exceptions to this rule are comparatively few, and arise from temporary and local causes. But we proceed to examine the fundamental principle of the Social System proposed to be substituted for that now established. In one word, that principle is *Self-Indulgence!* "Reason and Passion," writes Parke Godwin, the author of one of the clearest expositions of Socialism yet published, "will be in perfect accord: duty and pleasure will have the same meaning; without inconvenience or calculation, *man will follow his bent:* hearing only of Attraction, he will never act from necessity, and *never curb himself by restraints.*" What becomes of the *self-denial* so expressly, so frequently, so emphatically enjoined by the New Testament? Fourierism and Christianity, Fourierism and Morality, Fourierism and Conjugal Constancy are in palpable hostility! We are told, that if a man has a passion for a dozen kinds of work, he joins a dozen *groups;* if for a dozen kinds of study, he joins a dozen *groups;* and, if for a dozen women, the System requires that there must be a dozen different *groups* for his full gratification! For man will follow his *bent*, and never curb himself by *restraints!*

Horace Greeley. March 12th. Not so. I re-assert what I before proved, that the English laborers of to-day are worse off than those of former centuries; and I deny with disgust and indignation that there is in Socialism, as American Socialists understand and teach it, any provision or license for the gratification of criminal passions or

unlawful desires. Why not quote Mr. Godwin fully and fairly? Why suppress his remark, that, "So long as the Passions may bring forth Disorder—*so long as Inclination may be in opposition to Duty*—we reprobate as strongly as any class of men all indulgence of the inclinations and feelings; and where Reason is unable to guide them, have no objection to other means"? Socialists know nothing of Groups, organized, or to be organized, for the perpetration of crimes, or the practice of vices.

H. J. Raymond. March 19th. Perhaps not. But *I* know, from the writings of leading Socialists, that the law of Passional Attraction, *i. e.* Self-Indulgence, is the essential and fundamental principle of Association; and that, while Christianity pronounces the free and full gratification of the passions a *crime*, Socialism extols it as a *virtue.*

Horace Greeley. March 26th. Impertinent. Your articles are all entitled "The Socialism of the *Tribune* examined"; and the Tribune has never contained a line to justify your unfair inferences from garbled quotations from the writings of Godwin and Fourier. What the Tribune advocates is, simply and solely, such an organization of Society as will secure to every man the opportunity of uninterrupted and profitable labor, and to every child nourishment and culture. These things, it is undeniable, the present Social System does not secure; and hence the necessity of a new and better organization. So no more of your 'Passional Attraction.'

H. J. Raymond. April 16th. I tell you the scheme of Fourier is essentially and fundamentally *irreligious!* by which I mean that it does not follow my Catechism, and apparently ignores the Thirty-Nine Articles. Shocking.

Horace Greeley, April 28th. Humph!

H. J. Raymond. May 20th. The Tribune is doing a great deal of harm. The editor does not know it—but it *is.*

Thus ended Fourierism. Thenceforth, the Tribune alluded to the

subject occasionally, but only in reply to those who sought to make political or personal capital by reviving it. By its discussion of the subject it rendered a great service to the country: first, by affording one more proof that, for the ills that flesh is heir to, there is, there can be, no panacea; secondly, by exhibiting the economy of association, and familiarizing the public mind with the idea of association—an idea susceptible of a thousand applications, and capable, in a thousand ways, of alleviating and preventing human woes. We see its perfect triumph in Insurance, whereby a loss which would crush an individual falls upon the whole company of insurers, lightly and unperceived. Future ages will witness its successful application to most of the affairs of life.

CHAPTER XV.

THE TRIBUNE'S SECOND YEAR.

Increase of price—The Tribune offends the Sixth Ward fighting-men—The office threatened—Novel preparations for defense—Charles Dickens defended—The Editor travels—Visits Washington, and sketches the Senators—At Mount Vernon—At Niagara—A hard hit at Major Noah.

The Tribune, as we have seen, was started as a penny paper. It began its second volume, on the eleventh of April, 1842, at the increased price of nine cents a week, or two cents for a single number, and effected this serious advance without losing two hundred of its twelve thousand subscribers. At the same time, Messrs. Greeley and McElrath started the 'American Laborer,' a monthly magazine, devoted chiefly to the advocacy of Protection. It was published at seventy-five cents for the twelve numbers which the prospectus announced.

When it was remarked, a few pages back, that the word with the Tribune was Fight, no allusion was intended to the use of carnal weapons. "The pen is mightier than the sword," claptraps Bulwer in one of his plays; and the Pen was the only fighting implement

referred to. It came to pass, however, in the first month of the Tribune's second year, that the pointed nib of the warlike journal gave deadly umbrage to certain fighting men of the Sixth Ward, by exposing their riotous conduct on the day of the Spring elections. The office was, in consequence, threatened by the offended parties with a nocturnal visit, and the office, alive to the duty of hospitality, prepared to give the expected guests a suitable reception by arming itself to the chimneys.

This (I believe) was one of the paragraphs deemed most offensive:

"It appears that some of the 'Spartan Band,' headed by Michael Walsh, after a fight in the 4th District of the Sixth Ward, paraded up Centre street, opposite the Halls of Justice, to the neighborhood of the poll of the 3d District, where, after marching and counter-marching, the leader Walsh re-commenced the work of violence by knocking down an unoffending individual, who was following near him. This was the signal for a general attack of this band upon the Irish population, who were knocked down in every direction, until the street was literally strewed with their prostrate bodies. After this demonstration of 'Spartan valor,' the Irish fled, and the band moved on to another poll to re-enact their deeds of violence. In the interim the Irish proceeded to rally their forces, and, armed with sticks of cord-wood and clubs, paraded through Centre street, about 300 strong, attacking indiscriminately and knocking down nearly all who came in their way—some of their victims, bruised and bloody, having to be carried into the Police Office and the prison, to protect them from being murdered. A portion of the Irish then dispersed, while another portion proceeded to a house in Orange street, which they attacked and riddled from top to bottom. Re-uniting their scattered forces, the Irish bands again, with increased numbers, marched up Centre street, driving all before them, and when near the Halls of Justice, the cry was raised, 'Americans, stand firm!' when a body of nearly a thousand voters surrounded the Irish bands, knocked them down, and beat them without mercy—while some of the fallen Irishmen were with difficulty rescued from the violence that would have destroyed hem, had they not been hurried into the Police Office and prison as a place of refuge. In this encounter, or the one that preceded it, a man named Ford, said to be one of the 'Spartans,' was carried into the Police Office beaten almost to death, and was subsequently transferred to the Hospital."

On the morning of the day on which this appeared, two gentlemen, more muscular than civil, called at the office to say, that the Tribune's account of the riot was incorrect, and did injustice to

individuals, who expected to see a retraction on the following day No retraction appeared on the following day, but, on the contrary a fuller and more emphatic repetition of the charge. The next morning, the office was favored by a second visit from the muscular gentlemen. One of them seized a clerk by the shoulder, and requested to be informed whether *he* was the offspring of a female dog who had put *that* into the paper, pointing to the offensive article. The clerk protested his innocence; and the men of muscle swore, that, *whoever* put it in, if the next paper did not do them justice, the Bloody Sixth would come down and 'smash the office.' The Tribune of the next day contained a complete history of the riot, and denounced its promoters with more vehemence than on the days preceding. The Bloody Sixth was ascertained to be in a ferment, and the office prepared itself for defense.

One of the compositors was a member of the City Guard, and through his interest, the muskets of that admired company of citizen-soldiers were procured; as soon as the evening shades prevailed, they were conveyed to the office, and distributed among the men. One of the muskets was placed near the desk of the Editor, who looked up from his writing and said, he 'guessed they would n't come down,' and resumed his work. The foreman of the press-room in the basement caused a pipe to be conveyed from the safety valve of the boiler to the steps that led up to the sidewalk The men in the Herald office, near by, made common cause, for this occasion only, with their foemen of the Tribune, and agreed, on the first alarm, to rush through the sky-light to the flat roof, and rain down on the heads of the Bloody Sixth a shower of brick-bats to be procured from the surrounding chimneys. It was thought, that what with volleys of musketry from the upper windows, a storm of bricks from the roof, and a blast of hot steam from the cellar, the Bloody Sixth would soon have enough of smashing the Tribune office. The men of the allied offices waited for the expected assault with the most eager desire. At twelve o'clock, the partners made a tour of inspection, and expressed their perfect satisfaction with all the arrangements. But, unfortunately for the story, the night wore away, the paper went to press, morning dawned, and yet the Bloody Sixth had not appeared! Either the Bloody Sixth had thought better of it, or the men of muscle had had no

right to speak in its awful name. From whatever cause—these masterly preparations were made in vain; and the Tribune went on its belligerent way, unsmashed. For some weeks, 'it kept at' the election frauds, and made a complete exposure of the guilty persons.

Let us glance hastily over the rest of the volume.

It was the year of Charles Dickens' visit to the United States. The Tribune ridiculed the extravagant and unsuitable honors paid to the amiable novelist, but spoke strongly in favor of international copyright, which Mr. Dickens made it his 'mission' to advocate. When the 'American Notes for General Circulation' appeared, the Tribune was one of the few papers that gave it a 'favorable notice.' "We have read the book," said the Tribune, "very carefully, and we are forced to say, in the face of all this stormy denunciation, that, so far as its tone toward this country is concerned, it *is one of the very best works of its class we have ever seen.* There is not a sentence it which seems to have sprung from ill-nature or contempt; not a word of censure is uttered for its own sake or in a fault-finding spirit; the whole is a calm, judicious, gentlemanly, unexceptionable record of what the writer saw—and a candid and *correct* judgment of its worth and its defects. How a writer could look upon the broadly-blazoned and applauded slanders of his own land which abound in this—how he could run through the pages of LESTER'S book—filled to the margin with the grossest, most unfounded and illiberal assaults upon all the institutions and the social phases of Great Britain—and then write so calmly of this country, with so manifest a freedom from passion and prejudice, as DICKENS has done, is to us no slight marvel. That he has done it is infinitely to his credit, and confirms us in the opinion we had long since formed of the soundness of his head and the goodness of his heart."

In the summer of 1842, Mr. Greeley made an extensive tour, visiting Washington, Mount Vernon, Poultney, Westhaven, Londonderry, Niagara, and the home of his parents in Pennsylvania, from all of which he wrote letters to the Tribune. His letters from Washington, entitled 'Glances at the Senate,' gave agreeable sketches of Calhoun, Preston, Benton, Evans, Crittenden, Wright and others. Silas Wright he thought the 'keenest logician in the Senate,' the 'Ajax of plausibility,' the 'Talleyrand of the forum.

Calhoun he described as the 'compactest speaker' in the Senate — Preston, as the 'most forcible declaimer;' Evans, as the 'most dexterous and diligent legislator;' Benton, as an individual, "gross and burly in person, of countenance most unintellectual, in manner pompous and inflated, in matter empty, in conceit a giant, in influence a cipher!"

From Mount Vernon, Mr. Greeley wrote an interesting letter, chiefly descriptive. It concluded thus:—"Slowly, pensively, we turned our faces from the rest of the mighty dead to the turmoil of the restless living—from the solemn, sublime repose of Mount Vernon to the ceaseless intrigues, the petty strifes, the ant-hill bustle of the Federal City. Each has its own atmosphere; London and Mecca are not so unlike as they. The silent, enshrouding woods, the gleaming, majestic river, the bright, benignant sky—it is fitly here, amid the scenes he loved and hallowed, that the man whose life and character have redeemed Patriotism and Liberty from the reproach which centuries of designing knavery and hollow profession had cast upon them, now calmly awaits the trump of the archangel. Who does not rejoice that the original design of removing his ashes to the city has never been consummated—that they lie where the pilgrim may reverently approach them, unvexed by the light laugh of the time-killing worldling, unannoyed by the vain or vile scribblings of the thoughtless or the base? Thus may they repose forever! that the heart of the patriot may be invigorated, the hopes of the philanthropist strengthened and his aims exalted, the pulse of the American quickened and his aspirations purified by a visit to Mount Vernon!"

From Niagara, the traveller wrote a letter to Graham's Magazine:

"Years," said he, 'though not many, have weighed upon me since first, in boyhood, I gazed from the deck of a canal-boat upon the distant cloud of white vapor which marked the position of the world's great cataract, and listened to catch the rumbling of its deep thunders. Circumstances did not then permit me to gratify my strong desire of visiting it; and now, when I am tempted to wonder at the stolidity of those who live within a day's journey, yet live on through half a century without one glance at the mighty torrent, I am checked by the reflection that I myself passed within a dozen miles of it no less than five times before I was able to enjoy its magnificence. The propitious hour came at last, however; and, after a disappointed gaze from the

upper terrace on the British side, (in which I half feared that the sheet of broken and boiling water above was all the cataract that existed,) and rapid tortuous descent by the woody declivity, I stood at length on Table Rock, and the whole immensity of the tremendous avalanche of waters burst at once on my arrested vision, while awe struggled with amazement for the mastery of my soul.

"This was late in October; I have twice visited the scene amid the freshness and beauty of June; but I think the late Autumn is by far the better season. There is then a sternness in the sky, a plaintive melancholy in the sighing of the wind through the mottled forest foliage, which harmonizes better with the spirit of the scene; for the Genius of Niagara, O friend! is never a laughter-loving spirit. For the gaudy vanities, the petty pomps, the light follies of the hour, he has small sympathy. Let not the giddy heir bring here his ingots, the selfish aspirant his ambition, the libertine his victim, and hope to find enjoyment and gaiety in the presence. Let none come here to nurse his pride, or avarice, or any other low desire. God and His handiwork here stand forth in lone sublimity; and all the petty doings and darings of the ants at the base of the pyramid appear in their proper insignificance. Few can have visited Niagara and left it no humbler, no graver than they came."

On his return to the city, Horace Greeley subsided, with curious abruptness, into the editor of the Tribune. This note appears on the morning after his arrival:

"The senior editor of this paper has returned to his post, after an absence of four weeks, during which he has visited nearly one half of the counties of this State, and passed through portions of Pennsylvania, Vermont, Massachusetts, etc. During this time he has written little for the Tribune save the casual and hasty letters to which his initials were subscribed; but it need hardly be said that the general course and conduct of the paper have been the same as if he had been at his post.

"Two deductions only from the observations he has made and the information he has gathered during his tour, will here be given. They are these:

"1. The cause of Protection to Home Industry is much stronger throughout this and the adjoining States than even the great party which mainly upholds it; and nothing will so much tend to *ensure* the election of Henry Clay next President as the veto of an efficient Tariff bill by John Tyler.

"2. The strength of the Whig party is unbroken by recent disasters and treachery, and only needs the proper opportunity to manifest itself in all the energy and power of 1840. If a distinct and unequivocal issue can be made upon the great leading questions at issue between the rival parties—on Protection to Home Industry and Internal Improvement—the Whig ascendency will be triumphantly vindicated in the coming election."

I need not dwell on the politics of that year. For Protection—for Clay—against Tyler—against his vetoes—for a law to punish seduction—against capital punishment—imagine countless columns.

In October, died Dr. Channing. "Deeply," wrote Mr. Greeley, "do we deplore his loss, most untimely, to the faithless eye of man does it seem—to the cause of truth, of order and of right, and still more deeply do we lament that he has left behind him, in the same department of exertion, so few, in proportion to the number needed, to supply the loss occasioned by his death." Soon after, the Tribune gave Theodore Parker a hearing by publishing sketches of his lectures.

An affair of a personal nature made considerable noise about this time, which is worth alluding to, for several reasons. Major Noah, then the editor of the 'Union,' a Tylerite paper of small circulation and irritable temper, was much addicted to attacks on the Tribune. On this occasion, he was unlucky enough to publish a ridiculous story, to the effect that Horace Greeley had taken his breakfast in company with two colored men at a boarding-house in Barclay street. The story was eagerly copied by the enemies of the Tribune, and at length Horace Greeley condescended to notice it. The point of his most happy and annihilating reply is contained in these, its closing sentences: "We have never associated with blacks; never eaten with them; and yet it is quite probable that if we *had* seen two cleanly, decent colored persons sitting down at a second table in another room just as we were finishing our breakfast, we might have gone away without thinking or caring about the matter. We choose our own company in all things, and that of our own race, but cherish little of that spirit which for eighteen centuries has held the kindred of M. M. Noah accursed of God and man, outlawed and outcast, and unfit to be the associates of Christians, Mussulmen, or even self-respecting Pagans. Where there are thousands who would not eat with a negro, there are (or lately were) tens of thousands who would not eat with a Jew. We leave to such renegades as the Judge of Israel the stirring up of prejudices and the prating of 'usages of society,' which over half the world make him an abhorrence, as they not long since would have done here; we treat all men according to what they are and not whence they spring. That he is a knave, we think much to his dis-

credit; that he is a Jew nothing, however unfortunate it may be for that luckless people." This was a hit not more hard than fair. The 'Judge of Israel,' it is said, felt it acutely.

The Tribune continued to prosper. It ended the second volume with a circulation of twenty thousand, and an advertising patronage so extensive as to compel the issue of frequent supplements. The position of its chief editor grew in importance. His advice and co-operation were sought by so many persons and for so many objects, that he was obliged to keep a notice standing, which requested "all who would see him personally in his office, to call between the hours of 8 and 9 A. M., and 5 and 6 P. M., unless the most imperative necessity dictate a different hour. If this notice be disregarded, he will be compelled to abandon his office and seek elsewhere a chance for an hour's uninterrupted devotion to his daily duties."

His first set lecture in New York is thus announced, January 3d, 1843: "Horace Greeley will lecture before the New York Lyceum at the Tabernacle, this evening. Subject, 'Human Life.' The lecture will commence at half past 7, precisely. If those who care to hear it will sit near the desk, they will favor the lecturer's weak and husky voice."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE TRIBUNE AND J. FENIMORE COOPER.

The libel—Horace Greeley's narrative of the trial—He reviews the opening speech of Mr. Cooper's counsel—A striking illustration—He addresses the jury—Mr. Cooper sums up—Horace Greeley comments on the speech of the novelist—In doing so he perpetrates new libels—The verdict—Mr. Greeley's remarks on the same—Strikes a bee-line for New York—A new suit—An imaginary case.

A MAN is never so characteristic as when he sports. There was something in the warfare waged by the author of the Leatherstocking against the press, and particularly in his suit of the Tribune for libel, that appealed so strongly to Horace Greeley's sense of the

comic, that he seldom alluded to it without, apparently, falling into a paroxysm of mirth. Some of his most humorous passages were written in connection with what he called 'the Cooperage of the Tribune.' To that affair, therefore, it is proper that a short chapter should be devoted, before pursuing further the History of the Tribune.

The matter alleged to be libelous appeared in the Tribune, Nov. 17th, 1841. The trial took place at Saratoga, Dec. 9th, 1842. Mr. Greeley defended the suit in person, and, on returning to New York, wrote a long and ludicrous account of the trial, which occupied eleven columns and a quarter in the Tribune of Dec. 12th. For that number of the paper there was such a demand, that the account of the trial was, soon after, re-published in a pamphlet, of which this chapter will be little more than a condensation.

The libel—such as it was—the reader may find lurking in the following epistle:

"MR. FENIMORE COOPER AND HIS LIBELS.

"FONDA, Nov. 17, 1841.

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRIBUNE:—

"The Circuit Court now sitting here is to be occupied chiefly with the legal griefs of Mr. Fenimore Cooper, who has determined to avenge himself upon the Press for having contributed by its criticisms to his waning popularity as a novelist.

"The 'handsome Mr. Effingham' has three cases of issue here, two of which are against Col. Webb, Editor of the Courier and Enquirer, and one against Mr. Weed, Editor of the Albany Evening Journal.

"Mr. Weed not appearing on Monday, (the first day of court,) Cooper moved for judgment by default, as Mr. Weed's counsel had not arrived. Col. Webb, who on passing through Albany, called at Mr. Weed's house, and learned that his wife was seriously and his daughter dangerously ill, requested Mr. Sacia to state the facts to the Court, and ask a day's delay. Mr. Sacia made, at the same time, an appeal to Mr. Cooper's humanity. But that appeal, of course, was an unavailing one. The novelist pushed his advantage. The Court, however, ordered the cause to go over till the next day, with the understanding that the default should be entered then if Mr. Weed did not appear. Col. Webb then despatched a messenger to Mr. Weed with this information. The messenger returned with a letter from Mr. Weed, stating that his daughter lay very ill, and that he would not leave her while she was suffering or in danger Mr. Cooper, therefore, immediately moved for his default. Mr. Sacia interposed again for time, but it was denied. A jury was empan-

eled to assess Mr. Effingham's damages. The trial, of course, was ex-parte, Mr. Weed being absent and defenceless. Cooper's lawyer made a wordy, windy, abusive appeal for exemplary damages. The jury retired, under a strong charge against Mr. Weed from Judge Willard, and after remaining in their room till twelve o'clock at night, sealed a verdict for $400 for Mr. Effingham, which was delivered to the Court this morning.

"This meager verdict, under the circumstanses, is a severe and mortifying rebuke to Cooper, who had everything his own way.

"The value of Mr. Cooper's character, therefore, has been judicially ascertained.

"It is worth exactly four hundred dollars.

"Col. Webb's trial comes on this afternoon; his counsel, A. L. Jordan, Esq., having just arrived in the up train. Cooper will be blown sky high. This experiment upon the Editor of the Courier and Enquirer, I predict, will cure the 'handsome Mr. Effingham' of his monomania for libels."

The rest of the story shall be given here in Mr. Greeley's own words. He begins the narrative thus:—

"The responsible Editor of the Tribune returned yesterday morning from a week's journey to and sojourn in the County of Saratoga, having been thereto urgently persuaded by a Supreme Court writ, requiring him to answer to the declaration of Mr. J. Fenimore Cooper in an action for Libel.

"This suit was originally to have been tried at the May Circuit at Ballston, but neither Fenimore (who was then engaged in the Coopering of Col. Stone of the Commercial) nor we had time to attend to it—so it went over to this term, which opened at Ballston Spa on Monday, Dec. 5th. We arrived on the ground at eleven o'clock of that day, and found the plaintiff and his lawyers ready for us, our case No. 10 on the calendar, and of course a good prospect of an early trial; but an important case involving Water-rights came in ahead of us (No. 8) taking two days, and it was half-past 10, A.M., of Friday, before ours was reached—very fortunately for us, as we had no lawyer, had never talked over the case with one, or made any preparation whatever, save in thought, and had not even found time to read the papers pertaining to it till we arrived at Ballston.

"The delay in reaching the case gave us time for all; and that we did not employ lawyers to aid in our conduct or defense proceeded from no want of confidence in or deference to the many eminent members of the Bar there in attendance, beside Mr. Cooper's three able counsel, but simply from the fact that we wished to present to the Court some considerations which we thought had been overlooked or overborne in the recent Trials of the Press for Libel before our Supreme and Circuit Courts, and which, since they appealed more directly and forcibly to the experience of Editors than of Lawyers, we pre-

sumed an ordinary editor might present as plainly and fully as an able lawyer. We wished to place before the Court and the country those views which we understand the Press to maintain with us of its own position, duties, responsibilities, and rights, as affected by the practical construction given of late years in this State to the Law of Libel, and its application to editors and journals. Understanding that we could not appear both in person and by counsel, we chose the former; though on trial we found our opponent was permitted to do what we supposed we could not. So much by way of explanation to the many able and worthy lawyers in attendance on the Circuit, from whom we received every kindness, who would doubtless have aided us most cheerfully if we had required it, and would have conducted our case far more skillfully than we either expected or cared to do. We had not appeared there to be saved from a verdict by any nice technicality or legal subtlety.

"The case was opened to the Court and Jury by Richard Cooper, nephew and attorney of the plaintiff, in a speech of decided pertinence and force. * * * Mr. R. Cooper has had much experience in this class of cases, and is a young man of considerable talent. His manner is the only fault about him, being too elaborate and pompous, and his diction too bombastic to produce the best effect on an unsophisticated auditory. If he will only contrive to correct this, he will yet make a figure at the Bar—or rather, he will make less figure and do more execution. The force of his speech was marred by Fenimore's continually interrupting to dictate and suggest to him ideas when he would have done much better if left alone. For instance: Fenimore instructed him to say, that our letter from Fonda above recited purported to be from the 'correspondent of the Tribune,' and thence to draw and press on the Jury the inference that the letter was written by some of our own *corps*, whom we had sent to Fonda to report these trials. This inference we were obliged to repel in our reply, by showing that the article plainly read 'correspondence of the Tribune,' just as when a fire, a storm, or some other notable event occurs in any part of the country or world, and a friend who happens to be there, sits down and dispatches us a letter by the first mail to give us early advices, though he has no connection with us but by subscription and good will, and perhaps never wrote a line to us in his life till now.

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"The next step in Mr. R. Cooper's opening: We had, to the Declaration against us, pleaded the General Issue—that is Not Guilty of libeling Mr. Cooper, at the same time fully admitting that we had published all that he *called* our libels on him, and desiring to put in issue only the fact of their being or not being libels, and have the verdict turn on that issue. But Mr. Cooper told the Jury (and we found, to our cost, that this was New York Supreme and Circuit Court law) that *by pleading Not Guilty we had legally admitted ourselves to be Guilty*—that all that was necessary for the plaintiff under that plea was to put in our admission of publication, and then the Jury

had nothing to do but to assess the plaintiff's damages under the direction of the Court. In short, we were made to understand that there was no way under Heaven—we beg pardon; under New York Supreme Court Law—in which the editor of a newspaper could plead to an action for libel that the matter charged upon him as libelous was not in its nature or intent a libel, but simply a statement, according to the best of his knowledge and belief, of some notorious and every way public transaction, or his own honest comments thereon; and ask the Jury to decide whether the plaintiff's averment or his answers thereto be the truth! To illustrate the beauties of 'the perfection of human reason'—always intending New York Circuit and Supreme Court reason—on this subject, and to show the perfect soundness and pertinence of Mr. Cooper's logic according to the decisions of these Courts, we will give an example.

"Our police reporter, say this evening, shall bring in on his chronicle of daily occurrences the following:

"'A hatchet-faced chap, with mouse-colored whiskers, who gave the name of John Smith, was brought in by a watchman who found him lying drunk in the gutter. After a suitable admonition from the Justice, and on payment of the usual fine, he was discharged.'

"Now, our reporter, who, no more than we, ever before heard of *this* John Smith, is only ambitious to do his duty correctly and thoroughly, to make his description accurate and graphic, and perhaps to protect better men who rejoice in the cognomen of John Smith, from being confounded with this one in the popular rumor of his misadventure. If the paragraph should come under our notice, we should probably strike it out altogether, as relating to a subject of no public moment, and likely to crowd out better matter. But we do not see it, and in it goes: Well: John Smith, who 'acknowledges the corn' as to being accidentally drunk and getting into the watch-house, is not willing to rest under the imputation of being hatched-faced and having mouse-colored whiskers, retains Mr. Richard Cooper—for he could not do better—and commences an action for libel against us. We take the best legal advice, and are told that we must *demur* to the Declaration—that is, go before a court without jury, where no facts can be shown, and maintain that the matter charged as uttered by us is not libelous. But Mr. R. Cooper meets us there and says justly: 'How is the court to decide without evidence that this matter is not libelous? If it was written and inserted for the express purpose of ridiculing and bringing into contempt my client, it clearly *is* libelous. And then as to damages. My client is neither rich nor a great man, but his character, in his own circle, is both dear and valuable to him. We shall be able to show on trial that he was on the point of contracting marriage with the daughter of the keeper of the most fashionable and lucrative oyster-cellar in Orange street, whose nerves were so shocked at the idea of her intended having a 'hatchet face and mouse-colored whiskers,' that she fainted outright on reading the paragraph

(copied from your paper into the next day's 'Sun'), and was not brought to until a whole bucket of oysters which she had just opened had been poured over her in a hurried mistake for water. Since then, she has frequent relapses and shuddering, especially when my client's name is mentioned, and utterly refuses to see or speak of him. The match is dead broke, and my client loses thereby a capital home, where victuals are more plentiful and the supply more steady than it has been his fortune to find them for the last year or two. He loses, with all this, a prospective interest in the concern, and is left utterly without business or means of support except this suit. Besides, how can you tell, in the absence of all testimony, that the editor was not paid to insert this villanous description of my client, by some envious rival for the affections of the oyster-maid, who calculates both to gratify his spite and advance his lately hopeless wooing? In that case, it certainly is a libel. We affirm this to be the case, and you are bound to presume that it is. The demurrer must be overruled.' And so it must be. No judge could decide otherwise.

"Now we are thrown back upon a dilemma: Either we must plead *Justification*, in which case *we admit that our publication was on its face a libel;* and now, woe to us if we cannot prove Mr. Cooper's client's face as sharp, and his whiskers of the precise color as stated. A shade more or less ruins us. For, be it known, by attempting a Justification we have not merely admitted our offense to be a libel, but *our plea is an aggravation of the libel*, and entitles the plaintiff to recover higher and more exemplary damages. But we have just one chance more: to plead the *general issue*—to wit, that we *did not* libel the said John Smith, and go into court prepared to show that we had no malice toward or intent to injure Mr. Smith, never heard of him before, and have done all we knew how to make him reparation—in short, that we have done and intended nothing which brings us fairly within the iron grasp of the law of libel. But here again, while trying our best to get in somehow a plea of Not Guilty, we have actually pleaded Guilty!—so says the Supreme Court law of New York—our admitted publication (no matter of what) concerning John Smith proves irresistibly that we *have* libeled him—we are not entitled in any way whatever to go to the Jury with evidence tending to show that our publication is *not* a libel—or, in overthrow of the legal *presumption* of malice, to show that there actually *was* none. All that we possibly can offer must be taken into account merely in mitigation of damages. *Our* hide is on the fence, you see, any how.

"But to return to Richard's argument at Ballston. He put very strongly against us the fact that our Fonda correspondent (see Declaration above) considered Fenimore's verdict there a meager one. 'Gentlemen of the jury,' said he, 'see how these editors rejoice and exult when they get off with so light a verdict as $400! They consider it a triumph over the law and the defendant They don't consider that amount anything. If you mean to vindicate the laws and the character of my client, you see you must give much more than this.'

This was a good point, but not quite fair. The exultation over the 'meager verdict' was expressly in view of the fact, that the cause was *undefended*—that Fenimore and his counsel had it all their own way, evidence, argument, charge, and all. Still, Richard had a good chance here to appeal for a large verdict, and he did it well.

"On one other point Richard talked more like a cheap lawyer and less like a—like what we had expected of him—than through the general course of his argument. In his pleadings, he had set forth Horace Greeley and Thomas McElrath as *Editors* and Proprietors of the Tribune, and we readily enough admitted whatever he chose to assert about us except the essential thing in dispute between us. Well, on the strength of this he puts it to the Court and Jury, that Thomas McElrath is one of the Editors of the Tribune, and that he, being (having been) a lawyer, would have been in Court to defend this suit, if there was any valid defense to be made. This, of course, went very hard against us; and it was to no purpose that we informed him that Thomas McElrath, though legally implicated in it, had nothing to do practically with this matter—(all which he knew very well long before)—and that the other defendant is the man who does whatever libeling is done in the Tribune, and holds himself everywhere responsible for it. We presume there is not much doubt even so far off as Cooperstown as to who edits the Tribune, and who wrote the editorial about the Fonda business. (In point of fact, the real and palpable defendant in this suit never even conversed with his partner a quarter of an hour altogether about this subject, considering it entirely his own job; and the plaintiff himself, in conversation with Mr. McElrath, in the presence of *his attorney*, had fully exonerated Mr. M. from anything more than legal liability.) But Richard was on his legs as a lawyer—he pointed to the seal on his bond—and therefore insisted that Thomas McElrath was art and part in the alleged libel, not only legally, but actually, and would have been present to respond to it if he had deemed it susceptible of defense! As a lawyer, we suppose this was right; but, as an Editor and a man, we could not have done it."

'Richard' gave way, and 'Horace' addressed the jury in a speech of fifty minutes, which need not be inserted here, because all its leading ideas are contained in the narrative. It was a convincing argument, so far as the reason and justice of the case were concerned; and, in any court where reason and justice bore sway, would have gained the case. "Should you find, gentleman," concluded Mr. Greeley, "that I had no right to express an opinion as to the honor and magnanimity of Mr. Cooper, in pushing his case to a trial as related, you will of course compel me to pay whatever damage has been done to his character by such expression, followed and ac

companied by his own statement of the whole matter. I will not predict your estimate, gentlemen, but I may express my profound conviction that no opinion which Mr. Cooper might choose to express of any act of my life—no construction he could put upon my conduct or motives, could possibly damage me to an extent which would entitle or incline me to ask damages at your hands.

"But, gentlemen, you are bound to consider—you cannot refuse to consider, that if you condemn me to pay any sum whatever for this expression of my opinions on his conduct, you thereby seal your own lips, with those of your neighbors and countrymen, against any such expression in this or any other case; you will no longer have a right to censure the rich man who harasses his poor neighbor with vexatious lawsuits merely to oppress and ruin him, but will be liable by your own verdict to prosecution and damages whenever you shall feel constrained to condemn what appears to you injustice, oppression, or littleness, no matter how flagrant the case may be.

"Gentlemen of the Jury, my character, my reputation are in your hands. I think I may say that I commit them to your keeping untarnished; I will not doubt that you will return them to me unsullied. I ask of you no mercy, but justice. I have not sought this issue; but neither have I feared nor shunned it. Should you render the verdict against me, I shall deplore far more than any pecuniary consequence the stigma of libeler which your verdict would tend to cast upon me—an imputation which I was never, till now, called to repel before a jury of my countrymen. But, gentlemen, feeling no consciousness of *deserving* such a stigma—feeling, at this moment, as ever, a profound conviction that I *do not* deserve it, I shall yet be consoled by the reflection that many nobler and worthier than I have suffered far more than any judgment here could inflict on me for the Rights of Free Speech and Opinion—the right of rebuking oppression and meanness in the language of manly sincerity and honest feeling. By their example, may I still be upheld and strengthened. Gentlemen, I fearlessly await your decision!"

Mr. Greeley resumes his narrative:

"Mr. J. Fenimore Cooper summed up in person the cause for the prosecution. He commenced by giving at length the reasons which had induced him to bring this suit in Saratoga. The last and only one that made any impression

on our mind was this, that he had heard a great deal of good of the people of Saratoga, and wished to form a better acquaintance with them. (Of course this desire was very flattering; but we hope the Saratogans won't feel too proud to speak to common folks hereafter, for we want liberty to go there again next summer.)

"Mr. Cooper now walked into the Public Press and its alleged abuses, arrogant pretensions, its interference in this case, probable motives, etc., but the public are already aware of his sentiments respecting the Press, and would not thank us to recapitulate them. His stories of editors publishing truth and falsehood with equal relish may have foundation in individual cases, but certainly none in general practice. No class of men spend a tenth part so much time or money in endeavoring to procure the earliest and best information from all quarters, as it is their duty to do. Occasionally an erroneous or utterly false statement gets into print and is copied—for editors cannot intuitively separate all truth from falsehood—but the evil arises mainly from the circumstance that others than editors are often the spectators of events demanding publicity; since we cannot tell where the next man is to be killed, or the next storm rage, or the next important cause to be tried: if we had the power of prophecy, it would then be time to invent some steam-lightning balloon, and have a reporter ready on the spot the moment before any notable event should occur. This would do it; but now we luckless editors must too often depend on the observation and reports of those who are less observant, less careful, possibly in some cases less sagacious, than those of our own tribe. Our limitations are not unlike those of Mr. Weller, Junior, as stated while under cross-examination in the case of Bardell *vs.* Pickwick:

"'Yes, I have eyes,' replied Sam, 'and that's just it. If they was a pair of patent double million magnifyin' gas microscopes of hextra power, p'raps I might be able to see through a flight of stairs and a deal door, but bein' only eyes, you see, my wision's limited.'

"Fenimore proceeded to consider our defense, which he used up in five minutes, by pronouncing it no defence at all! It had nothing to do with the matter in issue whatever, and we must be very green if we meant to be serious in offering it. (We *were* rather green in Supreme Court libel law, that's a fact; but we were put to school soon after, and have already run up quite a little bill for tuition, which is one sign of progress.) His Honor the Judge would tell the Jury that our law was no law whatever, or had nothing to do with this case. (So he did—Cooper was right here.) In short, our speech could not have been meant to apply to this case, but was probably the scrapings of our editorial closet—mere odds and ends—what the editors call Balaam.' Here followed a historical digression, concerning what editors call 'Balaam,' which, as it was intended to illustrate the irrelevancy of our whole argument, we thought very pertinent. It wound up with what was meant for a joke about Balaam and his ass, which of course was a good thing; but its

point wholly escaped us, and we believe the auditors were equally unfortunate. However, the wag himself appreciated and enjoyed it.

"There were several other jokes (we suppose they were) uttered in the course of this lively speech, but we did n't get into their merits, (probably not being in the best humor for joking;) but one we remembered because it was really good, and came down to our comprehension. Fenimore was replying to our remarks about the 'handsomo Mr. Effingham,' (see speech,) when he observed that if we *should* sue him for libel in 'pronouncing us not handsome, he should not plead the *General Issue*, but *Justify*.' That was a neat hit, and well planted. We can tell him, however, that if the Court should rule as hard against him as it does against editors when they undertake to justify, he would find it difficult to get in the testimony to establish a matter even so plain as our plainness.

"Fenimore now took up the Fonda libel suit, and fought the whole battle over again, from beginning to end. Now we had scarcely touched on this, supposing that, since we did not justify, we could only refer to the statements contained in the publications put in issue between us, and that the Judge would check us, if we went beyond these. Fenimore, however, had no trouble; said whatever he pleased—much of which would have been very pertinent if *he*, instead of we, had been on trial—showed that he did not believe anything of Mr. Weed's family being sick at the time of the Fonda Trials, why he did not, &c., &c. We thought he might have reserved all this till we got down to dinner, which everybody was now hungry for, and where it would have been more in place than addressed to the Jury.

"Knowing what we positively did and do of the severe illness of the wife of Mr. Weed, and the dangerous state of his eldest daughter at the time of the Fonda Trials in question—regarding them as we do—the jokes attempted to be cut by Fenimore over their condition—his talk of the story growing up from one girl to the mother and three or four daughters—his fun about their probably having the Asiatic cholera among them or some other contagious disease, &c., &c., however it may have sounded to others, did seem to us rather inhu—— Hallo there! we had like to have put our foot right into it again, after all our tuition. We mean to say, considering that, just the day before, Mr. Weed had been choked by his counsel into surrendering at discretion to Fenimore, being assured (correctly) by said counsel that, as the law is now expounded and administered by the Supreme Court, he had no earthly choice but to bow his neck to the yoke, pay all that might be claimed of him and publish whatever humiliations should be required, or else prepare to be immediately ruined by the suits which Fenimore and Richard had already commenced or were getting ready for him—considering all this, and how much Mr. Weed has paid and must pay towards his subsistence—how keenly W. has had to smart for speaking his mind of him—we did not think that Fenimore's talk at this time and place of Weed's family, and of Weed himself as

a man so paltry that he would pretend sickness in his family as an excuse to keep away from Court, and resort to trick after trick to put off his case for a day or two—it seemed to us, considering the present relations of the parties, most ungen—— There we go again! We mean to say that the whole of this part of Mr. Cooper's speech grated upon our feelings rather harshly. We believe *that* isn't a libel. (This talking with a gag in the mouth is rather awkward at first, but we 'll get the hang of it in time. Have patience with us, Fenimore on one side and the Public on the other, till we nick it.)

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"Personally, Fenimore treated us pretty well on this trial—let us thank him for that—and so much the more that he did it quite at the expense of his consistency and his logic. For, after stating plumply that he considered us the best of the whole Press-gang he had been fighting with, he yet went on to argue that all we had done and attempted with the intent of rendering him strict justice, had been in *aggravation* of our original trespass! Yes, there he stood, saying one moment that we were, on the whole, rather a clever fellow, and every other arguing that we had done nothing but to injure him wantonly and maliciously at first, and then all in our power to aggravate that injury! (What a set the rest of us must be!)

"And here is where he hit us hard for the first time. He had talked over an hour without gaining, as we could perceive, an inch of ground. When his compliment was put in, we supposed he was going on to say he was satisfied with our explanation of the matter and our intentions to do him justice, and would now throw up the case. But instead of this he took a sheer the other way, and came down upon us with the assertion that our publishing his statement of the Fonda business with our comments, was an aggravation of our original offense—was in effect adding insult to injury!

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"There was a little point made by the prosecution which seemed to us *too* little. Our Fonda letter had averred that Cooper had three libel-suits coming off there at that Circuit—two against Webb, one against Weed. Richard and Fenimore argued that this was a lie—the one against Weed was all. The nicety of the distinction here taken will be appreciated when we explain that the suits against Webb were *indictments* for libels on J. Fenimore Cooper!

"We supposed that Fenimore would pile up the law against us, but were disappointed. He merely cited *the last case* decided against an Editor by the Supreme Court of this State. Of course, it was very fierce against Editors and their libels, but did not strike us as at all meeting the issue we had raised, or covering the grounds on which this case ought to have been decided.

"Fenimore closed very effectively with an appeal for his character, and a picture of the sufferings of his wife and family—his grown-up daughters often suffused in tears by these attacks on their father. Some said this was mawkish, but we consider it good, and think it told. We have a different theory as

to what the girls were crying for, but we won't state it lest another dose of Supreme Court law be administered to us. ('Not any more at present, I thank ye.')

"Fenimore closed something before two o'clock, having spoken over an hour and a half. If he had not wasted so much time in promising to make but a short speech and to close directly, he could have got through considerably sooner. Then he did wrong to Richard by continually recurring to and fulsome eulogiums on the argument of 'my learned kinsman.' Richard had made a good speech and an effective one—no mistake about it—and Fenimore must mar it first by needless, provoking interruptions, and then by praises which, though deserved, were horribly out of place and out of taste. Fenimore, my friend, you and I had better abandon the Bar—we are not likely either of us to cut much of a figure there. Let us quit before we make ourselves ridiculous.

"His Honor Judge Willard occupied a brief half hour in charging the Jury. We could not decently appear occupied in taking down this Charge, and no one else did it—so we must speak of it with great circumspection. That he would go dead against us on the Law of the case we knew right well, from his decisions and charges on similar trials before. Not having his Law points before us, we shall not venture to speak of them. Suffice it to say, that they were New York Supreme and Circuit Court Law—no better and no worse than he has measured off to several editorial culprits before us. They are the settled maxims of the Supreme Court of this State in regard to the law of libel as applied to Editors and Newspapers, and we must have been a goose to expect any better than had been served out to our betters. The Judge was hardly, if at all, at liberty to know or tolerate any other.

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"But we have filled our paper, and must close. The Judge charged very hard against us on the facts of the case, as calling for a pretty sizable verdict—our legal guilt had of course been settled long before in the Supreme Court.

"When the Charge commenced, we would not have given Fenimore the first red cent for his verdict; when it closed, we understood that we were booked to suffer some. If the Jury had returned a verdict in our favor, the Judge must have been constrained by his charge to set it aside, as contrary to law.

"The Jury retired about half-past two, and the rest of us went to dinner. The Jury were hungry too, and did not stay out long. On comparing notes, there were *seven* of them for a verdict of $100, *two* for $200, and *three* for $500. They added these sums up—total $2,600—divided by 12, and the dividend was a little over $200; so they called it $200 damages and six cents costs, which of course carries full costs against us. We went back from dinner, took the verdict in all meekness, took a sleigh, and struck a bee-line for New York."

"Thus for the Tribune the rub-a-dub is over; the adze we trust laid aside, the staves all in their places; the hoops tightly driven; and the heading not particularly out of order. Nothing remains but to pay piper, or cooper, or whatever; and that shall be promptly attended to.

"Yes, Fenimore shall have his $200. To be sure, we don't exactly see how we came to owe him that sum; but he has won it, and shall be paid. 'The court awards it, and the law doth give it.' We should like to meet him and have a social chat over the whole business, now it is over. There has been a good deal of fun in it, come to look back; and if he has as little ill-will toward us as we bear to him, there shall never be another hard thought between us. We don't blame him a bit for the whole matter; he thought we injured him, sued us, and got his pay. Since the Jury have cut down his little bill from $3,000 to $200, we won't higgle a bit about the balance, but pay it on sight. In fact, we rather like the idea of being so munificent a patron (for our means) of American Literature; and are glad to do anything for one of the most creditable (of old) of our authors, who are now generally reduced to any shift for a living by that grand National rascality and greater folly, the denial of International Copyright. ('My pensive public,' don't flatter yourself that we are to be rendered mealy-mouthed toward *you* by our buffeting. We shall put it to your iniquities just as straight as a loon's leg, calling a spade a spade, and not an oblong garden implement, until the judicial construction of the law of libel shall take another hitch, and its penalties be invoked to shield communities as well as individuals from censure for their transgressions Till then, keep a bright look out!)

"And Richard, too, shall have *his* share of 'the spoils of victory.' He has earned them fairly, and, in the main, like a gentleman—making us no needless trouble, and we presume no needless expense. All was fair and above board, save some little specks in his opening of the case, which we noticed some hours ago, and have long since forgiven. For the rest, we rather like what we have seen of him; and if anybody has any law business in Otsego, or any libel suits to prosecute anywhere, we heartily recommend Richard to do the work, warranting the client to be handsomely taken in and done for throughout. (There 's a puff, now, a man may be proud of. We don't give such every day out of pure kindness. It was Fenimore, we believe, that said on the trial, that our word went a great way in this country.) Can we say a good word for *you*, gallant foeman? We 'll praise any thing of yours we have read except the Monikins.

"But sadder thoughts rush in on us in closing. Our case is well enough, or of no moment; but we cannot resist the conviction that by the result of these Cooper libel-suits, and by the Judicial constructions which produce that result, the Liberty of the Press—its proper influence and respectability, its power to rebuke wrong and to exert a salutary influence upon the Public Morals is fearfully impaired We do not see how any paper can exist, and speak

and act worthily and usefully in this State, without subjecting itself daily to innumerable, unjust and crushing prosecutions and indictments for libel. Even if Juries could have nerves of iron to say and do what they really think right between man and man, the costs of such prosecution would ruin any journal. But the Liberty of the Press has often been compelled to appeal from the bench to the people. It will do so now, and we will not doubt with success. Let not, then, the wrong-doer who is cunning enough to keep the blind side of the law, the swindling banker who has spirited away the means of the widow and orphan, the libertine who has dragged a fresh victim to his lair, imagine that they are permanently shielded, by this misapplication of the law of libel, from fearless exposure to public scrutiny and indignation by the eagle gaze of an unfettered Press. Clouds and darkness may for the moment rest upon it, but they cannot, in the nature of things, endure. In the very gloom of its present humiliation we read the prediction of its speedy and certain restoration to its rights and its true dignity—to a sphere not of legal sufferance merely, but of admitted usefulness and honor."

This narrative, which came within three-quarters of a column of filling the entire inside of the Tribune, and must have covered fifty pages of foolscap, was written at the rate of about a column an hour. It set the town laughing, elicited favorable notices from more than two hundred papers, and provoked the novelist to new anger, and another suit; in which the damages were laid at three thousand dollars. "We have a lively trust, however," said the offending editor, "that we shall convince the jury that we do not owe him the first red cent of it." This is one paragraph of the new complaint:

"And the said plaintiff further says and avers that the syllables inhu, followed by a dash, when they occur in the publication hereinafter set forth, as follows, to wit, inhu——, were meant and intended by the said defendants for the word inhuman, and that the said defendants, in using the aforesaid syllables, followed by a dash as aforesaid, in connection with the context, intended to convey, and did convey, the idea that the said plaintiff, on the occasion referred to in that part of said publication, had acted in an inhuman manner. And the said plaintiff also avers that the syllable ungen, followed by a dash, as follows, to wit, ungen——, when they occur in the publication hereinafter set forth, were meant and intended by the said defendants either for the word ungenerous or the word ungentlemanly, and that the said defendants, in using the syllables last aforesaid, followed by a dash as aforesaid, in connection with the context, intended to convey, and did convey, the idea that the said plaintiff, on the occasion referred to in that part of said publication, had acted

either in a most ungenerous or a most ungentlemanly manner, to wit, at the place and in the county aforesaid."

In an article commenting upon the writ, the editor, after repelling the charge, that his account of the trial was 'replete with errors of fact,' pointedly addressed his distinguished adversary thus:

"But, Fenimore, *do* hear reason a minute. This whole business is ridiculous. If you would *simply* sue those of the Press-gang who displease you, it would not be so bad; but you sue and write too, which is not the fair thing. What use in belittling the profession of Literature by appealing from its courts to those of Law? We ought to litigate *upward*, not down. Now, Fenimore, you push a very good quill of your own except when you attempt to be funny—there you break down. But in the way of cutting and slashing you are No. one, and you don't seem averse to it either. Then why not settle this difference at the point of the pen? We hereby tender you a column a day of The Tribune for ten days, promising to publish *verbatim* whatever you may write and put your name to—and to publish it in both our daily and weekly papers. You may give your view of the whole controversy between yourself and the Press, tell your story of the Ballston Trial, and cut us up to your heart's content. We will further agree not to write over two columns in reply to the whole. Now why is not this better than invoking the aid of John Doe and Richard Roe (no offense to Judge W. and your 'learned kinsman!') in the premises? Be wise, now, most chivalrous antagonist, and don't detract from the dignity of your profession!"

Mr. Cooper, we may infer, *became* wise; for the suit never came to trial; nor did he accept the Tribune's offer of a column a day for ten days. For one more editorial article on the subject room must be afforded, and with that, our chapter on the Cooperage of the Tribune may have an end.

"Our friend Fenimore Cooper, it will be remembered, chivalrously declared, in his summing up at Ballston, that if we were to sue him for a libel in asserting our personal uncomeliness, he should not plead the *General Issue*, but *Justify*. To a plain man, this would seem an easy and safe course. But let us try it: Fenimore has the audacity to say we are not handsome; we employ Richard—we presume he has no aversion to a good fee, even if made of the Editorial 'sixpences' Fenimore dilated on—and commence our action, laying the venue in St. Lawrence, Alleghany, or some other county where our personal appearance is not notorious; and, if the Judge should be a friend of ours, so much the better. Well: Fenimore boldly pleads *Justification*, thinking it as easy as not. But how is he to establish it? We of course should not be so

green as to attend the Trial in person on such an issue—no man is obliged to make out his adversary's case—but would leave it all to Richard, and the help the Judge might properly give him. So the case is on, and Fenimore undertakes the Justification, which of course admits and aggravates the libel; so our side is all made out. But let us see how *he* gets along: of course, he will not think of offering witnesses to swear point-blank that we are homely—that, if he did not know it, the Judge would soon tell him would be a simple *opinion*, which would not do to go to a Jury; he must present *facts*.

"*Fenimore.*—'Well, then, your Honor, I offer to prove by this witness that the plaintiff is tow-headed, and half bald at that; he is long-legged, gaunt, and most cadaverous of visage—*ergo*, homely.'

"*Judge.*— How does that follow? Light hair and fair face bespeak a purely Saxon ancestry, and were honorable in the good old days: *I* rule that they are comely. Thin locks bring out the phrenological developments, you see, and give dignity and massiveness to the aspect; and as to slenderness, what do our dandies lace for if *that* is not graceful? *They* ought to know what is attractive, I reckon. No, sir, your proof is irrelevant, and I rule it out.'

"*Fenimore* (the sweat starting).—'Well, your Honor, I have evidence to prove the said plaintiff slouching in dress; goes bent like a hoop, and so rocking in gait that he walks down both sides of a street at once.'

"*Judge.*—'*That* to prove homeliness? I hope you don't expect a man of ideas to spend his precious time before a looking-glass? It would be robbing the public. "Bent," do you say? Isn't the curve the true line of beauty, I'd like to know? Where were you brought up? As to walking, you don't expect "a man of mark," as you called him at Ballston, to be quite as dapper and pert as a footman, whose walk is his hourly study and his nightly dream and perfection the sum of his ambition! Great ideas of beauty *you* must have! That evidence won't answer.'

"Now, Fenimore, brother in adversity! wouldn't you begin to have a realizing sense of your awful situation? Wouldn't you begin to wish yourself somewhere else, and a great deal further, before you came into Court to justify legally an *opinion?* Wouldn't you begin to perceive that the application of the Law of Libel in its strictness to a mere expression of opinion is absurd, mistaken, and tyrannical?

"Of course, we shan't take advantage of your exposed and perilous condition, for we are meek and forgiving, with a hearty disrelish for the machinery of the law. But if we *had* a mind to take hold of you, with Richard to help us, and the Supreme Court's ruling in actions of libel at our back, *would n't* you catch it? We should get the whole Fund back again, and give a dinner to the numerous Editorial contributors. *That* dinner would be worth attending, Fenimore; and we'll warrant the jokes to average a good deal better than those you cracked in your speech at Ballston."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE TRIBUNE CONTINUES.

The Special Express system—Night adventures of Enoch Ward—Gig Express—Express from Halifax—Baulked by the snow-drifts—Party warfare then—Books published by Greeley and McElrath—Course of the Tribune—The Editor travels—Scenes in Washington—An incident of travel—Clay and Frelinghuysen—The exertions of Horace Greeley—Results of the defeat—The Tribune and Slavery—Burning of the Tribune Building—The Editor's reflections upon the fire.

WHAT gunpowder, improved fire-arms, and drilling have done for war, the railroad and telegraph have done for the daily press, namely, reduced success to an affair of calculation and expenditure. Twelve years ago, there was a chance for the display of individual enterprise, daring, prowess, in procuring news, and, above all, in being the *first* to announce it; which was, is, and ever will be, the point of competition with daily papers. Those were the days of the Special Expresses, which appear to have been run, regardless of expense, horseflesh, and safety, and in the running of which incredible things were achieved. Not reporters alone were then sent to remote places to report an expected speech. The reporters were accompanied, sometimes, by a rider, sometimes by a corps of printers with fonts of type, who set up the speech on the special steamboat as fast as the reporters could write it out, and had it ready for the press before the steamboat reached the city. Wonderful things were done by special express in those days; for the competition between the rival papers was intense beyond description.

Take these six paragraphs from the Tribune as the sufficient and striking record of a state of things long past away. They need no explanation or connecting remark. Perhaps they will astonish the young reader rather:

"The Governor's Message reached Wall street last evening, at nine. The contract was for three riders and ten relays of horses, and the Express was to start at 12 o'clock, M., and reach this city at 10 in the evening. It is not

known here whether the arrangements at the other end of the route were strictly adhered to; but if they were, and the Express started at the hour agreed upon, it came through in nine hours, making but a fraction less than eighteen miles an hour, which seems almost incredible. It is not impossible that it started somewhat before the time agreed upon, and quite likely that extra riders and horses were employed; but be that as it may, the dispatch is almost—if not quite—unparalleled in this country."

"Our express, (Mr. Enoch Ward,) with returns of the Connecticut Election, left New Haven Monday evening, in a light sulky, at twenty-five minutes before ten o'clock, having been detained thirty-five minutes by the non-arrival of the Express locomotive from Hartford. He reached Stamford—forty miles from New Haven—in three hours. Here it commenced snowing, and the night was so exceedingly dark that he could not travel without much risk. He kept on, however, with commendable zeal, determined not to be conquered by any ordinary obstacles. Just this side of New Rochelle, and while descending a hill, he had the misfortune to run upon a horse which was apparently standing still in the road. The horse was mounted by a man who must have been asleep; otherwise he would have got out of the way. The breast of the horse came in contact with the sulky between the wheel and the shaft. The effect of the concussion was to break the wheel of the sulky by wrenching out nearly all the spokes. The night was so dark that nothing whatever could be seen, and it is not known whether the horse and the stranger received any material injury. Mr. Ward then took the harness from his horse, mounted him without a saddle, and came on to this city, a distance of seventeen miles, arriving at five o'clock on Tuesday morning."

"It will be recollected that a great ado was made upon the receipt in this city of the Acadia's news by two of our journals, inasmuch as no other paper received the advices, one of them placarding the streets with announcements that the news was received by special and exclusive express. Now, the facts are these: The Acadia arrived at Boston at half-past three o'clock, the cars leaving at four; in coming to her wharf she struck her bow against the dock and immediately reversed her wheels, put out again into the bay, and did not reach her berth until past four. But two persons, belonging to the offices of the Atlas and Times, jumped on board at the moment the ship struck the wharf, obtained their packages, and threw them into the water, whence they were taken and put into a gig and taken to the depôt. 'Thus,' said the Commercial, from which we gather the facts stated above 'the gig was the "Special Express," and its tremendous run was from Long Wharf to the depôt—about one mile!'"

"The news by the next steamer is looked for with intense interest, and in

order to place it before our readers at an early moment, we made arrangements some weeks since to start a horse Express from Halifax across Nova Scotia to the Bay of Fundy, there to meet a powerful steamer which will convey our Agent and Messenger to Portland. At the latter place we run a Locomotive Express to Boston, whence we express it by steam and horse-power to New York. Should no unforeseen accident occur, we will be enabled by this Express to publish the news in New York some ten, or perhaps fifteen or twenty hours before the arrival of the steamer in Boston. The extent of this enterprise may in part be judged of by the fact, that we pay no less than Eighteen Hundred Dollars for the single trip of the steamer on the Bay of Fundy! It is but fair to add that, in this Express, we were joined from the commencement by the Sun of this city, and the North American of Philadelphia; and the Journal of Commerce has also since united with us in the enterprise."

"We were beaten with the news yesterday morning, owing to circumstances which no human energy could overcome. In spite of the great snow-storm, which covered Nova Scotia with drifts several feet high, impeding and often overturning our express-sleigh—in defiance of hard ice in the Bay of Fundy and this side, often 18 inches thick, through which our steamboat had to plow her way—we brought the news through to Boston in thirty-one hours from Halifax, several hours ahead of the Cambria herself. Thence it ought to have reached this city by 6 o'clock yesterday morning, in ample season to have gone south in the regular mail train. It was delayed, however, by unforeseen and unavoidable disasters, and only reached New Haven after it should have been in this city. From New Haven it was brought hither in *four hours and a half* by our ever-trusty rider, Enoch Ward, who never lets the grass grow to the heels of *his* horses. He came in a little after 11 o'clock, but the rival express had got in over two hours earlier, having made the shortest run from Boston on record."

"The Portland Bulletin has been unintentionally led into the gross error of believing the audacious fabrication that Bennett's express came through to this city in *seven* hours and five minutes from Boston, beating ours *five* or *six* hours! That express left Boston at 11 P. M. of Wednesday, and arrived here 20 minutes past 9 on Thursday—actual time on the road, over ten hours. The Bulletin further says that our express was *sixteen* hours on the road. No such thing. We lost some fifteen minutes at the ferry on the east side of Boston. Then a very short time (instead of an hour and a half, as is reported by the express) in finding our agent in Boston; then an hour in firing up an engine and getting away from Boston, where all should have been ready for us, but was not. The locomotive was over two hours in making the run to Worcester—42 miles—though the Herald runner who came through on the arrival of the Cambria

some time after, was carried over it in about half the time, with not one fourth the delay we encountered at the depôt in Boston. (We could *guess* how all this was brought about, but it would answer no purpose now.) At Worcester, Mr. Twitchell (whom our agent on this end had only been able to find on Tuesday, having been kept two days on the route to Boston by a storm, and then finding Mr. T. absent in New Hampshire) was found in bed, but got up and put off, intending to ride but one stage. At its end, however, he found the rider he had hired sick, and had to come along himself. At one stopping-place, he found his horse amiss, and had to buy one before he could proceed. When he reached Hartford (toward morning) there was no engine fired up, no one ready, and another hour was lost *there*. At New Haven our rider was asleep, and much time was lost in finding him and getting off. Thus we lost in delays, which *we* could not foresee or prevent, over *three hours* this side of Boston ferry,—the Cambria having arrived two or three days earlier than she was expected, before our arrangements could be perfected, and on the only night of the week that the rival express could have beaten even *our* bad time,—the Long Island Railroad being obstructed with snow both before and afterward. The Herald express came in at 20 minutes past 9; our express was here at 15 minutes past 12, or *less than three* hours afterward. Such are the facts. The express for the U. S. Gazette crossed the ferry to Jersey City at 10½ instead of 11½, as we mis-stated recently."

That will do for the curiosities of the Special Express. Another feature has vanished from the press of this country, since those paragraphs were written. The leading journals are no longer *party* journals. There are no parties; and this fact has changed the look, and tone, and manner of newspapers in a remarkable degree. As a curiosity of old-fashioned party politics, and as an illustration of the element in which and with which our hero was compelled occasionally to labor, I am tempted to insert here a few paragraphs of one of his day-of-the-election articles. Think of the Tribune of *to-day*, and judge of the various progress it and the country have made, since an article like the following could have seemed at home in its columns.

THE WARDS ARE AWAKE!

"OLD FIRST! Steady and true! A split on *men* has aroused her to bring out her whole force, which will tell nobly on the Mayor. Friends! fight out your Collector, split fairly, like men, and be good friends as ever at sunset to-day; but be sure not to throw away your Assistant Alderman. We set you down 600 for Robert Smith.

"SAUCY SECOND! Never a Loco has a look here! Our friends are united, and have done their work, though making no noise about it. We count on 400 for Smith.

"GALLANT THIRD! You are wanted for the full amount! Things are altogether too sleepy here. Why won't somebody run stump, or get up a volunteer ticket? We see that the Loco-Foco Collector *has Whig ballots printed with his name on them!* This ought to arouse all the friends of the clean Whig Ticket. Come out, Whigs of the Third! and pile up 700 majority for Robert Smith! One less is unworthy of you; and you can give more if you try. But let it go at 700."

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"BLOODY SIXTH! We won't tell all we hope from this ward, but we know Ald. CROLIUS is popular, as is OWEN W. BRENNAN, our Collector, and we feel quite sure of *their* election. We know that yesterday the Locos were afraid Shaler *would* decline, as they said his friends would vote for Crolius rather than Emmons, who is rather *too well known*. We concede 300 majority to Morris, but our friends can reduce it to 200 if they work right."

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"EMPIRE EIGHTH! shall your faithful GEDNEY be defeated? Has he not deserved better at your hands? And SWEET, too, he was foully cheated out of his election last year by Loco-Foco fire companies brought in from the Fifteenth, and prisoners imported from Blackwell's Island. *Eighteen* of them in one house! You owe it to your candidates to elect them—you owe it still more to yourselves—and yet your Collector quarrel makes us doubt a little. Whigs of the Eighth! resolve to carry your Alderman and you WILL! Any how, Robert Smith will have a majority—we'll state it moderately at 200."

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"BLOOMING TWELFTH! The Country Ward is steadily improving, politically as well as physically. The Whigs run their popular Alderman of last year; the Locos have made a most unpopular Ticket, which was only forced down the throats of many by virtue of the bludgeon. Heads were cracked like walnuts the night the ticket was agreed to. We say 50 for Smith, and the clean Whig ticket."

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"Whigs of New York! THE DAY IS YOURS IF YOU WILL! But if you skulk to your chimney corners and let such a man as ROBERT SMITH be beaten by *Robert H. Morris*, you will *deserve* to be cheated, plundered and trampled on as you have been. But, No! YOU WILL NOT! On for SMITH AND VICTORY!"

We now turn over, with necessary rapidity, the pages of the third and fourth volumes of the Tribune, pausing, here and there, when something of interest respecting its editor catches our eye.

Greeley and McElrath, we observe, are engaged, somewhat exten sively, in the business of publishing books. The Whig Almanac appears every year, and sells from fifteen to twenty thousand copies. It contains statistics without end, and much literature of what may be called the Franklin School—short, practical articles on agriculture, economy, and morals. 'Travels on the Prairies,' Ellsworth's 'Agricultural Geology,' 'Lardner's Lectures,' 'Life and Speeches of Henry Clay,' 'Tracts on the Tariff' by Horace Greeley, 'The Farmers' Library,' are among the works published by Greeley and McElrath in the years 1843 and 1844. The business was not profitable, I believe, and gradually the firm relinquished all their publications, except only the Tribune and Almanac. September 1st, 1843, the Evening Tribune began; the Semi-Weekly, May 17th, 1845.

Carlyle's Past and Present, one of the three or four Great Books of the present generation, was published in May 1843, from a private copy, entrusted to the charge of Mr. R. W. Emerson. The Tribune saw its merit, and gave the book a cordial welcome. "This is a great book, a noble book," it said, in a second notice, "and we take blame to ourself for having rashly asserted, before we had read it thoroughly, that the author, keen-sighted at discovering Social evils and tremendous in depicting them, was yet blind as to their appropriate remedies. He *does* see and indicate those remedies—not entirely and in detail, but in spirit and in substance very clearly and forcibly. There has no new work of equal practical value with this been put forth by any writer of eminence within the century. Although specially addressed to and treating of the People of England, its thoughts are of immense value and general application here, and we hope many thousand copies of the work will instantly be put into circulation."

Later in the year the Tribune introduced to the people of the United States, the system of Water-Cure, copying largely from European journals, and dilating in many editorial articles on the manifold and unsuspected virtues of cold water. The Erie Railroad—that gigantic enterprise—had then and afterwards a powerful friend and advocate in the Tribune. In behalf of the unemployed poor, the Tribune spoke wisely, feelingly, and often. To the new Native American Party, it gave no quarter. For Irish Repeal, it fought like a tiger. For Protection and Clay, it could not say enough. Upon

farmers it urged the duty and policy of high farming. To the strong unemployed young men of cities, it said repeatedly and in various terms, 'Go forth into the Fields and Labor with your Hands.'

In the autumn, Mr. Greeley made a tour of four weeks in the Far West, and wrote letters to the Tribune descriptive and suggestive. In December, he spent a few days in Washington, and gave a sorry account of the state of things in that 'magnificent mistake.'

"To a new comer," he wrote, "the Capitol wears an imposing appearance: Nay, more. Let him view it for the first time by daylight, with the flag of the Union floating proudly above it, (indicating that Congress is in session,) and, if he be an American, I defy him to repress a swelling of the heart—a glow of enthusiastic feeling. Under these free-flowing Stripes and Stars the Representatives of the Nation are assembled in Council—under the emblem of the National Sovereignty is in action the collective energy and embodiment of that Sovereignty. Proud recollections of beneficent and glorious events come thronging thickly upon him—of the Declaration of Independence, the struggles of the Revolution, and the far more glorious peaceful advances of the eagles of Freedom from the Alleghanies to the Falls of St Anthony and the banks of the Osage. An involuntary cheer rushes from his heart to his lips, and he hastens at once to the Halls of Legislation to witness and listen to the displays of patriotic foresight, wisdom and eloquence, there evolved.

"But here his raptures are chilled *instanter*. Entering the Capitol, he finds its passages a series of blind, gloomy, and crooked labyrinths, through which a stranger threads his devious way with difficulty, and not at all without inquiry and direction, to the door of the Senate or House. Here he is met, as everywhere through the edifice, by swarms of superserviceable underlings, numerous as the frogs of Egypt, eager to manifest their official zeal and usefulness by keeping him out or kicking him out again. He retires disgusted, and again threads the bewildering maze to the gallery, where (if of the House) he can only look down on the noisy Bedlam in action below him—somebody speaking and nobody listening, but a buzz of conversation, the trotting of boys, the walking about of members, the writing and folding of letters, calls to order, cries of question, calls for Yeas and Nays, &c., give him large opportunities for headache, meager ones for edification. Half an hour will usually cure him of all passion for listening to debates in the House. There are, of course, occasions when it is a privilege to be here, but I speak of the general scene and impression.

"To-day, but more especially yesterday, a deplorable spectacle has been presented here—a glaring exemplification of the terrible growth and diffusion of office-begging. The Loco-Foco House has ordered a clean sweep of all its underlings—door-keepers, porters, messengers, wood-carriers, &c., &c. I can

nothing for this, so far as the turned-out are concerned—let them earn a living, like other folks—but the swarms of aspirants that invaded every avenue and hall of the Capitol, making doubly hideous the dissonance of its hundred echoes, were dreadful to contemplate. Here were hundreds of young boys, from twenty down to twelve years of age, deep in the agonies of this debasing game, ear-wigging and button-holding, talking of the services of their fathers or brothers to 'the party,' and getting members to intercede for them with the appointing power. The new door-keeper was in distraction, and had to hide behind the Speaker's chair, where he could not be hunted except by proxy.

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"The situation of the greater number of Clerks in the departments and other subordinate office-holders here is deplorable. No matter what are their respective salaries, the great mass of them are always behind-hand and getting more so. When one is dismissed from office, he has no resource, and no ability to wait for any, and considers himself, not unnaturally, a ruined man. He usually begs to be reinstated, and his wife writes or goes to the President or Secretary to cry him back into place with an 'ower-true tale' of a father without hope and children without bread; if repulsed, their prospect is dreary indeed. Where office is the sole resource, and its retention dependent on another's interest or caprice, there is no slave so pitiable as the officer.

"Of course, where every man's livelihood is dependent on a game of chance and intrigue, outright gambling is frightfully prevalent. This city is full of it in every shape, from the flaunting lottery-office on every corner to the secret card-room in every dark recess. Many who come here for office lose their last cent in these dens, and have to borrow the means of getting away. Such is Washington."

One incident of travel, and we turn to the next volume. It occurred on 'a Sound steamboat' in the year of our Lord, 1843:

"Two cleanly, well-behaved black men, who had just finished a two years' term of service to their country on a ship-of-war, were returning from Boston to their homes in this city. They presented their tickets, showing that they had paid full passage through at Boston, and requested berths. But there was no place provided for blacks on the boat; they could not be admitted to the common cabin, and the clerk informed them that they must walk the deck all night, returning them seventy-five cents of their passage-money. We saw the captain, and remonstrated on their behalf, and were convinced that the fault was not his. There was no space on the boat for a room specially for blacks (which would probably cost $20 for every $1 it yielded, as it would rarely be required, and he could not put whites into it); he had tried to make such a room, but could find no place; and he but a few days before gave

a berth in the cabin to a decent, cleanly colored man, when the other passengers appointed a committee to wait on him, and tell him that would not answer—so he had to turn out the 'nigger' to pace the deck through the night, count the slow hours, and reflect on the glorious privilege of living in a land of liberty, where Slavery and tyranny are demolished, and all men are free and equal!

"Such occurrences as this might make one ashamed of Human Nature. We do not believe there is a steamboat in the South where a negro passing a night upon it would not have found a place to sleep."

The year 1844 was the year of Clay and Frelinghuysen, Polk and Dallas, the year of Nativism and the Philadelphia riots, the year of delirious hope and deep despair, the year that finished one era of politics and began another, the year of Margaret Fuller and the burning of the Tribune office, the year when Horace Greeley showed his friends how hard a man can work, how little he can sleep, and yet live. The Tribune began its fourth volume on the tenth of April, enlarged one-third in size, with new type, and a modest flourish of trumpets. It returned thanks to the public for the liberal support which had been extended to it from the beginning of its career. "Our gratitude," said the editor, "is the deeper from our knowledge that many of the views expressed through our columns are unacceptable to a large proportion of our readers. We know especially that our advocacy of measures intended to meliorate the social condition of the toiling millions (not the purpose, but the means), our ardent sympathy with the people of Ireland in their protracted, arduous, peaceful struggle to recover some portion of the common rights of man, and our opposition to the legal extinction of human life, are severally or collectively regarded with extreme aversion by many of our steadfast patrons, whose liberality and confidence is gratefully appreciated." To the Whig party, of which it was "not an organ, but an humble advocate," its "obligations were many and profound." The Tribune, in fact, had become the leading Whig paper of the country.

Horace Greeley had long set his heart upon the election of Henry Clay to the presidency; and for some special reasons besides the general one of his belief that the policy identified with the name of Henry Clay was the true policy of the government. Henry Clay was one of the heroes of his boyhood's admiration. Yet, in 1840

believing that Clay could not be elected, he had used his influence to promote the nomination of Gen. Harrison. Then came the death of the president, the 'apostasy' of Tyler, and his pitiful attempts to secure a re-election. The annexation of Texas loomed up in the distance, and the repeal of the tariff of 1842. For these and other reasons, Horace Greeley was inflamed with a desire to behold once more the triumph of his party, and to see the long career of the eminent Kentuckian crowned with its suitable, its coveted reward. For this he labored as few men have ever labored for any but personal objects. He attended the convention at Baltimore that nominated the Whig candidates—one of the largest (and quite the most excited) political assemblages that ever were gathered in this country. During the summer, he addressed political meetings three, four, five, six times a week. He travelled far and wide, advising, speaking, and in every way urging on the cause. He wrote, on an average, *four columns a day* for the Tribune. He answered, on an average, twenty letters a day. He wrote to such an extent that his right arm broke out into biles, and, at one time, there were twenty between the wrist and the elbow. He lived, at that time, a long distance from the office, and many a hot night he protracted his labors till the last omnibus had gone, and he was obliged to trudge wearily home, after sixteen hours of incessant and intense exertion. The whigs were very confident. They were *sure* of victory. But Horace Greeley knew the country better. If every Whig had worked as he worked, how different had been the result! how different the subsequent history of the country! how different its future! We had had no annexation of Texas, no Mexican war, no tinkering of the tariff to keep the nation provincially dependent on Europe, no Fugitive Slave Law, no Pierce, no Douglas, no Nebraska!

The day before the election, the Tribune had a paragraph which shows how excited and how anxious its editor was: "Give to-morrow," he said, "*entirely* to your country. Grudge her not a moment of the daylight. Let not a store or shop be opened—nobody can want to trade or work till the contest is decided. It needs every man of us, and our utmost exertions, to save the CITY, the STATE and the UNION. A tremendous responsibility rests upon us —an electrifying victory or calamitous defeat awaits us. *Two days* only are before us. Action! Action!" On the morning of the de-

cisive day, he said, "Don't mind the rain. It may be bad weather, but nothing to what the election of Polk would bring upon us. Let no Whig be deterred by rain from doing his whole duty! Who values his coat more than his country?"

All in vain. The returns came in slowly to what they now do. The result of a presidential election is now known in New York within a few hours of the closing of the polls. But then it was three days before the whigs certainly knew that Harry of the West had been beaten by Polk of Tennessee, before Americans knew that *their* voice in the election of president was not the controlling one.

"Each morning," said the Tribune, a few days after the result was known, "convincing proofs present themselves of the horrid effects of Loco-focoism, in the election of Mr. Polk. Yesterday it was a countermanding of orders for $8000 worth of stoves; to-day the Pittsburg Gazette says, that two Scotch gentlemen who arrived in that city last June, with a capital of £12,000, which they wished to invest in building a large factory for the manufacture of woolen fabrics, left for Scotland, when they learnt that the Anti-Tariff champion was elected. They will return to the rough hills of Scotland, build a factory, and pour their goods into this country when Polk and his break-down party shall consummate their political iniquity. These are the small first-fruits of Polk's election, the younglings of the flock,—mere hints of the confusion and difficulties which will rush down in an overwhelming flood, after the Polk machine gets well in motion."

The election of Polk and Dallas changed the tone of the Tribune on one important subject. Until the threatened annexation of Texas, which the result of this election made a certainty, the Tribune had meddled little with the question of slavery. To the *silliness* of slavery as an institution, to its infinite absurdity and impolicy, to the marvelous stupidity of the South in clinging to it with such pertinacity, Horace Greeley had always been keenly alive. But he had rather deprecated the agitation of the subject at the North, as tending to the needless irritation of the southern mind, as more likely to rivet than to unloose the shackles of the slave. It was not till slavery became aggressive, it was not till the machinery of politics was moved but with the single purpose of adding slave States to the Union, slave members to Congress, that the Tribune

assumed an attitude of hostility to the South, and its pet Blunder To a southerner who wrote about this time, inquiring what right the North had to intermeddle with slavery, the Tribune replied, that "when we find the Union on the brink of a most unjust and rapacious war, instigated wholly (as is officially proclaimed) by a determination to uphold and fortify Slavery, then we do not see how it can longer be rationally disputed that the North has much, very much, to do with Slavery. If we may be drawn in to fight for it, it would be hard indeed that we should not be allowed to talk of it." Thenceforth, the Tribune fought the aggressions of the slave power, inch by inch.

The Tribune continued on its way, triumphant in spite of the loss of the election, till the morning of Feb. 5th, 1845, when it had the common New York experience of being burnt out. It shall tell its own story of the catastrophe:

"At 4 o'clock, yesterday morning, a boy in our employment entered our publication office, as usual, and kindled a fire in the stove for the day, after which he returned to the mailing-room below, and resumed folding newspapers. Half an hour afterward a clerk, who slept on the counter of the publication office, was awoke by a sensation of heat, and found the room in flames. He escaped with a slight scorching A hasty effort was made by two or three persons to extinguish the fire by casting water upon it, but the fierce wind then blowing rushed in as the doors were opened, and drove the flames through the building with inconceivable rapidity. Mr. Graham and our clerk, Robert M. Strebeigh, were sleeping in the second story, until awakened by the roar of the flames, their room being full of smoke and fire. The door and stairway being on fire, they escaped with only their night-clothes, by jumping from a rear window, each losing a gold watch, and Mr. Graham nearly $500 in cash, which was in his pocket-book under his pillow. Robert was somewhat cut in the face, on striking the ground, but not seriously. In our printing-office, fifth story, two compositors were at work making up the Weekly Tribune for the press, and had barely time to escape before the stairway was in flames. In the basement our pressmen were at work on the Daily Tribune of the morning and had printed about three-fourths of the edition. The balance of course went with everything else, including a supply of paper, and the Weekly Tribune, printed on one side. A few books were hastily caught up and saved, but nothing else—not even the daily form, on which the pressmen were working So complete a destruction of a daily newspaper office was never known. From the editorial rooms, not a paper was saved; and, besides all the editor's own

manuscripts, correspondence, and collection of valuable books, some manuscripts belonging to friends, of great value to them, are gone.

"Our loss, so far as money can replace it, is about $18,000, of which $10,000 was covered by insurance. The loss of property which insurance would not cover, we feel more keenly. If our mail-books come out whole from our Salamander safe, now buried among the burning ruins, we shall be gratefully content.

"It is usual on such occasions to ask, 'Why were you not fully insured?' It was impossible, from the nature of our business, that we should be so; and no man could have imagined that such an establishment, in which men were constantly at work night and day, could be wholly consumed by fire. There has not been another night, since the building was put up, when it could have been burned down, even if deliberately fired for that purpose. But when this fire broke out, under a strong gale and snow-storm of twenty-four hours' continuance, which had rendered the streets impassable, it was well-nigh impossible to drag an engine at all. Some of them could not be got out of their houses; others were dragged a few rods and then given up of necessity; and those which reached the fire found the nearest hydrant frozen up, and only to be opened with an axe. Meantime, the whole building was in a blaze."

The mail books were saved in the 'roasted Herring.' The proprietors of the morning papers, even those most inimical, editorially, to the Tribune, placed their superfluous materials at its disposal. An office was hired temporarily. Type was borrowed and bought. All hands worked 'with a will.' The paper appeared the next morning at the usual hour, and the number was one of the best of that volume. In three months, the office was rebuilt on improved plans, and provided with every facility then known for the issue of a daily paper. These were The Tribune's 'Reflections over the Fire,' published a few days after its occurrence:

"We have been called, editorially, to scissor out a great many fires, both small and great, and have done so with cool philosophy, not reflecting how much to some one man the little paragraph would most assuredly mean. The late complete and summary burning up of our office, licked up clean as it was by the red flames, in a few hours, has taught us a lesson on this head. Aside from all pecuniary loss, how great is the suffering produced by a fire! A hundred little articles of no use to any one save the owner, things that people would look at day after day, and see nothing in, that we ourselves have contemplated with cool indifference, now that they are irrevocably destroyed, come up in the shape of reminiscences, and seem as if they had been worth their weight in gold.

"We would not indulge in unnecessary sentiment, but even the old desk at which we sat, the ponderous inkstand, the familiar faces of files of Correspondence the choice collection of pamphlets, the unfinished essay, the charts by which we steered—can they all have vanished, never more to be seen? Truly your fire makes clean work, and is, of all executive officers, super-eminent. Perhaps that last choice batch of letters may be somewhere on file; we are almost tempted to cry, 'Devil! find it up!' Poh! it is a mere cinder now; some

"'Fathoms deep my letter lies;
Of its lines is tinder made.'

"No Arabian tale can cradle a wilder fiction, or show better how altogether illusory life is. Those solid walls of brick, those five decent stories, those steep and difficult stairs, the swinging doors, the Sanctum, scene of many a deep political drama, of many a pathetic tale, utterly whiffed out, as one summarily snuffs out a spermaceti on retiring for the night. And all perfectly true.

"One always has some private satisfaction in his own particular misery Consider what a night it was that burnt us out, that we were conquered by the elements, went up in flames heroically on the wildest, windiest, stormiest night these dozen years, not by any fault of human enterprise, but fairly conquered by stress of weather;—there was a great flourish of trumpets at all events.

"And consider, above all, that Salamander safe; how, after all, the fire, assisted by the elements, only came off second best, not being able to reduce that safe into ashes. That is the streak of sunshine through the dun wreaths of smoke, the combat of human ingenuity against the desperate encounter of the seething heat. But those boots, and Webster's Dictionary—well! we *were* handsomely whipped there, we acknowledge."

CHAPTER XVIII.

MARGARET FULLER.

Her writings in the Tribune—She resides with Mr. Greeley—His narrative—Dietetic Sparring—Her manner of writing—Woman's Rights—Her generosity—Her independence—Her love of children—Margaret and Pickie—Her opinion of Mr. Greeley—Death of Pickie.

MARGARET FULLER'S first article in the Tribune, a review of Emerson's Essays, appeared on the seventh of December, 1844; her

last, "Farewell to New York," was published August 1st, 1846, on the eve of her departure for Europe. From Europe, however, she sent many letters to the Tribune, and continued occasionally, though at ever-increasing intervals, to correspond with the paper down nearly to the time of her embarkation for her native land in 1850.

During the twenty months of her connection with the Tribune, she wrote, on an average, three articles a week. Many of them were long and elaborate, extending, in several instances, to three and four columns; and, as they were Essays upon authors, rather than Reviews of Books, she indulged sparingly in extract. Among her literary articles, we observe essays upon Milton, Shelley, Carlyle, George Sand, the countess Hahn Hahn, Sue, Balzac, Charles Wesley, Longfellow, Richter, and other magnates. She wrote, also, a few musical and dramatic critiques. Among her general contributions, were essays upon the Rights, Wrongs, and Duties of Women, a defense of the 'Irish Character,' articles upon 'Christmas,' 'New Year's Day,' 'French Gayety,' 'the Poor Man,' 'the Rich Man,' 'What fits a man to be a Voter'—genial, fresh, and suggestive essays all. Her defense of the Irish character was very touching and just. Her essay on George Sand was discriminating and courageous. She dared to speak of her as 'one of the best exponents of the difficulties, the errors, the weaknesses, and regenerative powers of the present epoch.' "Let no man," continued Miss Fuller, "confound the bold unreserve of Sand with that of those who have lost the feeling of beauty and the love of good. With a bleeding heart and bewildered feet she sought the Truth, and if she lost the way, returned as soon as convinced she had done so, but she would never hide the fact that she had lost it. 'What God knows I dare avow to man,' seems to be her motto. It is impossible not to see in her, not only the distress and doubts of the intellect, but the temptations of a sensual nature; but we see, too, the courage of a hero, and a deep capacity for religion. The mixed nature, too, fits her peculiarly to speak to men so diseased as men are at present. They feel she knows their ailment, and, if she finds a cure, it will really be by a specific remedy."

To give George Sand her due, ten years ago, required more courage in a reviewer than it would now to withhold it.

Margaret Fuller, in the knowledge of literature, was the most

learned woman of her country, perhaps of her time. Her understanding was greater than her gift. She could appreciate, not create. She was the noblest victim of that modern error, which makes Education and Book-knowledge synonymous terms. Her brain was terribly stimulated in childhood by the study of works utterly unfit for the nourishment of a child's mind, and in after life, it was further stimulated by the adulation of circles who place the highest value upon Intelligence, and no value at all upon Wisdom. It cost her the best years of her life to unlearn the errors, and to overcome the mental habits of her earlier years. But she did it. Her triumph was complete. She attained modesty, serenity, disinterestedness, self-control. "The spirit in which we work," says Goëthe, "is the highest matter." What charms and blesses the reader of Margaret Fuller's essays, is not the knowledge they convey, nor the understanding they reveal, but the ineffably sweet, benign, tenderly humane and serenely high *spirit* which they breathe in every paragraph and phrase.

During a part of the time of her connection with the Tribune, Miss Fuller resided at Mr. Greeley's house, on the banks of the East river, opposite the lower end of Blackwell's island. "This place," she wrote, "is to me entirely charming; it is so completely in the country, and all around is so bold and free. It is two miles or more from the thickly-settled parts of New York, but omnibuses and cars give me constant access to the city, and, while I can readily see what and whom I will, I can command time and retirement. Stopping on the Harlem road, you enter a lane nearly a quarter of a mile long, and going by a small brook and pond that locks in the place, and ascending a slightly rising ground, get sight of the house, which, old-fashioned and of mellow tint, fronts on a flower-garden filled with shrubs, large vines, and trim box borders. On both sides of the house are beautiful trees, standing fair, full-grown, and clear. Passing through a wide hall, you come out upon a piazza, stretching the whole length of the house, where one can walk in all weathers. * * The beauty here, seen by moonlight, is truly transporting. I enjoy it greatly, and the *genius loci* receives me as to a home."

Mr. Greeley has written a singularly interesting account of the rise and progress of his friendship with Margaret Fuller, which was

published, a few years ago, in her fascinating memoirs. A man *is*, in a degree, that which he loves to praise; and the narrative referred to, tells much of Margaret Fuller, but more of Horace Greeley. Whatever else should be omitted from this volume, that should not be; and it is, accordingly, presented here without abridgment.

"My first acquaintance with Margaret Fuller was made through the pages of *The Dial*. The lofty range and rare ability of that work, and its un-American richness of culture and ripeness of thought, naturally filled the fit audience, though few,' with a high estimate of those who were known as its conductors and principal writers. Yet I do not now remember that any article, which strongly impressed me, was recognized as from the pen of its female editor, prior to the appearance of 'The Great Law-suit,' afterward matured into the volume more distinctively, yet not quite accurately, entitled 'Woman in the Nineteenth Century.' I think this can hardly have failed to make a deep impression on the mind of every thoughtful reader, as the production of an original, vigorous and earnest mind. 'Summer on the Lakes,' which appeared some time after that essay, though before its expansion into a book, struck me as less ambitious in its aim, but more graceful and delicate in its execution; and as one of the clearest and most graphic delineations ever given of the Great Lakes, of the Prairies, and of the receding barbarism, and the rapidly-advancing, but rude, repulsive semi-civilization, which were contending with most unequal forces for the possession of those rich lands. I still consider 'Summer on the Lakes' unequaled, especially in its pictures of the Prairies, and of the sunnier aspects of Pioneer life.

"Yet, it was the suggestion of Mrs. Greeley—who had spent some weeks of successive seasons in or near Boston, and who had there made the personal acquaintance of Miss Fuller, and formed a very high estimate of and warm attachment for her—that induced me, in the autumn of 1844, to offer her terms, which were accepted, for her assistance in the literary department of *The Tribune*. A home in my family was included in the stipulation. I was myself barely acquainted with her when she thus came to reside with us, and I did not fully appreciate her nobler qualities for some months afterward. Though we were members of the same household, we scarcely met save at breakfast: and my time and thoughts were absorbed in duties and cares, which left me little leisure or inclination for the amenities of social intercourse. Fortune seemed to delight in placing us two in relations of friendly antagonism—or rather, to develop all possible contrasts in our ideas and social habits. She was naturally inclined to luxury, and a good appearance before the world. My pride, if I had any, delighted in bare walls and rugged fare. She was addicted to strong tea and coffee, both of which I rejected and condemned, even in the most homeopathic dilutions; while, my general health

being sound, and hers sadly impaired, I could not fail to find in her dietetic habits the causes of her almost habitual illness; and once, while we were still barely acquainted, when she came to the breakfast-table with a very severe headache, I was tempted to attribute it to her strong potations of the Chinese leaf the night before. She told me quite frankly that she 'declined being lectured on the food or beverage she saw fit to take,' which was but reasonable in one who had arrived at her maturity of intellect and fixedness of habits. So the subject was thenceforth tacitly avoided between us; but, though words were suppressed, looks and involuntary gestures could not so well be; and an utter divergency of views on this and kindred themes created a perceptible distance between us.

"Her earlier contributions to The Tribune were not her best, and I did not at first prize her aid so highly as I afterward learned to do. She wrote always freshly, vigorously, but not always clearly; for her full and intimate acquaintance with continental literature, especially German, seemed to have marred her felicity and readiness of expression in her mother tongue. While I never met another woman who conversed more freely or lucidly, the attempt to commit her thoughts to paper seemed to induce a singular embarrassment and hesitation. She could write only when in the vein, and this needed often to be waited for through several days, while the occasion sometimes required an immediate utterance. The new book must be reviewed before other journals had thoroughly dissected and discussed it, else the ablest critique would command no general attention, and perhaps be, by the greater number, unread. That the writer should wait the flow of inspiration, or at least the recurrence of elasticity of spirits and relative health of body, will not seem unreasonable to the general reader; but to the inveterate hack-horse of the daily press, accustomed to write at any time, on any subject, and with a rapidity limited only by the physical ability to form the requisite pen-strokes, the notion of waiting for a brighter day, or a happier frame of mind, appears fantastic and absurd. He would as soon think of waiting for a change in the moon. Hence, while I realized that her contributions evinced rare intellectual wealth and force, I did not value them as I should have done had they been written more fluently and promptly. They often seemed to make their appearance 'a day after the fair.'

"One other point of tacit antagonism between us may as well be noted. Margaret was always a most earnest, devoted champion of the Emancipation of Women from their past and present condition of inferiority, to an independence of Men. She demanded for them the fullest recognition of Social and Political Equality with the rougher sex; the freest access to all stations, professions, employments, which are open to any. To this demand I heartily acceded. It seemed to me, however, that her clear perceptions of abstract right were often overborne, in practice, by the influence of education and habit; that while she demanded absolute equality for Woman, she exacted a

deference and courtesy from men to women, *as* women, which was entirely inconsistent with that requirement. In my view, the equalizing theory can be enforced only by ignoring the habitual discrimination of men and women, as forming separate *classes*, and regarding all alike as simply *persons*,—as human beings. So long as a lady shall deem herself in need of some gentleman's arm to conduct her properly out of a dining or ball-room,—so long as she shall consider it dangerous or unbecoming to walk half a mile alone by night,—I cannot see how the 'Woman's Rights' theory is ever to be anything more than a logically defensible abstraction. In this view Margaret did not at all concur, and the diversity was the incitement to much perfectly good-natured, but nevertheless sharpish sparring between us. Whenever she said or did anything implying the usual demand of Woman on the courtesy and protection of Manhood, I was apt, before complying, to look her in the face and exclaim with marked emphasis,—quoting from her 'Woman in the Nineteenth Century,'—'LET THEM BE SEA-CAPTAINS IF THEY WILL!' Of course, this was given and received as raillery, but it did not tend to ripen our intimacy or quicken my esteem into admiration. Though no unkind word ever passed between us, nor any approach to one, yet we two dwelt for months under the same roof, as scarcely more than acquaintances, meeting once a day at a common board, and having certain business relations with each other. Personally, I regarded her rather as my wife's cherished friend than as my own, possessing many lofty qualities and some prominent weaknesses, and a good deal spoiled by the unmeasured flattery of her little circle of inordinate admirers. For myself, burning no incense on any human shrine, I half-consciously resolved to 'keep my eye-beam clear,' and escape the fascination which she seemed to exert over the eminent and cultivated persons, mainly women, who came to our out-of-the-way dwelling to visit her, and who seemed generally to regard her with a strangely Oriental adoration.

"But as time wore on, and I became inevitably better and better acquainted with her, I found myself drawn, almost irresistibly, into the general current. I found that her faults and weaknesses were all superficial and obvious to the most casual, if undazzled, observer. They rather dwindled than expanded upon a fuller knowledge; or rather, took on new and brighter aspects in the light of her radiant and lofty soul. I learned to know her as a most fearless and unselfish champion of Truth and Human Good at all hazards, ready to be their standard-bearer through danger and obloquy, and if need be, their martyr. I think few have more keenly appreciated the material goods of life,—Rank, Riches, Power, Luxury, Enjoyment; but I know none who would have more cheerfully surrendered them all, if the well-being of our Race could thereby have been promoted. I have never met another in whom the inspiring hope of Immortality was so strengthened into profoundest conviction. She did not *believe* in our future and unending existence,—she *knew* it, and lived ever in the broad glare of its morning twilight. With

a limited income and liberal wants, she was yet generous beyond the bounds of reason. Had the gold of California been all her own, she would have disbursed nine-tenths of it in eager and well-directed efforts to stay, or at least diminish, the flood of human misery. And it is but fair to state, that the liberality she evinced was fully paralleled by the liberality she experienced at the hands of others. Had she needed thousands, and made her wants known she had friends who would have cheerfully supplied her. I think few persons, in their pecuniary dealings, have experienced and evinced more of the better qualities of human nature than Margaret Fuller. She seemed to inspire those who approached her with that generosity which was a part of her nature.

"Of her writings I do not propose to speak critically. I think most of her contributions to the Tribune, while she remained with us, were characterized by a directness, terseness, and practicality, which are wanting in some of her earlier productions. Good judges have confirmed my own opinion, that while her essays in the Dial are more elaborate and ambitious, her reviews in the Tribune are far better adapted to win the favor and sway the judgment of the great majority of readers. But, one characteristic of her writings I feel bound to commend,—their absolute truthfulness. She never asked how this would sound, nor whether that would do, nor what would be the effect of saying anything; but simply, 'Is it the truth? Is it such as the public should know?' And if her judgment answered, 'Yes,' she uttered it; no matter what turmoil it might excite, nor what odium it might draw down on her own head. Perfect conscientiousness was an unfailing characteristic of her literary efforts. Even the severest of her critiques,—that on Longfellow's Poems,—for which an impulse in personal pique has been alleged, I happen with certainty to know had no such origin. When I first handed her the book to review, she excused herself, assigning the wide divergence of her views of Poetry from those of the author and his school, as her reason. She thus induced me to attempt the task of reviewing it myself. But day after day sped by, and I could find no hour that was not absolutely required for the performance of some duty that *would not* be put off, nor turned over to another. At length I carried the book back to her in utter despair of ever finding an hour in which even to look through it; and, at my renewed and earnest request, she reluctantly undertook its discussion. The statement of these facts is but an act of justice to her memory.

"Profoundly religious,—though her creed was, at once, very broad and very short, with a genuine love for inferiors in social position, whom she was habitually studying, by her counsel and teachings, to elevate and improve,—she won the confidence and affection of those who attracted her, by unbounded sympathy and trust. She probably knew the cherished secrets of more hearts than any one else, because she freely imparted her own. With a full share both of intellectual and of family pride, she pre-eminently recognized and re-

sponded to the essential brotherhood of all human kind, and needed but to know that a fellow-being required her counsel or assistance, to render her, not merely willing, but eager to impart it. Loving ease, luxury, and the world's good opinion, she stood ready to renounce them all, at the call of pity or of duty. I think no one, not radically averse to the whole system of domestic servitude, would have treated servants, of whatever class, with such uniform and thoughtful consideration,—a regard which wholly merged their factitious condition in their antecedent and permanent humanity. I think few servants ever lived weeks with her, who were not dignified and lastingly benefited by her influence and her counsels They might be at first repelled, by what seemed her too stately manner and exacting disposition, but they soon learned to esteem and love her.

"I have known few women, and scarcely another maiden, who had the heart and the courage to speak with such frank compassion, in mixed circles of the most degraded and outcast portion of the sex. The contemplation of their treatment, especially by the guilty authors of their ruin, moved her to a calm and mournful indignation, which she did not attempt to suppress nor control. Others were willing to pity and deplore; Margaret was more inclined to vindicate and to redeem. She did not hesitate to avow that on meeting some of these abused, unhappy sisters, she had been surprised to find them scarcely fallen morally below the ordinary standard of Womanhood,—realizing and loathing their debasement; anxious to escape it; and only repelled by the sad consciousness that for them sympathy and society remained only so long as they should persist in the ways of pollution. Those who have read her 'Woman,' may remember some daring comparisons therein suggested between these Pariahs of society and large classes of their respectable sisters; and that was no fitful expression,—no sudden outbreak,—but impelled by her most deliberate convictions. I think, if she had been born to large fortune, a house of refuge for all female outcasts desiring to return to the ways of Virtue, would have been one of her most cherished and first realized conceptions.

"Her love of children was one of her most prominent characteristics. The pleasure she enjoyed in their society was fully counterpoised by that she imparted. To them she was never lofty, nor reserved, nor mystical; for no one had ever a more perfect faculty for entering into their sports, their feelings, their enjoyments. She could narrate almost any story in language level to their capacities, and in a manner calculated to bring out their hearty and often boisterously-expressed delight. She possessed marvelous powers of observation and imitation or mimicry; and, had she been attracted to the stage, would have been the first actress America has produced, whether in tragedy or comedy. Her faculty of mimicking was not needed to commend her to the hearts of children, but it had its effect in increasing the fascinations of her genial nature and her heartfelt joy in their society. To amuse and instruct them

was an achievement for which she would readily forego any personal object; and her intuitive perception of the toys, games, stories, rhymes, &c., best adapted to arrest and enchain their attention, was unsurpassed. Between her and my only child, then living, who was eight months old when she came to us, and something over two years when she sailed for Europe, tendrils of affection gradually intertwined themselves, which I trust Death has not severed, but rather multiplied and strengthened. She became his teacher, playmate, and monitor; and he requited her with a prodigality of love and admiration.

"I shall not soon forget their meeting in my office, after some weeks' separation, just before she left us forever. His mother had brought him in from the country, and left him asleep on my sofa, while she was absent making purchases, and he had rolled off and hurt himself in the fall, waking with the shock in a frenzy of anger, just before Margaret, hearing of his arrival, rushed into the office to find him. I was vainly attempting to soothe him as she entered; but he was running from one end to the other of the office, crying passionately, and refusing to be pacified. She hastened to him, in perfect confidence that her endearments would calm the current of his feelings,—that the sound of her well-remembered voice would banish all thought of his pain,—and that another moment would see him restored to gentleness; but, half-wakened, he did not heed her, and probably did not even realize who it was that caught him repeatedly in her arms and tenderly insisted that he should restrain himself. At last she desisted in despair; and, with the bitter tears streaming down her face, observed:—'Pickie, many friends have treated me unkindly, but no one had ever the power to cut me to the heart as you have!' Being thus let alone, he soon came to himself, and their mutual delight in the meeting was rather heightened by the momentary estrangement.

"They had one more meeting; the last on earth! 'Aunty Margaret' was to embark for Europe on a certain day, and 'Pickie' was brought into the city to bid her farewell. They met this time also at my office, and together we thence repaired to the ferry-boat, on which she was returning to her residence in Brooklyn to complete her preparations for the voyage. There they took a tender and affecting leave of each other. But soon his mother called at the office, on her way to the departing ship, and we were easily persuaded to accompany her thither, and say farewell once more, to the manifest satisfaction of both Margaret and the youngest of her devoted friends. Thus they parted, never to meet again in time. She sent him messages and presents repeatedly from Europe; and he, when somewhat older, dictated a letter in return, which was joyfully received and acknowledged. When the mother of our great-souled friend spent some days with us nearly two years afterward, 'Pickie' talked to her often and lovingly of 'Aunty Margaret,' proposing that they two should 'take a boat and go over and see her,'—for, to his infantile conception, the low coast of Long Island, visible just across the East River, was that Europe to which she had sailed, and where she was unaccountably detained so

long Alas! a far longer and more adventurous journey was required to re unite those loving souls! The 12th of July, 1849, saw him stricken down from health to death, by the relentless cholera; and my letter, announcing that calamity, drew from her a burst of passionate sorrow, such as hardly any bereavement but the loss of a very near relative could have impelled. Another year had just ended, when a calamity, equally sudden, bereft a wide circle of her likewise, with her husband and infant son. Little did I fear, when I bade her a confident Good-by, on the deck of her outward-bound ship, that the sea would close over her earthly remains ere we should meet again; far less that the light of my eyes and the cynosure of my hopes, who then bade her a tenderer and sadder farewell, would precede her on the dim pathway to that 'Father's house' whence is no returning! Ah, well! God is above all, and gracious alike in what He conceals and what He discloses;—benignant and bounteous, as well when He reclaims as when He bestows. In a few years, at farthest, our loved and lost ones will welcome us to their home."

Margaret Fuller, on her part, was fully sensible of the merits of him who has so touchingly embalmed her memory. "Mr. Greeley," she wrote in a private letter, "is a man of genuine excellence, honorable, benevolent, and of an uncorrupted disposition. He is sagacious, and, in his way, of even great abilities. In modes of life and manner he is a man of the people, and of the American people." And again: "Mr. Greeley is in many ways very interesting for me to know. He teaches me things, which my own influence on those who have hitherto approached me, has prevented me from learning. In our business and friendly relations, we are on terms of solid good-will and mutual respect. With the exception of my own mother, I think him the most disinterestedly generous person I have ever known." And later she writes: "You have heard that the Tribune Office was burned to the ground. For a day I thought it must make a difference, but it has served only to increase my admiration for Mr. Greeley's smiling courage. He has really a strong character."

In another letter, written at Rome in 1849, there is another allusion to Mr. Greeley and his darling boy. "Receiving," she said, "a few days since, a packet of letters from America, I opened them with more feeling of hope and good cheer, than for a long time past. The first words that met my eye were these, in the hand of Mr. Greeley: 'Ah, Margaret, the world grows dark with us! You grieve, for Rome is fallen; I mourn, for Pickie is dead.'

"I have shed rivers of tears over the inexpressibly affecting letter thus begun. One would think I might have become familiar enough with images of death and destruction; yet somehow the image of Pickie's little dancing figure, lying, stiff and stark, between his parents, has made me weep more than all else. There was little hope he could do justice to himself, or lead a happy life in so perplexed a world; but never was a character of richer capacity,—never a more charming child. To me he was most dear, and would always have been so. Had he become stained with earthly faults, I could never have forgotten what he was when fresh from the soul's home, and what he was to me when my soul pined for sympathy, pure and unalloyed."

A few months after these words were written, Margaret Fuller *saw* her native shores; but she was destined never to tread them again. The vessel in which she was a passenger was wrecked on the coast of Long Island. The body of her infant son was washed on shore, but she and her husband found death, burial, requiem, all in the deep.

CHAPTER XIX.

EDITORIAL REPARTEES.

At war with all the world—The spirit of the Tribune—Retorts vituperative—The Tribune and Dr. Potts—Some prize tracts suggested—An atheist's oath—A word for domestics—Irish Democracy—The modern drama—Hit at Dr. Hawks—Dissolution of the Union—Dr. Franklin's story—A Picture for Polk—Charles Dickens and Copyright—Charge of Malignant falsehood—Preaching and Practice—Col. Webb severely hit—Hostility to the Mexican war—Violence incited—A few sparks—The course of the Tribune—Wager with the Herald.

THE years 1845, 1846, and 1847, were emphatically the fighting years of the New York Tribune. If it was not at war with all the world, all the world seemed to be at war with it, and it was kept constantly on the defensive. With the 'democratic' press, of course, it could not be at peace. The whig press of the city denounced it, really because it was immovably prosperous, ostensibly

on the ground of its Fourierite and progressive tendencies. Its opposition to capital punishment, the freedom of its reviews, and the hospitality it gave to every new thought,' gave offense to the religious press. Its tremendous hostility to the Mexican war excited the animosity of all office-holders and other patriots, including the president, who made a palpable allusion to the course of the Tribune in one of his messages. There was talk even of mobbing the office at one of the war meetings in the Park. Its zeal in behalf of Irish repeal alienated the English residents, who naturally liked the 'pluck' and independence of the Tribune. Its hostility to the slave power provoked the south, and all but destroyed its southern circulation. It offended bigots by giving Thomas Paine his due; it offended unbelievers by refusing to give him more. Its opposition to the drama, as it is, called forth many a sneer from the papers who have the honor of the drama in their special keeping. The extreme American party abhorred its enmity to Nativism. The extreme Irish party distrusted it, because in sentiment and feeling it was thoroughly Protestant. The extreme liberal party disliked its opposition to their views of marriage and divorce. In a word, if the course of the Tribune had been suggested by a desire to give the greatest offense to the greatest number, it could hardly have made more enemies than it did.

In the prospectus to the fifth volume, the editor seemed to anticipate a period of inky war.

"Our conservatism," he said, "is not of that Chinese tenacity which insists that the bad must be cherished simply because it is old. We insist only that the old must be proved bad and never condemned merely because it *is* old; and that, even if defective, it should not be overthrown till something better has been provided to replace it. The extremes of blind, stubborn resistance to change, and rash, sweeping, convulsive innovation, are naturally allies, each paving the way for the other. The supple courtier, the wholesale flatterer of the Despot, and the humble servitor and bepraiser of the dear People, are not two distinct characters, but essentially the same. Thus believing, we, while we do not regard the judgment of any *present* majority as infallible, cannot attribute infallibility to any acts or institutes of a *past* generation, but look undoubtingly for successive improvements as Knowledge, Virtue, Philanthropy, shall be more and more diffused among men.

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"Full of error and suffering as the world yet is, we cannot afford to reject

unexamined any idea which proposes to improve the Moral, Intellectual, or Social condition of mankind. Better incur the trouble of testing and exploding a thousand fallacies than by rejecting stifle a single beneficent truth. Especially on the vast theme of an improved Organization of Industry, so as to secure constant opportunity and a just recompense to every human being able and willing to labor, we are not and cannot be indifferent.

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"No subject can be more important than this; no improvement more certain of attainment. The plans hitherto suggested may all prove abortive; the experiments hitherto set on foot may all come to nought, (as many of them doubtless will;) yet these mistakes shall serve to indicate the true means of improvement, and these experiments shall bring nearer and nearer the grand consummation which they contemplate. The securing of thorough Education, Opportunity and just Reward to all, cannot be beyond the reach of the nineteenth century. To accelerate it, the Tribune has labored and will labor resolutely and hopefully. Those whose dislike to or distrust of the investigations in this field of human effort impel them to reject our paper, have ample range for a selection of journals more acceptable."

In the spirit of these words the Tribune was conducted. And every man, in any age, who conducts his life, his newspaper, or his business in that spirit, will be misunderstood, distrusted and hated, in exact proportion to his fidelity to it. Perfect fidelity, the world will so entirely detest that it will destroy the man who attains to it. The world will not submit to be so completely put out of countenance.

My task, in this chapter, is to show how the editor of the Tribune comported himself when he occupied the position of target-general to the Press, Pulpit, and Stump of the United States. He was not in the slightest degree distressed or alarmed. On the contrary, I think he enjoyed the position; and, though he handled his enemies without gloves, and called a spade a spade, and had to dispatch a dozen foemen at once, and could not pause to select his weapons, yet I can find in those years of warfare no trace of bitterness on his part. There is no malice in his satire, no spite in his anger. He seems never so happy as when he is at bay, and is never so funny as when he is repelling a personal assault. I have before me several hundreds of his editorial hits and repartees, some serious, more comic, some refuting argument, others exposing slander, some merely vituperative, others very witty, all extremely readable,

though the occasions that called them forth have long passed by. My plan is to select and condense a few of each kind, presenting only the *point* of each.

Many of our editor's replies are remarkable chiefly for their 'free and easy' manner, their ignoring of 'editorial dignity.' A specimen or two:

In reply to a personal attack by Major Noah, of the Union, he begins, "We ought not to notice this old villain again." On another occasion, "What a silly old joker this last hard bargain of Tylerism is!" On another, "Major Noah! why *won't* you tell the truth once in a century, for the variety of the thing." On another, "And it is by such poor drivel as this that the superannuated renegade from all parties and all principles attempts to earn his forced contributions and 'Official' advertisements! Surely his latest purchasers must despise their worn-out tool, and most heartily repent of their hard bargain."

Such mild openings as the following are not uncommon:

"The Journal of Commerce is the most self-complacent and dogmatic of all possible newspapers."

"The villain who makes this charge against me well knows that it is the basest falsehood."

"We defy the Father of lies himself to crowd more stupendous falsehoods into a paragraph than this contains."

"Mr. Benton! each of the above observations is a deliberate falsehood, and you are an unqualified villain!"

"The Express is surely the basest and paltriest of all possible journals."

"Having been absent from the city for a few days, I perceive with a pleasurable surprise on my return that the Express has only perpetrated two new calumnies upon me of any consequence since Friday evening."

"'Ephraim,' said a grave divine, taking his text from one of the prophets is a cake not turned. (Hosea, vii. 8.) Let us proceed, therefore, brethren, to turn Ephraim—first, inside out; next, back-side before; and, thirdly, 'tother end up.'

"We are under the imperative necessity of performing on Samuel of this day a searching operation like unto that of the parson on Ephraim of old."

That will suffice for the vituperative. We proceed to those of another description:

PROVOCATION.

A Sermon by Dr. Potts, denouncing the Tribune as agrarian, &c., reported in the Courier and Enquirer.

REPLY.

"It is quite probable that we have some readers among the pew-holders of a church so wealthy and fashionable as the Dr.'s, though few, we presume, among divines as well salaried as he is. We will only ask those of our patrons who may obey his command to read for their next Scripture lesson the xxvth Chapter of Leviticus, and reflect upon it for an hour or so. We are very sure they will find the exercise a profitable one, in a sense higher than they will have anticipated. Having then stopped the Tribune, they will meditate at leisure on the abhorrence and execration with which one of the Hebrew Prophets must have regarded any kind of an Agrarian or Anti-Renter; that is, one opposed to perpetuating and extending the relation of Landlord and Tenant over the whole arable surface of the earth. Perhaps the contemplation of a few more passages of Sacred Writ may not be unprofitable in a moral sense—for example:

"'Woe unto them that join [add] house to house, that lay field to field that there be no place, that they be placed alone in the midst of the earth.' —Isaiah, v. 8.

"'One thing thou lackest: go thy way, sell whatever thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come, take up the the cross, and follow me:

"'And Jesus looked round about, and saith unto his disciples, How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God!'—Mark, x. 21–23.

"'And all that believed were together, and had all things common; and sold their possessions and goods, and parted them to all, as every man had need.'—Acts, ii. 44, 45.

"We might cite columns of this sort from the Sacred Volume, showing a deplorable lack of Doctors of Divinity in ancient times, to be employed at $3,500 a year in denouncing, in sumptuous, pew-guarded edifices costing $75,000 each, all who should be guilty of 'loosening the faith of many in the *established order of things*.' Alas for their spiritual blindness! the ancient Prophets—God's Prophets—appear to have slight faith in or reverence for that 'established order' themselves! Their 'schemes' appear to have been regarded as exceedingly 'disorganizing' and hostile to 'good order' by the spiritual rulers of the people in those days.

"That Dr. Potts, pursuing (we trust) the career most congenial to his feelings, surrounded by every comfort and luxury, enjoying the best society, and enabled to support and educate his children to the hight of his desires, should be inclined to reprobate all 'nostrums' for the cure of Social evils, and spec-

at 'labor-saving plans' of cooking, washing, schooling, &c., is rather deplorable than surprising. Were he some poor day-laborer, subsisting his family and paying rent on the dollar a day he could get when the weather permitted and some employer's necessity or caprice gave him a chance to earn it, we believe he would view the subject differently. As to the spirit which can denounce by wholesale all who labor in behalf of a Social Reform, in defiance of general obloquy, rooted prejudice, and necessarily serious personal sacrifices, as enemies of Christianity and Good Morals, and call upon the public to starve them into silence, does it not merit the rebuke and loathing of every generous mind? Heaven aid us to imitate, though afar off, that Divinest charity which could say for its persecutors and murderers, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!'

* * * * * * * * *

"We are profoundly conscious that the moral tone and bearing of the Press fall very far beneath their true standard, and that it too often panders to popular appetites and prejudices when it should rather withstand and labor to correct them. We, for example, remember having wasted many precious columns of this paper, whereby great good might have been done, in the publication of a controversy on the question, 'Can there be a Church without a Bishop?'—a controversy unprofitable in its subject, verbose and pointless in its logic, and disgraceful to our common Christianity in its exhibitions of uncharitable temper and gladiatorial tactics. The Rev. Dr. Potts may also remember that controversy. We ask the Pulpit to strengthen our own fallible resolution never to be tempted by any hope of pecuniary profit, (pretty sure to be delusive, as it ought,) into meddling with such another discreditable performance.

"We do not find, in the Courier's report of this sermon, any censures upon that very large and popularly respectable class of journals which regularly hire out their columns, Editorial and Advertising, for the enticement of their readers to visit grogeries, theaters, horse-races, as we sometimes have thoughtlessly done, but hope never, unless through deplored inadvertence, to do again. The difficulty of entirely resisting all temptations to these lucrative vices is so great, and the temptations themselves so incessant, while the moral mischief thence accruing is so vast and palpable, that we can hardly think the Rev. Dr. slurred over the point, while we can very well imagine that his respected disciple and reporter did so. At this moment, when the great battle of Temperance against Liquid Poison and its horrible sorceries is convulsing our State, and its issue trembles in the balance, it seems truly incredible that a Doctor of Divinity, lecturing on the iniquities of the Press, can have altogether overlooked this topic. Cannot the Courier from its reporter's notes supply the omission?"

PROVOCATION.

An advertisement offering a prize of fifty dollars for the best

tract on the Impropriety of Dancing by members of churches, the tract to be published by the American Tract Society.

REPLY.

"The notice copied above suggests to us some other subjects on which we think Tracts are needed—subjects which are beginning to attract the thoughts of not a few, and which are, like dancing, of practical moment. We would suggest premiums to be offered, as follows:

"$20 for the best Tract on 'The rightfulness and consistency of a Christian's spending $5,000 to $10,000 a year on the appetites and enjoyments of himself and family, when there are a thousand families within a mile of him who are compelled to live on less than $200 a year.

"$10 for the best Tract on the rightfulness and Christianity of a Christian's building a house for the exclusive residence of himself and family, at a cost of $50,000 to $100,000, within sight of a hundred families living in hovels worth less than $100.

"$5 for the best Tract on the Christianity of building Churches which cost $100,000 each, in which *poor* sinners can only worship on sufferance, and in the most out-of-the-way corners.

"We would not intimate that these topics are by any means so important as that of Dancing—far from it. The sums we suggest will shield us from that imputation. Yet we think these subjects may also be discussed with profit, and, that there may be no pecuniary hindrance, we will pay the premiums if the American Tract Society will publish the Tracts."

PROVOCATION.

An assertion in the Express, that the Tribune bestows "peculiar commendation upon that part of the new Constitution which takes away the necessity of believing in a Supreme Being, on the part of him who may be called to swear our lives or property away."

REPLY.

"'The necessity of *believing* in a Supreme Being,' in order to be a legal witness, never existed; but only the necessity of *professing* to believe it. Now, a thorough villain who was at the same time an Atheist would be pretty apt to keep to himself a belief, the avowal of which would subject him to legal penalties and popular obloquy, but a sincere honest man, whose mind had become confused or clouded with regard to the evidence of a Universal Father would be very likely to confess his lack of faith, and thereby be disabled from testifying. Such disability deranges the administration of justice and facilitates the escape of the guilty.'

PROVOCATION.

An assertion that it is *false pride*, that makes domestic service so abhorrent to American girls.

REPLY.

"You, Madam, who talk so flippantly of the folly or false pride of our girls, have you ever attempted to put yourself in their place and consider the matter? Have you ever weighed in the balance a crust and a garret *at home*, with better food and lodging in the house of a stranger? Have you ever thought of the difference between doing the most arduous and repulsive work for those you love, and who love you, and doing the same in a strange place for those to whom your only bond of attachment is six dollars a month? Have you ever considered that the words of reproof and reproach, so easy to utter, are very hard to bear, especially from one whose right so to treat you is a thing of cash and of yesterday? Is the difference between freedom and service nothing to you? How many would you like to have ordering you?"

PROVOCATION.

A vain-glorious claim to pure democracy on the part of a pro-slavery Irish paper.

REPLY.

"We like Irish modesty—it is our own sort—but Irish ideas of Liberty are not always so thorough and consistent as we could wish them. To hate and resist the particular form of Oppression to which we have been exposed, by which we have suffered, is so natural and easy that we see little merit in it; to loathe and defy *all* Tyranny evermore, is what few severe sufferers by Oppression ever attain to. Ages of Slavery write their impress on the souls of the victims—we must not blame them, therefore, but cannot stifle our consciousness nor suppress our sorrow. It is sad to see how readily the great mass of our Irish-born citizens, themselves just escaped from a galling, degrading bondage, lend themselves to the iniquity of depressing and flouting the down-trodden African Race among us—it was specially sad to see them come up to the polls in squads, when our present State Constitution was adopted, and vote in solid mass against Equal Suffrage to all Citizens, shouting 'Down with the Nagurs! Let them go back to Africa, *where they belong!*' —for such was the language of Adopted Citizens of one or two years' standing with regard to men born here, with their ancestors before them for several generations. We learn to hate Despotism and Enslavement more intensely when we are thus confronted by their ineffaceable impress on the souls of too many of their victims."

PROVOCATION.

An article in the Sunday Mercury condemning the Tribune for excluding theatrical criticism.

REPLY.

"The last time but one that we visited a theater—it was from seven to ten years ago—we were insulted by a ribald, buffoon song, in derision of total abstinence from intoxicating liquors. During the last season we understand that Mr. Brougham—whom we are specially blamed by the Mercury for not helping to a crowded benefit—has made a very nice thing of ridiculing *Socialism*. We doubt whether any great, pervading reform has been effected since there was a stage, which that stage has not ridiculed, misrepresented, and held up to popular odium. It is in its nature the creature of the mob—that is, of the least enlightened and least earnest portion of the community—and flatters the prejudices, courts the favor, and varnishes the vices of that portion. It bellows lustily for Liberty—meaning license to do as you please—but has small appetite for self-sacrifice, patient industry, and an unselfish devotion to duty. We fear that we shall not be able to like it, even with its groggeries and assignation-rooms shut up—but without this we cannot even begin."

PROVOCATION.

A sermon by Dr. Hawks denouncing Socialism in the usual style of well-fed thoughtlessness.

REPLY.

"If 'the Socialists,' as a body, were called upon to pronounce upon the propriety of taking the property of certain doctors of divinity and dividing it among the mechanics and laborers, to whom they have run recklessly and heavily in debt, we have no doubt they would vote very generally and heartily in the affirmative."

PROVOCATION.

A letter bewailing the threatened dissolution of the Union.

REPLY.

"*The dissolution of the Union would not be the dreadful affair he represents it.* It would be a very absurd act on the part of the seceding party, and would work great inconvenience and embarrassment, especially to the people of the great Mississippi Valley. In time, however, matters would accommodate themselves to the new political arrangements, and we should grow as many bushels of corn to the acre, and get as many yards of cloth from a hun

dred pounds of wool, as we now do. The Union is an excellent thing—quite too advantageous to be broken up in an age so u'il'tarian as this; but it is possible to exaggerate even *its* blessings."

PROVOCATION.

An article in a Southern paper recommending the secession of the Slave States from the Union.

REPLY.

"Dr. Franklin used to tell an anecdote illustrative of his idea of the folly of dueling, substantially thus: A man said to another in some public place, 'Sir, I wish you would move a little away from me, for a disagreeable odor proceeds from you.' 'Sir,' was the stern response, 'that is an insult, and you must fight me!' 'Certainly,' was the quiet reply, 'I will fight you if you wish it; but I don't see how that can mend the matter. If you kill me, I also shall smell badly; and if I kill you, you will smell worse than you do now.'

"We have not yet been able to understand what our Disunionists, North or South, really expect to *gain* by dissolving the Union. * * * 'Three valuable slaves escaped,' do you say? Will slaves be any less likely to run away when they know that, once across Mason and Dixon's line, they are safe from pursuit, and can never be reclaimed? 'Every slaveholder is in continual apapprehension,' say you? In the name of wonder, how is Disunion to soothe their nervous excitement? They 'won't stand it,' eh? Have they never heard of getting 'out of the frying-pan into the fire'? Do let us hear how Slavery is to be fortified and perpetuated by Disunion!"

PROVOCATION.

The excessive *confidence* of Whigs in the election of Henry Clay.

REPLY.

"There is an old legend that once on a time all the fo.ks in the world entered into an agreement that at a specified moment they would give one unanimous shout, just to see what a noise they *could* make, and what tremendous effects it would produce. The moment came—everybody was expecting to see trees, if not houses, thrown down by the mighty concussion. when lo! the only sound was made by a dumb old woman, whose tongue was loosed by the excitement of the occasion. The rest had all stood with mouths and ears wide open to *hear* the great noise, and so forgot to make any!

"The moral we trust our Whig friends everywhere will take to heart."

PROVOCATION.

The passage in the President's Message which condemned those who opposed the Mexican war as *unpatriotic.*

REPLY.

Picture for the President's Bed-room.

"IS THIS WAR?"

"MONTEREY, Oct. 7, 1846.

"While I was stationed with our left wing in one of the forts, on the evening of the 21st, I saw a Mexican woman busily engaged in carrying bread and water to the wounded men of both armies. I saw this ministering angel raise the head of a wounded man, give him water and food, and then carefully bind up his wound with a handkerchief she took from her own head. After having exhausted her supplies, she went back to her own house to get more bread and water for others. As she was returning on her mission of mercy, to comfort other wounded persons, I heard the report of a gun, and saw the poor innocent creature fall dead! I think it was an accidental shot that struck her. I would not be willing to believe otherwise. It made me sick at heart, and, turning from the scene, I involuntarily raised my eyes towards heaven, and thought, great God! and *is this War?* Passing the spot next day, I saw her body still lying there with the bread by her side, and the broken gourd, with a few drops of water still in it—emblems of her errand. We buried her, and while we were digging her grave, cannon balls flew around us like hail."—*Cor. Louisville Cour.*

PROVOCATION.

Complaints of Charles Dickens' Advocacy of International Copyright at public dinners.

REPLY.

"We trust he will not be deterred from speaking the frank, round truth by any mistaken courtesy, diffidence, or misapprehension of public sentiment. He ought to speak out on this matter, for who shall protest against robbery

if those who are robbed may not? Here is a man who writes for a living and writes nobly; and we of this country greedily devour his writings, are entertained and instructed by them, yet refuse so to protect his rights as an author that he can realize a single dollar from all their vast American sale and popularity. Is this right? Do we look well offering him toasts, compliments, and other syllabub, while we refuse him naked justice? while we say that every man may take from him the fruits of his labors without recompense or redress? It does very well in a dinner speech to say that fame and popularity, and all that, are more than sordid gold; but he has a wife and four children, whom his death may very possibly leave destitute, perhaps dependent for their bread, while publishers, who have grown rich on his writings, roll by in their carriages, and millions who have been instructed by them contribute not one farthing to their comfort. But suppose him rich, if you please, the justice of the case is unaltered. He is the just owner of his own productions as much as though he had made axes or horse-shoes; and the people who refuse to protect his right, ought not to insult him with the mockery of thriftless praise. Let us be just, and then generous. Good reader! if you think our guest ought to be enabled to live by and enjoy the fruits of his talents and toil, just put your names to a petition for an International Copyright Law, and then you can take his hand heartily if it comes in your way, and say, if need be, 'I have done what is in my power to protect you from robbery!' The passage of this act of long-deferred justice will be a greater tribute to his worth and achievements than acres of inflated compliments soaked in hogsheads of champagne."

PROVOCATION.

A paragraph recommending a provision *for life* for the soldiers disabled in the Mexican war.

REPLY.

"Uncle Sam! you bedazzled old hedge-hog! don't you see 'glory' is cheap as dirt, only you never get done paying for it! Forty years hence, your boys will be still paying taxes to support the debt you are now piling up, and the cripples and other pensioners you are now manufacturing. How much more of this will satisfy you?"

PROVOCATION.

An accusation of 'malignant falsehood.'

REPLY.

"There lives not a man who knows the editor of this paper who can be made to believe that we have been guilty of 'malignant falsehood.'

* * * * * * * *

"We seek no controversy with the Sun; but, since it chooses to be personal, we defy its utmost industry and malice to point out a single act of our life inconsistent with integrity and honor. We dare it, in this respect, to do its worst!"

PROVOCATION.

This sentence in the Express: "If the editor of the Tribune believed a word of what he says, he would convert his profitable printing establishment into a Fourier common-stock concern."

REPLY.

"If our adviser will just point us to any passage, rule, maxim or precept of Fourier (of whom he appears to know so much) which prescribes a pro rata division of proceeds among all engaged in producing them, regardless of ability, efficiency, skill, experience, etc., we will assent to almost any absurdity he shall dictate.

* * * * * * * *

"As to 'carrying out his theories of Fourierism,' etc., he (the editor of the Tribune) has expended for this specific purpose some thousands of dollars, and intends to make the same disposition of more as soon as he has it to expend. Whether he ought to be guided by his own judgment or that of the Express man respecting the time and manner of thus testifying his faith, he will consider in due season. He has never had a dollar which was not the fair product of his own downright labor, and for whatever of worldly wealth may accrue to him beyond the needs of those dependent on his efforts he holds himself but the steward of a kind Providence, and bound to use it all as shall seem most conducive to the good of the Human Race. It is quite probable, however, that he will never satisfy the Express that he is either honest, sincere, or well-meaning, but that is not material. He has chosen, once for all, to answer a sort of attack which has become fashionable with a certain class of his enemies, and can hardly be driven to notice the like again."

PROVOCATION.

An allusion in the Courier and Enquirer to Mr. Greeley's diet, attire, socialism, philosophy, etc.

REPLY.

"It is true that the editor of the Tribune chooses mainly (not entirely) vegetable food; but he never troubles his readers on the subject; it does not worry them; why should it concern the Colonel? * * * It is hard for *Philosophy* that so humble a man shall be made to stand as its exem

plar; while *Christianity* is personified by the hero of the Sunday duel with Hon. Tom. Marshall; but such luck will happen.

"As to our personal appearance, it does seem time that we should say something, to stay the flood of nonsense with which the town must by this time be nauseated. Some donkey a while ago, apparently anxious to assail or annoy the editor of this paper, and not well knowing with what, originated the story of his carelessness of personal appearances; and since then every blockhead of the same disposition and distressed by a similar lack of ideas, has repeated and exaggerated the foolery; until from its origin in the Albany Microscope it has sunk down at last to the columns of the Courier and Enquirer, growing more absurd at every landing. Yet all this time the object of this silly raillery has doubtless worn better clothes than two-thirds of those who thus assailed him—better than any of them could honestly wear, if they paid their debts otherwise than by bankruptcy; while, if they are indeed more cleanly than he, they must bathe very thoroughly not less than twice a day. The editor of the Tribune is the son of a poor and humble farmer; came to New York a minor, without a friend within 200 miles, less than ten dollars in his pocket, and precious little besides; he has never had a dollar from a relative, and has for years labored under a load of debt, (thrown on him by others' misconduct and the revulsion of 1837,) which he can now just see to the end of. Thenceforth he may be able to make a better show, if deemed essential by his friends; for himself, he has not much time or thought to bestow on the matter. That he ever *affected* eccentricity is most untrue; and certainly no costume he ever appeared in would create such a sensation in Broadway as that James Watson Webb would have worn but for the clemency of Governor Seward. Heaven grant our assailant may never hang with such weight on another Whig Executive! We drop him."

(Colonel Webb had been sentenced to two years' imprisonment for fighting a duel. Governor Seward pardoned him before he had served one day of his term.)

PROVOCATION.

A charge of 'infidelity,' in the Express.

REPLY.

"The editor of the Tribune has never been anything else than a believer in the Christian Religion, and has for many years been a member of a Christian Church. He never wrote or uttered a syllable in favor of Infidelity But truth is lost on the Express, which can never forgive us the 'Infidelity' of circulating a good many more copies, Daily and Weekly, than are taken of that paper."

PROVOCATION.

Letters complaining of the Tribune's hostility to the Mexican war

REPLY.

"Our faith is strong and clear that we serve our country best by obeying our Maker in all things, and that He requires us to bear open, unequivocal testimony against every iniquity, however specious, and to expose every lying pretense whereby men are instigated to imbrue their hands in each other's blood. We do not believe it possible that our country *can* be prospered in such a war as this. It may be victorious; it may acquire immense accessions of territory; but these victories, these acquisitions, will prove fearful calamities, by sapping the morals of our people, inflating them with pride and corrupting them with the lust of conquest and of gold, and leading them to look to the Commerce of the Indies and the Dominion of the Seas for those substantial blessings which follow only in the wake of peaceful, contented Labor. So sure as the Universe has a Ruler will every acre of territory we acquire by this war prove to our Nation a curse and the source of infinite calamities."

PROVOCATION.

An attempt on the part of Col. Webb to excite violence against the Tribune and its editor.

REPLY.

"This is no new trick on the part of the Courier. It is not the first nor the second time that it has attempted to excite a mob to violence and outrage against those whom it hates. In July, 1834, when, owing to its ferocious denunciations of the Abolitionists, a furious and law-defying mob held virtual possession of our city, assaulting dwellings, churches and persons obnoxious to its hate, and when the Mayor called out the citizens by Proclamation to assist in restoring tranquillity, the Courier (11th July) proclaimed:

"'It is time, for the reputation of the city, and perhaps for the welfare of themselves, that these Abolitionists and Amalgamationists should know the ground on which they stand. They are, we learn, always clamorous with the Police for protection, and demand it as a right inherent to their characters as American citizens. *Now we tell them* that, when they openly and publicly outrage public feeling, *they have no right to demand protection from the People they thus insult.* When they endeavor to disseminate opinions which, if generally imbibed, must infallibly destroy our National Union, and produce scenes of blood and carnage horrid to think of; when they thus preach up treason and murder, the *ægis of the Law indignantly withdraws its shelter from them*

"When they vilify our religion by classing the Redeemer of the world in the lowest grade of the human species; when they debase the noble race from which we spring—that race which called civilization into existence, and from which have proceeded all the great, the brave, and the good that have ever lived—and place it in the same scale as the most stupid, ferocious and cowardly of the divisions into which the Creator has divided mankind, then they place themselves *beyond the pale of all law*, for they violate every law, divine and human. Ought not, we ask, our City authorities to make them understand this; to tell them that they prosecute their treasonable and beastly plans at their *own peril?*"

"Such is the man, such the *means*, by which he seeks to bully Freemen out of the rights of Free Speech and Free Thought. There are those who cower before his threats and his ruffian appeals to mob violence—here is one who never will! All the powers of Land-jobbing and Slave-jobbing cannot drive us one inch from the ground we have assumed of determined and open hostility to this atrocious war, its contrivers and abettors. Let those who threaten us with assassination understand, once for all, that we pity while we despise their baseness."

PROVOCATION.

The following, from the Express: "For woman we think the fittest place is home, 'sweet home'—by her own fireside and among her own children; but the Tribune would put her in trowsers, or on stilts as a *public* woman, or tumble her pell-mell into some Fourier establishment."

REPLY.

The following, from the Express of *the same date:* "At the Park this evening the graceful Augusta, (whose benefit, last night, notwithstanding the weather, was fashionably and numerously attended,) takes her leave of us for the present. We can add nothing to what we have already said in praise of this charming artist's performances, farther than to express the hope that it may not be long ere we are again permitted to see her upon our boards. As in beauty, grace, delicacy, and refinement, she stands alone in her profession, so in private life she enjoys, and most justly, too, the highest reputation in all her relations."

PROVOCATION.

To what a low degree of debasement must the Coons have indeed fallen, when even so notorious a reprobate as Nick Biddle is disgusted with them.—*Plebeian.*

REPLY.

"All the 'notorious reprobates' in the country were 'disgusted' with the Whigs long ago. They have found their proper resting-place in the embraces of Loco-Focoism."

PROVOCATION.

Our whole national debt is less than sixty days' interest on that of Great Britain, yet, with all our resources the English call us bankrupt!—*Boston Post.*

REPLY.

"But England pays her interest—large as it is; and if our States will not pay even their debts, small as they are, why should they not be called bankrupt?"

PROVOCATION.

A charge that the Tribune sacrified the Right to the Expedient.

REPLY.

"Old stories very often have a forcible application to present times. The following anecdote we met with lately in an exchange paper:

"'How is it, John, that you bring the wagon home in such a condition?'

"'I broke it driving over a stump.'

"'Where?'

"'Back in the woods, half a mile or so.'

"'But why did you run against the stump? Could n't you see how to drive straight?'

"'I *did* drive straight, sir, and that is the very reason that I drove over it The stump was directly in the middle of the road.'

"'Why, then, did you not go round it?'

"'Because, sir, the stump had no right in the middle of the road, and I *had* a right in it.'

"'True, John, the stump ought not to have been in the road, but I wonder that you were so foolish as not to consider that it *was* there, and that it was stronger than your wagon.'

"'Why, father, do you think that I am always going to yield up my rights? Not I. I am determined to stick up to them, come what will.'

"'But what is the use, John, of standing up to rights, when you only get a greater wrong by so doing?'

"'I shall stand up for them at all hazards.'

"'Well, John, all I have to say is this—hereafter you must furnish your own wagon."

PROVOCATION.

The application of the word 'Bah' to one of the Tribune's arguments.

REPLY.

"We are quite willing that every animal should express its emotions in the language natural to it."

PROVOCATION.

Conservatism in general.

REBUKE.

"The stubborn conservative is like a horse on board a ferry-boat. The horse may back, but the boat moves on, and the animal with it."

PROVOCATION.

A correspondent, to illustrate his position, that slave-owners have a right to move with their slaves into new territories, compared those territories to a village common, upon which every villager has an equal right to let his animals graze.

REPLY.

"No, sir. A man may choose to pasture his *geese* upon the common, which would *spoil the pasture* for cows and horses. The other villagers would be right in keeping out the geese, even by violence."

And thus the Tribune warred, and warring, prospered. Repeated supplements, ever-increasing circulation, the frequent omission of advertisements, all testified that a man *may* be independent in the expression of the most unpopular opinions, and yet *not* be 'starved into silence.'

One more glance at the three volumes from which most of the above passages are taken, and we accompany our hero to new scenes. In the Fifty-four-forty-or-Fight controversy, the Tribune of course took the side of peace and moderation. Its obituary of General Jackson in 1845, being not *wholly* eulogistic, called forth angry comment from the democratic press. In the same year, it gave to the advocates respectively of phonography, the phonetic system, and the magnetic telegraph, an ample hearing, and occasional encouragement. In 1846, its Reporters were excluded from the gallery of the House of Representatives, because a correspondent stated, jocularly, that Mr. Sawyer, of Ohio, lunched in the House on sausages. The weak member has since been styled Sausage Sawyer—a name which he will put off only with his mortal coil. Throughout the Mexican war, the Tribune gave all due honor to the gallantry of the soldiers who fought its battles, on one occasion defending *Gen. Pierce* from the charge of cowardice and boasting. In 1847, the editor made the tour of the great lake country

going to the uttermost parts of Lake Superior, and writing a series of letters which *revealed* the charms and the capabilities of that region. In the same year it gave a complete exposition of the so-called 'Revelations' of Mr. Andrew Jackson Davis, but without expressing any opinion as to their supernatural origin. War followed, of course. To Mr. Whitney's Pacific Railroad scheme it assigned sufficient space. Agassiz' lectures were admirably reported, with from ten to twenty woodcuts in the report of each lecture. Gen. Taylor's nomination to the presidency it descried in the distance, and opposed vehemently.

The last event of the seventh volume was the dispute with the Herald on the subject of the comparative circulation of the two papers. The Tribune challenged the Herald to an investigation by an impartial committee, whose report each paper should publish, and the losing party to give a hundred dollars to each of the two orphan asylums of the city. The Herald accepted. The report of the committee was as follows:

"The undersigned having been designated by the publishers of the New York Herald and New York Tribune, respectively, to examine jointly and report for publication the actual circulation of these two journals, have made the scrutiny required, and now report, that the average circulation of the two papers during the four weeks preceding the agreement which originated this investigation, was as follows:

New York Herald.		*New York Tribune.*	
Average Daily circulation	16,711	Average Daily circulation	11,455
" Weekly "	11,455	" Weekly "	15,780
" Presidential "	780	" Semi-Weekly	960
Total	28,946	Total	28,195

"The quantity of paper used by each establishment, during the four weeks above specified, was as follows: By the New York Herald, 975 reams for the Daily; 95¼ reams for the Weekly, and 5 reams for the Presidential. By the New York Tribune, 573 reams for the Daily; 131¼ reams for the Weekly, and 16 reams for the Semi-Weekly.

"We therefore decide that the Herald has the larger average circulation.

"James G. Wilson,
"Daniel H. Megie."

The Tribune paid the money, but protested that the 'Presidential Herald,' and, above all, the Sunday Herald, ought to have been excluded from the comparison.

CHAPTER XX.

1848!

Revolutions in Europe—The Tribune exults—The Slievegammon letters—Taylor and Fillmore—Course of the Tribune—Horace Greeley at Vauxhall Garden—His election to Congress.

THE Year of Hope! You have not forgotten, O reader, the thrill, the tumult, the ecstasy of joy with which, on the morning of March 28th, 1848, you read in the morning papers these electric and transporting capitals. Regale your eyes with them once more:

FIFTEEN DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

ARRIVAL OF THE CAMBRIA.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT NEWS!

ABDICATION OF LOUIS PHILIPPE!

A REPUBLIC PROCLAIMED.

THE ROYAL FAMILY HAVE LEFT PARIS.

ASSAULT ON THE PALAIS ROYAL.

GREAT LOSS OF LIFE.

COMMUNICATION WITH THE INTERIOR CUT OFF.

RESIGNATION OF MINISTERS.

REVOLT IN AMIENS.—PARIS IN ALARM.

What history is condensed in these few words? Why has not that history been faithfully and minutely recorded, as a warning and a guide to the men of future revolutions? Why has no one deduced from the events of the last eighty years a science of Revolution, laid down the principles upon which success is possible, probable, certain? The attempt, and not the deed confounded Eu-

-ope, and condemned her to more years of festering stagnation. "As I looked out of the window of my hotel, in Boulogne," says a recent traveler, "it seemed to me that all the men were soldiers, and that women did all the work." How pitiful! How shameful! A million of men under arms! The army, the elite of the nation! One man of every ten to keep the other nine *in order!* O! infinite and dastardly imbecility!

I need not say that the Tribune plunged into the European contests headlong. It chronicled every popular triumph with exultation unbounded. One of the editors of the paper, Mr. Charles A. Dana, went to Europe to procure the most authentic and direct information of events as they transpired, and his letters over the well-known initials, 'C. A. D.,' were a conspicuous and valuable feature of the year. Mr. Greeley wrote incessantly on the subject, blending advice with exhortation, jubilation with warning. In behalf of Ireland, his sympathies were most strongly aroused, and he accepted a place in the "Directory of the Friends of Ireland," to the funds of which he contributed liberally.

It was in August of this year, that the famous "Slievegammon" letters were published. As frequent allusions to this amusing affair are still made in the papers, it may as well be explained here. The country was on the tiptoe of expectation for important news of the Irish rebellion. The steamer arrived. Among the despatches of the Tribune were three letters from Dublin, giving news not contained in the newspapers. The Tribune "without vouching for the accuracy of the statements," made haste to publish the letters, with due glorification. This is one of them:

"DUBLIN, Aug. 3, 1848.

"No newspaper here dare tell the truth concerning the battle of Slievenamon, but from all we can learn, the people have had a great victory. Gen Macdonald, the commander of the British forces, is killed, and six thousand troops are killed and wounded. The road for three miles is covered with the dead. We also have the inspiring intelligence that Kilkenny and Limerick have been taken by the people. *The people of Dublin have gone in thousands to assist in the country.* Mr. John B Dillon was wounded in both legs. Mr. Meagher was also wounded in both arms. *It is generally expected that Dublin will rise and attack the jails on Sunday night,* (*Aug.* 6.)

"All the people coming in on the Railroad are cautioned and commanded

not to tell the news. When the cars arrive, thousands of the Dublin people are waiting for the intelligence. The police drive away those who are seen asking questions. Why all this care of the government to prevent the spread of intelligence, unless it be that something has happened which they want kept as a secret? If they had obtained a victory they would be very apt to let us know it.

"We are informed that the 3d Bluffs (a regiment of Infantry) *turned and fought with the people.* The 31st regiment, at Athlone, have also declared for the people, and two regiments have been sent to disarm them.

"The mountain of Slievenamon is almost inaccessible. There is but one approach to it. It is said to be well supplied with provisions. It was a glorious place for our noble Smith O'Brien to select. It is said he has sixty thousand men around him, with a considerable supply of arms, ammunition, and cannon. In '98, the rebels could not be taken from Slievenamon until they chose to come out themselves.

"A lady who came to town yesterday, and who had passed the scene of battle, said that for three miles the stench arising from the dead men and horses was almost suffocating.

"Wexford was quite peaceable till recently—but the government in its madness proclaimed it, and now it is in arms to assist the cause. Now that we are fairly and spiritedly at it, are we not worthy of help? What are you doing for us? People of America, Ireland stretches her hand to you for assistance. Do not let us be disappointed. B."

For a day or two, the Irish and the friends of Ireland exulted; but when the truth became known, their note was sadly changed, and the Tribune was widely accused of having originated a hoax. Whereas, it was only *too* innocent!

The most remarkable feature of the affair was, that the letters were written in good faith. The mind of Dublin was in a delirium of excitement, rumors of the wildest description were readily believed, and the writer of the Slievegammon letters was as completely deceived as any of his readers. It need only be added, that Horace Greeley never saw the letters till he saw them in print in the columns of the Tribune; when they appeared, he was touring in the uttermost parts of Lake Superior.

This was the year, too, of the Taylor and Fillmore 'campaign;' from which, however, the Tribune held obstinately aloof till late in the summer. Mr. Greeley had opposed the nomination of Gen. Taylor from the day it began to be agitated. He opposed it at the nominating convention in Philadelphia, and used all his influ-

ence to secure the nomination of Henry Clay. As soon as the final ballot decided the contest in favor of Taylor, he rushed from the hall in disgust, and, on his return to New York, could not sufficiently overcome his repugnance to the ticket, to print it, as the custom then was, at the head of his editorial columns. He ceased to *oppose* the election of Gen. Taylor, but would do nothing to promote it. The list of candidates does not appear, in the usual place in the Tribune, as the regular 'Whig nominations,' till the twenty-ninth of September, and even then, our editor consented to its appearance with great reluctance. Two days before, a whig meeting had been held at Vauxhall Garden, which Mr. Greeley chanced to attend. He was seen by the crowd, and after many, and very vociferous calls, he made a short address, to the following effect:

"I trust, fellow-citizens, I shall never be afraid nor ashamed to meet a Whig assemblage and express my sentiments on the political questions of the day. And although I have had no intimation till now that my presence here was expected or desired, I am the more ready to answer your call since I have heard intimations, even from this stand, that there was some mystery in my course to be cleared up—some astounding revelation with regard to it to be expected. And our eloquent friend from Kentucky even volunteered, in his remarks, to see me personally and get me right. If there be indeed any mystery in the premises, I will do my best to dispel it. But I have, in truth, nothing to reveal. I stated in announcing Gen. Taylor's nomination, the day after it was made, that I would support if I saw no other way to defeat the election of Lewis Cass. That pledge I have ever regarded. I shall faithfully redeem it. And, since there is now no chance remaining that any other than Gen. Taylor or Gen. Cass can be elected, I shall henceforth support the ticket nominated at Philadelphia, and do what I can for its election.

"But I have not changed my opinion of the nomination of Gen. Taylor. I believe it was unwise and unjust. For Gen. Taylor, personally, I have ever spoken with respect; but I believe a candidate could and should have been chosen more deserving, more capable, more popular. I cannot pretend to support him with enthusiasm, for I do not feel any.

"Yet while I frankly avow that I would do little merely to make Gen. Taylor President, I cannot forget that others stand or fall with him, and that among them are Fillmore and Fish and Patterson, with whom I have battled for the Whig cause ever since I was entitled to vote, and to whom I cannot now be unfaithful. I cannot forget that if Gen. Taylor be elected we shall in all probability have a Whig Congress; if Gen. Cass is elected, a Loco-Foco Congress. Who can ask me to throw away all these because of my objections to Gen. Taylor?

"And then the question of Free Soil, what shall be the fate of that? I presume there are here some Free Soil men ['Yes! Yes! *all* Free Soil!']—I mean those to whom the question of extending or restricting Slavery outweighs all other considerations. I ask these what hope they have of keeping Slavery out of California and New-Mexico with Gen. Cass President, and a Loco-Foco Congress? I have none. And I appeal to every Free Soil Whig to ask himself this question—'How would South Carolina and Texas wish you to vote?' Can you doubt that your bitter adversaries would rejoice to hear that you had resolved to break off from the Whig party and permit Gen Cass to be chosen President, with an obedient Congress? *I* cannot doubt it. And I cannot believe that a wise or worthy course, which my bitterest adversaries would gladly work out for me.

"Of Gen. Taylor's soundness on this question, I feel no assurance, and can give none. But I believe him clearly pledged by his letters to leave legislation to Congress, and not attempt to control by his veto the policy of the country. I believe a Whig Congress will not consent to extend Slavery, and that a Whig President will not go to war with Congress and the general spirit of his party. So believing, I shall support the Whig nominations with a view to the triumph of Free Soil, trusting that the day is not distant when an amendment of the Federal Constitution will give the appointment of Postmasters and other local officers to the People, and strip the President of the enormous and anti-republican patronage which now causes the whole Political action of the country to hinge upon its Presidential Elections. Such are my views; such will be my course. I trust it will no longer be pretended that there is any mystery about them."

This speech was received with particular demonstrations of approval. It was felt that a serious obstacle to Gen. Taylor's success was removed, and that *now* the whig party would march on in an unbroken phalanx to certain victory.

The day which secured its triumph elected Horace Greeley to a seat in the House of Representatives, which the death of a member had made vacant. He was elected for one session only, and that, the short one of three months. How he came to be nominated has been explained by himself in a paragraph on the corruptive machinery of our primary elections: "An editor of the Tribune was once nominated through that machinery. So he was—to serve ninety days in Congress—and he does n't feel a bit proud of it. But let it be considered that the Convention was not chosen to nominate him, and did not (we presume) think of doing any such thing,

until it had unanimously nominated another, who unexpectedly declined, and then one of us was pitched upon to supply his place. We don't know whether the Primaries were as corrupt then as now or not; our impression is that they have been growing steadily worse and worse—but no matter—let us have them reformed."

His nomination introduced great spirit into the contest, and he was voted for with enthusiasm, particularly by two classes, working-men and thinking-men. His majority over his opponent was 3,177, the whole number of votes being 5,985. His majority considerably exceeded that of Gen. Taylor in the same wards. At the same election Mr. Brooks, of the Express, was elected to a seat in the House, and his 'Card' of thanksgiving to those who had voted for him, elicited or suggested the following from Mr. Greeley:

"TO THE ELECTORS OF THE VITH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.

"The undersigned, late a candidate for Congress, respectfully returns his thanks—first, to his political opponents for the uniform kindness and consideration with which he was treated by them throughout the canvass, and the unsolicited suffrages with which he was honored by many of them; secondly, to the great mass of his political brethren, for the ardent, enthusiastic and effective support which they rendered him; and, lastly, to that small portion of the Whig electors who saw fit to withhold from him their votes, thereby nearly or quite neutralizing the support he received from the opposite party. Claiming for himself the right to vote for or against any candidate of his party as his own sense of right and duty shall dictate, he very freely accords to all others the same liberty, without offense or inquisition.

"During the late canvass I have not, according to my best recollection, spoken of myself, and have not replied in any way to any sort of attack or imputation. I have in no manner sought to deprecate the objections, nor to soothe the terrors of that large and most influential class who deem my advocacy of Land Reform and Social Re-organization synonymous with Infidelity and systematic Robbery. To have entered upon explanations or vindications of my views on these subjects in the crisis of a great National struggle, which taxed every energy, and demanded every thought, comported neither with my leisure nor my inclination.

"Neither have I seen fit at any time to justify nor allude to my participation in the efforts made here last summer to aid the people of Ireland in their anticipated struggle for Liberty and Independence. I shall not do so now. What I did then, in behalf of the Irish millions, I stand ready to do again

so far as my means will permit, when a similar opportunity, with a like prospect of success, is presented—and not for them only, but for any equally oppressed and suffering people on the face of the earth. If any 'extortion and plunder' were contrived and perpetrated in the meetings for Ireland at Vauxhall last season, I am wholly unconscious of it, though I ought to be as well informed as to the alleged 'extortion and plunder' as most others, whether my information were obtained in the character of conspirator or that of victim. I feel impelled, however, by the expressions employed in Mr. Brooks's card, to state that I have found nothing like an inclination to 'extortion and plunder' in the councils of the leading friends of Ireland in this city, and nothing like a suspicion of such baseness among the thousands who sustained and cheered them in their efforts. All the suspicions and imputations to which those have been subjected, who freely gave their money and their exertions in aid of the generous though ineffectual effort for Ireland's liberation have originated with those who never gave that cause a prayer or a shilling, and have not yet traveled beyond them.

"Respectfully,

"HORACE GREELEY.

"New York, Nov. 8, 1848."

CHAPTER XXI.

THREE MONTHS IN CONGRESS.

His objects as a Member of Congress—His first acts—The Chaplain hypocrisy—The Land Reform Bill—Distributing the Documents—Offers a novel Resolution—The Mileage Exposé—Congressional delays—Explosion in the House—Mr. Turner's oration—Mr. Greeley defends himself—The Walker Tariff—Congress in a pet—Speech at the Printers' Festival—The House in good humor—Traveling dead-head—Personal explanations—A dry haul—The amendment game—Congressional dignity—Battle of the books—The Recruiting System—The last night of the Session—The 'usual gratuity'—The Inauguration Ball—Farewell to his constituents.

IN the composition of this work, I have, as a rule, abstained from the impertinence of panegyric, and most of the few sentences of an applausive nature which escaped my pen were promptly erased on the first perusal of the passages which they disfigured. Of a good action, the simplest narrative is the best panegyric; of a bad action, the best justification is the *whole* truth about it. Therefore

though Horace Greeley's career in Congress is that part of his life which I regard with *unmingled* admiration, and though the conduct of his enemies during that period fills me with inexpressible disgust, I shall present here little more than a catalogue of his acts and endeavors while he held a place in the National bear-garden.

He seems to have kept two objects in view, during those three turbulent and exciting months: 1, to do his duty as a Representative of the People; 2, to let the people know exactly and fully what manner of place the House of Representatives is, by what methods their business is kept from being done, and under what pretexts their money is plundered. The first of these objects kept him constantly in his place on the floor of the House. The second he accomplished by daily letters to the Tribune, written, not at his desk in the House, but in his room before and after each day's hubbub. It will be convenient to arrange this chapter in the form of a journal.

Dec. 4th. This was Monday, the first day of the session. Horace Greeley 'took the oaths and his seat.'

Dec. 5th. He gave notice of his intention to bring in a bill to discourage speculation in the public lands, and establish homesteads upon the same.

Dec. 6th. He wrote a letter to the Tribune, in which he gave his first impressions of the House, and used some plain English. He spoke strongly upon the dishonesty of members drawing pay and yet not giving attendance at the early sessions, though the House had a hundred bills ready for conclusive action, and every day lost at the outset insures the defeat of ten bills at the close. As a specimen of plain English take this:

"On the third day, the Senate did not even succeed in forming a quorum, out of fifty-seven or eight members, who are all sure to be in for their pay and mileage, only twenty-nine appeared in their seats; and the annual hypocrisy of electing a chaplain had to go over and waste another day. If either House *had* a chaplain who dare preach to its members what they ought to hear —of their faithlessness, their neglect of duty, their iniquitous waste of time, and robbery of the public by taking from the treasury money which they have not even attempted to earn—then there would be some sense in the chaplain business: but any ill-bred Nathan or Elijah who should undertake such a job

would be kicked out in short order. So the chaplaincy remains a thing of grimace and mummery, nicely calculated to help some flockless and complaisant shepherd to a few hundred dollars, and impose on devout simpletons an exalted notion of the piety of Congress. Should not the truth be spoken?

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"But in truth the great sorrow is, that so many of the Members of Congress, as of men in high station elsewhere, are merely dexterous jugglers, or the tools of dexterous jugglers, with the cup and balls of politics, shuffled into responsible places as a reward for past compliances, or in the hope of being there made useful to the inventors and patentees of their intellectual and moral greatness. To such men, the idea of anybody's coming to Congress for anything else than the distinction and the plunder, unless it be in the hope of intriguing their way up to some still lazier and more lucrative post, is so irresistibly comic—such an exhibition of jolly greenness, that they cannot contemplate it without danger of explosion."

Dec. 13th. Mr. Greeley introduced the Land Reform bill, of which he had given notice. It provided:

1. That any citizen, and any alien who had declared his intention of becoming a citizen, may file a pre-emption claim to 160 acres of Public Land, settle upon it, improve it, and have the privilege of buying it at any time within seven years of filing the claim, at the Government price of $1 25 per acre: *provided*, that he is not the owner or claimant of any other real estate.

2. That the Land office where a claim is filed, shall issue a Warrant of Pre-emption, securing the claimant in seven years' possession.

3. That, after five years' occupancy, a warrant-holder who makes oath of his intention to reside on and cultivate his land for life shall become the owner of any forty acres of his claim which he may select; the head of a family eighty acres.

4. That the price of public lands, when not sold to actual settlers, hall be five dollars per acre.

5. That false affidavits, made to procure land under the provisions of this bill, shall be punished by three years' hard labor in a State prison, by a fine not exceeding $1.000, and by the loss of the land fraudulently obtained.

Dec. 16th. The following notice appeared in the Tribune:

"In reference to many requests for copies of the President's Message and

accompanying Documents, I desire to state that such Message and Documents are expected to cover twelve to fourteen hundred printed octavo pages, and to include three maps, the engraving of which will probably delay the publication for two or three weeks yet. I shall distribute my share of them as soon as possible, and make them go as far as they will; but I cannot satisfy half the demands upon me. As each Senator will have nearly two hundred copies, while Representatives have but about sixty each, applications to Senators, especially from the smaller States, are obviously the most promising."

Dec. 18*th.* Mr. Greeley offered the following resolution in the House:

"*Resolved*, That the Secretary of the Navy be requested to inquire into and report upon the expediency and feasibility of temporarily employing the whole or a portion of our national vessels, now on the Pacific station, in the transportation, at moderate rates, of American citizens and their effects from Panama and the Mexican ports on the Pacific to San Francisco in California."

This was the year of the gold fever. The fate of the above resolution may be given in its proposer's own words

"Monday," he wrote, "was expressly a resolution day; and (the order commencing at Ohio) it was about 2 o'clock before New York was called, and I had a chance to offer the foregoing. It was received, but could not be acted on except by unanimous consent (which was refused) until it shall have laid over one day—when of course it will never be reached again. When the States had been called through, I rose and asked the House to consider the above as modified so as to have the inquiry made by its own Naval Committee instead of the Secretary of the Navy—thus bringing its immediate consideration within the rules. No use—two or three on the other side sang out 'Object,' 'Object,' and the resolution went over—as all resolutions which any member indicates a purpose to debate must do. So the resolution cannot be reached again this Session."

Dec. 19*th.* Mr. Greeley made what the reporters styled 'a plain and forcible speech,' on the tariff, in which he animadverted upon a passage of the Message, wherein the President had alluded to manufacturers as an 'aristocratic class, and one that claimed exclusive privileges.' Mr. Greeley walked into the President.

Dec. 22*d.* On this day appeared in the Tribune, the famous Congressional Mileage Exposé. The history of this exposé is briefly related by Mr. Greeley, in the Whig Almanac for 1850.

"Early in December, I called on the Sergeant-at-Arms, for some money on account, he being paymaster of the House. The Schedule used by that officer was placed before me, showing the amount of mileage respectively accorded to every member of the House. Many of these amounts struck me as excessive, and I tried to recollect if any publication of all the allowances in a like case had ever been made through the journals, but could not remember any such publicity. On inquiry, I was informed that the amounts *were* regularly published in a certain document entitled 'The Public Accounts,' of which no considerable number was printed, and which was obviously not intended for popular distribution. [It is even omitted in *this* document for the year 1848, printed since I published my exposé, so that I can now find it in *no* public document whatever.] I could not remember that I had ever seen a copy, though one had been obtained and used by my assistant in making up last year's Almanac. It seemed to me, therefore, desirable that the facts should be brought to the knowledge of the public, and I resolved that it should be done.

"But how? To have picked out a few of what seemed to me the most flagrant cases of overcharge, and print these alone, would be to invite and secure the reputation of partiality, partisanship, and personal animosity. No other course seemed so fair as to print the mileage of each member, with necessary elucidations. I accordingly employed an ex-clerk in one of the departments, and instructed him to make out a tabular exposé as follows:

"1. Name of each member of the House;

"2. Actual distance from his residence to Washington by the shortest post-route;

"3. Distance for which he is allowed and paid mileage;

"4. Amount of mileage received by him;

"5. Excess of mileage so received over what would have been if the distance had been computed by the shortest or most direct mail-route.

"The exposé was made out accordingly, and promptly forwarded to the Tribune, in which it appeared"

In the remarks which introduced the tabular statement, Mr Greeley expressly and pointedly laid the blame of the enormous excess to the *law*. "Let no man," he said "jump at the conclusion that this excess has been charged and received contrary to law. The fact is otherwise. The members are all honorable men—if any irreverent infidel should doubt it, we can silence him by referring to the prefix to their names in the newspapers, and we presume each has charged just what the law allows him. That law expressly says that each shall receive eight dollars for every twenty miles traveled in coming to and returning from Congress, 'by the

asually traveled route;' and of course if the route usually traveled from California to Washington is around Cape Horn, or the members from that embryo State shall choose to think it is—they will each be entitled to charge some $12,000 mileage per session, accordiy. We assume that each has charged precisely what the law allows him, and thereupon we press home the question — *Ought not* THAT LAW *to be amended?*"

It appeared from the statement, that the whole number of "circuitous miles" charged was 183031, which, at forty cents a mile, amounted to $73,492 60. With about twelve exceptions, it showed that every member of the Senate and House had drawn more mileage than he *ought* to have been legally entitled to, the excess varying in amount from less than two dollars to more than a thousand dollars. Viewed merely as a piece of editorship, this mileage exposé was the best hit ever made by a New York paper. The effect of it upon the town was immediate and immense. It flew upon the wings of the country press, and became, in a few days, the talk of the nation. Its effect upon Congress, and upon the subsequent congressional career of its author, we shall see in a moment.

Dec. 23d. Mr. Greeley wrote a letter to the Tribune, in which he explained the maneuvering by which Congress, though it cannot legally adjourn over for more than three consecutive days, generally contrives to be idle during the whole of the Christmas holidays; *i. e.* from a day or two before Christmas, to a day or two after New Year's. "I was warned," he wrote, "when going to Baltimore last evening, that I might as well keep on to New York, as nothing would be done till some time in January. But I came back, determined to see at least how it was done." It was 'done' by making two bites at the cherry, adjourning first from Saturday to Wednesday; and, after a little show of work on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, adjourning again till after New Year's day. Mr. Greeley spoke in opposition to the adjournment, and demanded the yeas and nays; but they were refused, and the first bite was consummated. "The old soldiers" of the House were too much for him, he said; but he took care to print the names of those who voted for the adjournment.

Dec. 27th. To-day the pent-up rage of Congress at the Mileage

Exposé, which had been fermenting for three days, burst forth; and the gentleman who knocked out the bung, so to speak, was no other than Mr. Sawyer, of Ohio, Mr. Sausage Sawyer of the Tribune. Mr. Sawyer was 'down' in the Exposé for an excess of $281 60, and he rose to a 'question of privilege.' A long and angry debate ensued, first upon the question whether the Exposé could be debated at all; and secondly, if it could, what should be done about it. It was decided, after much struggle and turmoil, that it was a proper subject of discussion, and Mr. Turner, of Illinois, whose *excess* amounted to the interesting sum of $998 40, moved a series of resolutions, of which the following was the most important:

"*Resolved*, That a publication made in the New York Tribune on the day of December, 1848, in which the mileage of members is set forth and commented on, be referred to a Committee, with instructions to inquire into and report whether said publication does not amount, in substance, to an allegation of fraud against most of the members of this House in this matter of their mileage; and if, in the judgment of the Committee, it does amount to an allegation of fraud, then to inquire into it, and report whether that allegation is true or false."

The speech by which Mr. Turner introduced his resolutions was not conceived in the most amiable spirit, nor delivered with that 'oft composure which, it is supposed, should characterize the elocution of a legislator. These sentences from it will suffice for a specimen:

"He now wished to call the attention of the House particularly to these charges made by the editor of the New York Tribune, most, if not all, of which charges he intended to show were absolutely false; and that the individual who made them had either been actuated by the low, groveling, base, and malignant desire to represent the Congress of the nation in a false and unenviable light before the country and the world, or that he had been actuated by motives still more base—by the desire of acquiring an ephemeral notoriety, by blazoning forth to the world what the writer attempted to show was fraud. The whole article abounded in gross errors and willfully false statements, and was evidently prompted by motives as base, unprincipled and corrupt as ever actuated an individual in wielding his pen for the public press.

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"Perhaps the gentleman (he begged pardon), or rather the individual, perhaps the *thing*, that penned that article was not aware that his (Mr. T.'s) portion of the country was not cut up by railroads and traveled by stage-coaches

and other direct means of public conveyance, like the omnibuses in the City of New York, between all points; they had no other channel of communication except the mighty lakes or the rivers of the West; he could not get here in any other way. The law on the subject of Mileage authorized the members to charge upon the most direct usually-traveled route. Now, he ventured the assertion that there was not an individual in his District who ever came to this city, or to any of the North-eastern cities, who did not come by the way of the lakes or the rivers.

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"He did not know but he was engaged in a very small business. A gentleman near him suggested that the writer of this article would not be believed anyhow; that, therefore, it was no slander. But his constituents, living two or three thousand miles distant, might not be aware of the facts, and therefore it was that he had deemed it necessary to repel the slanderous charges and imputations of fraud, so far as they concerned him."

Other honorable gentlemen followed, and discoursed eloquent discord in a similar strain. Mr. Greeley sat with unruffled composure and heard himself vilified for some hours without attempting to reply. At length, in a pause of the storm, he arose and gave notice, that when the resolutions were disposed of he should rise to a privileged question. The following sprightly conversation ensued:

"Mr. Thompson, of Indiana, moved that the resolutions be laid on the table.

"The Yeas and Nays were asked and ordered; and, being taken, were—Yeas 28, Nays 128.

"And the question recurring on the demand for the previous question:

"Mr. Fries inquired of the Speaker whether the question was susceptible of division.

"The Speaker said that the question could be taken separately on each resolution.

"A number of members here requested Mr. Evans to withdraw the demand for the previous question (*i. e.* permit Mr. Greeley to speak).

"Mr. Evans declined to withdraw the motion, and desired to state the reason why he did so. The reason was, that the gentleman from New York [Mr. Greeley] had spoken to an audience to which the members of this House could not speak. If the gentleman wished to assail any member of this House, let him do so here.

The Speaker interposed, and was imperfectly heard, but was understood to say that it was out of order to refer personally to gentlemen on this floor.

"Mr. Evans said he would refer to the editor of the Tribune, and he insisted that the gentleman was not entitled to reply.

["Loud cries from all parts of the House, 'Let him speak,' with mingling dissent.]

"The question was then taken on the demand for the previous question.

"But the House refused to second it.

"Mr. Greeley, after alluding to the comments that had been made upon the article in the Tribune relative to the subject of Mileage, and the abuse which had notoriously been practiced relating to it, said he had heard no gentleman quote one word in that article imputing an illegal charge to any member of this House, imputing anything but a legal, proper charge. The whole ground of the argument was this: Ought not the law to be changed? Ought not the mileage to be settled by the nearest route, instead of what was called the usually-traveled route, which authorized a gentleman coming from the center of Ohio to go around by Sandusky, Albany, New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, and to charge mileage upon that route. He did not object to any gentleman's taking that course if he saw fit; but was that the route upon which the mileage ought to be computed?

"Mr. Turner interposed, and inquired if the gentleman wrote that article?

"Mr. Greeley replied that the introduction to the article on mileage was written by himself; the transcript from the books of this House and from the accounts of the Senate was made by a reporter, at his direction. That reporter, who was formerly a clerk in the Post-Office Department, [Mr. Douglass Howard,] had taken the latest book in the Department, which contained the distances of the several post-offices in the country from Washington; and from that book he had got—honestly, he knew, though it might not have been entirely accurate in an instance or two—the official list of the distances of the several post-offices from this city. In every case, the post-office of the member, whether of the Senate or the House, had been looked out, his distance as charged set down, then the post-office book referred to, and the actual, honest distance by the shortest route set down opposite, and then the computation made how much the charge was an excess, not of legal mileage, but of what would be legal, if the mileage was computed by the nearest mail route.

"Mr. King, of Georgia, desired, at this point of the gentleman's remarks, to say a word; the gentleman said that the members charged; now, he (Mr. K.) desired to say, with reference to himself, that from the first, he had always refused to give any information to the Committee on Mileage with respect to the mileage to which he would be entitled. He had told them it was their special duty to settle the matter; that he would have nothing to do with it. He, therefore, had charged nothing.

"Mr. Greeley (continuing) said he thought all this showed the necessity of a new rule on the subject, for here they saw members shirking off, shrinking from the responsibility, and throwing it from one place to another. Nobody made up the account, but somehow an excess of $60,000 or $70,000 was charged in the accounts for mileage, and was paid from the Treasury.

"Mr. King interrupted, and asked if he meant to charge him (Mr. K) with shirking? Was that the gentleman's remark?

Mr. Greeley replied, that he only said that by some means or other, this excess of mileage was charged, and was paid by the Treasury. This money ought to be saved. The same rule ought to be applied to members of Congress that was applied to other persons.

"Mr. King desired to ask the gentleman from New York if he had correctly understood his language, for he had heard him indistinctly? He (Mr. K) had made the positive statement that he had never had anything to do with reference to the charge of his mileage, and he had understood the gentleman from New York to speak of shirking from responsibility. He desired to know if the gentleman applied that term to him?

"Mr. Greeley said he had applied it to no member

"Mr. King asked, why make use of this term, then?

"Mr. Greeley's reply to this interrogatory was lost in the confusion which prevailed in consequence of members leaving their seats and coming forward to the area in the center.

"The Speaker called the House to order, and requested gentlemen to take their seats.

"Mr. Greeley proceeded. There was no intimation in the article that any member had made out his own account, but somehow or other the accounts had been so made up as to make a total excess of some $60,000 or $70,000, chargeable upon the Treasury. The general facts had been stated, to show that the law ought to be different, and there were several cases cited to show how the law worked badly; for instance, from one district in Ohio, the member formerly charged for four hundred miles, when he came on his own horse all the way; but now the member from the same district received mileage for some eight or nine hundred miles. Now, ought that to be so? The whole argument turned on this; now, the distances were traveled much easier than formerly, and yet more, in many cases *much* more, mileage was charged. The gentleman from Ohio who commenced this discussion, had made the point that there was some defect, some miscalculation in the estimate of distances. He could not help it; they had taken the post-office books, and relied on them, and if any member of the press had picked out a few members of this House, and held up their charges for mileage, it would have been considered invidious.

"Mr. Turner called the attention of the member from New York to the fact that the Postmaster General himself had thrown aside that Post Office book, in consequence of its incorrectness. He asked the gentleman if he did not know that fact?

"Mr. Greeley replied that the article itself stated that the Department did not charge mileage upon that book. Every possible excuse and mitigation had been given in the article; but he appealed to the House—they were the masters of the law—why would they not change it, and make it more just and equal?

"Mr. Sawyer wished to be allowed to ask the gentleman from New York a

question. His complaint was that the article had done him injustice, by setting him down as some 300 miles nearer the seat of Government than his colleague [Mr. Schenck], although his colleague had stated before the House that he [Mr. Sawyer] resided some 60 or 70 miles further.

"Now, he wanted to know why the gentleman had made this calculation against him, and in favor of his colleague?

"Mr. Greeley replied that he begged to assure the gentleman from Ohio that he did not think he had ever been in his thoughts from the day he had come here until the present day; but he had taken the figures from the Post Office book, as transcribed by a former Clerk in the Post Office Department."

After much more sparring of the same description, the resolutions were adopted, the Committee was appointed, the House adjourned, and Mr. Greeley went home and wrote a somewhat facetious account of the day's proceedings. The most remarkable sentence in that letter was this:

"*It was but yesterday that a Senator said to me that though he was utterly opposed to any reduction of Mileage, yet if the House did not stop passing Retrenchment bills for Buncombe, and then running to the Senate and begging Senators to stop them there, he, for one, would vote to put through the next Mileage Reduction bill that came to the Senate, just to punish Members for their hypocrisy.*"

Jan. 2nd. Mr. Greeley offered a resolution calling on the Secretary of the Treasury to communicate to the House the advantages resulting from the imposition by the Tariff of 1846 of duties of 5 and 10 per cent. on certain manufactures of wool and hemp, more than was imposed on the raw material, and if they were not advantageous, then to state what action was required.

Jan. 3rd. The resolution came up.

"Mr. Wentworth objected to the Secretary of the Treasury being called upon for such information. If the gentleman from New York would apply to him [Mr. W.], he would give him his reasons, but he objected to this reference to the Secretary of the Treasury. He moved to lay it on the table, but withdrew it at the request of—

"Mr. Greeley, who said it was well known that the Tariff of 1846 was prepared by the Secretary; he had been its eulogist and defender, and he now wished for his views on the particular points specified. He had unofficially more than thirty times called on the defenders of the Tariff of 1846

to explain these things, but had never been able to get one, and now he wanted to go to headquarters.

"Mr. Wentworth was not satified with this at all, and asked why the gentleman from New York did not call on him. He was ready to give him any information he had.

"Mr. Greeley—That call is not in order. [A laugh.]

"Mr. W.—But he objected to the passage of a resolution imputing that the Secretary of the Treasury had dictated a Tariff bill to the House.

"Mr Washington Hunt—Does not the gentleman from Illinois know that the Committee of Ways and Means called upon the Secretary for a Tariff, and that he prepared and transmitted this Tariff to them?

"Mr. Wentworth—I do not *know* anything about it.

"Mr. Hunt—Well, the gentleman's ignorance is remarkable, for it was very generally known.

"Mr. Wentworth renewed his motion to lay the resolution on the table, on which the Ayes and Noes were demanded, and resulted Ayes 86, Noes 87."

Jan. 4th. Congress, to-day, showed its spite at the mileage exposé in a truly extraordinary manner. At the last session of this very Congress the mileage of the Messengers appointed by the Electoral Colleges to bear their respective votes for President and Vice President to Washington, had been reduced to twelve and a half cents per mile each way. But *now* it was perceived by members that either the mileage of the Messengers must be restored or their own reduced. "Accordingly," wrote Mr. Greeley in one of his letters, "a joint resolution was promptly submitted to the Senate, doubling the mileage of Messengers, and it went through that exalted body very quickly and easily. I had not noticed that it had been definitively acted on at all until it made its appearance in the House to-day, and was driven through with indecent rapidity well befitting its character. No Committee was allowed to examine it, no opportunity was afforded to discuss it, but by whip and spur, Previous Question and brute force of numbers, it was rushed through the necessary stages, and sent to the President for his sanction."

The injustice of this impudent measure is apparent from the fact, that on the *reduced* scale of compensation, messengers received from ten to twenty dollars a day during the period of their *necessary* absence from home. "The messenger from Maine, for instance, brings the vote of his State five hundred and ninety-five miles, and need not be more than eight days absent from his business, at an expense

certainly not exceeding $60 in all. The reduced compensation was $148 75, paying his expenses and giving him $11 per day over."

Jan. 7th. The Printers' Festival was held this evening at Washington, and Mr. Greeley attended it, and made a speech. His remarks were designed to show, that "the interests of tradesmen generally, but especially of the printing and publishing trade, including authors and editors, were intimately involved in the establishment and maintenance of high rates of compensation for labor in all departments of industry. It is of vital interest to us all that the entire community shall be buyers of books and subscribers to journals, which they cannot be unless their earnings are sufficient to supply generously their physical wants and leave some surplus for intellectual aliment. We ought, therefore, as a class, from regard to our own interests, if from no higher motive, to combine to keep up higher rates of compensation in our own business, and to favor every movement in behalf of such rates in other callings."

He concluded by offering a sentiment:

"*The Lightning of Intelligence*—Now crashing ancient tyrannies and toppling down thrones—May it swiftly irradiate the world."

Jan. 9th. The second debate on the subject of Mileage occurred to-day. It arose thus:

The following item being under consideration, viz.: "For Compensation and Mileage of Senators, Members of the House of Representatives, and Delegates, $768,200," Mr. Embree moved to amend it by adding thereto the following: "*Provided*, That the Mileage of Members of both Houses of Congress shall hereafter be estimated and charged upon the shortest mail-route from their places of residence, respectively, to the city of Washington."

The debate which ensued was long and animated, but wholly different in tone and manner from that of the previous week. Strange to relate, the Exposé found, on this occasion, stanch defenders, and the House was in excellent humor. The reader, if he feels curious to know the secret of this happy change, may find it, I think, in that part of a speech delivered in the course of the debate, where the orator said, that "he had not seen a single newspaper of the country which did not approve of the course which

the gentleman from New York had taken; and he believed there was no instance where the Editor of a paper had spoken out the genuine sentiments of the people, and made any expression of disapprobation in regard to the effort of the gentleman from New York to limit this unjustifiable taxation of Milage."

The debate relapsed, at length, into a merry conversation on the subject of traveling '*dead-heads*.'

"Mr. Murphy said, when he came on, he left New York at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, and arrived at Philadelphia to supper; and then entering the car again, he slept very comfortably, and was here in the morning at 8 o'clock. He lost no time. The mileage was ninety dollars.

"Mr. Root would inquire of the gentleman from New York, whether he took his passage and came on as what the agents sometimes call a 'dead-head?' [Laughter.]

"Mr. Murphy replied (amid considerable merriment and laughter) that he did not know of more than one member belonging to the New York delegation to whom that application could properly attaeh.

"Mr. Root said, although his friend from New York was tolerably expert in everything he treated of, yet he might not understand the meaning of the term he had used. He would inform him that the term 'dead-head,' was applied by the steamboat gentlemen to passengers who were allowed to travel without paying their fare. [A great deal of merriment prevailed throughout the hall, upon this allusion, as it manifestly referred to the two editors, the gentleman from Pennsylvania, Mr. Levin, and the gentleman from New York, Mr. Greeley.] But Mr. R. (continuing to speak) said he was opposed to all personalities. He never indulged in any sueh thing himself, and he never would favor such indulgence on the part of other gentlemen.

"Mr. Levin. I want merely to say—

"Mr. Root. I am afraid—

["The confusion of voices and merriment which followed, completely drowned the few words of pleasant explanation delivered here by Mr. Levin.]

"Mr. Greeley addressed the chair.

"The Chairman. The gentleman from New York will suspend his remarks till the Committee shall come to order.

"Order being restored—

"Mr. Greeley said he did not pretend to know what the editor of the Philadelphia Sun, the gentleman from Pennsylvania [Mr. Levin], had done. But if any gentleman, anxious about the matter, would inquire at the railroad offices in Philadelphia and Baltimore, he would there be informed that he (Mr G.) never had passed over any portion of either of those roads free of charge —never in the world. One of the gentlemen interested had once told him he might, but he never had.

"Mr. Embree next obtained the floor, but gave way for

"Mr. Haralson, who moved that the Committee rise.

"Mr. Greeley appealed to the gentleman from Georgia [Mr. Haralson] to withhold his motion, while he might, by the courtesy of the gentleman from Indiana [Mr. Embree], make a brief reply to the allusions which had been made to him and his course upon this subject. He asked only for five minutes But

"Mr. Haralson adhered to his motion, which was agreed to.

"So the Committee rose and reported, 'No conclusion.'"

Jan. 10th. The slave-trade in the District of Columbia was the subject of discussion, and the part which Mr. Greeley took in it, he thus described:

"SLAVE-TRADE IN THE DISTRICT.

MR. GREELEY'S REMARKS

In Defense of Mr. Gott's Resolution, (suppressed.)

["Throughout the whole discussion of Wednesday, Mr. Greeley struggled at every opportunity for the floor, and at first was awarded it, but the speaker, on reflection, decided that it belonged to Mr. Wentworth of Ill., who had made a previous motion. Had Mr. G. obtained the floor at any time, it was his intention to have spoken substantially as follows—the first paragraph being suggested by Mr. Sawyer's speech, and of course only meditated after that speech was delivered."]

Then follows the speech, which was short, eloquent, and convincing.

Jan. 11th. The third debate on the mileage question. Mr. Greeley, who "had been for three days struggling for the floor," obtained it, and spoke in defense of his course. For two highly autobiographical paragraphs of his speech, room must be found in these pages:

"The gentleman saw fit to speak of my vocation as an editor, and to charge me with editing my paper from my seat on this floor. Mr. Chairman, I do not believe there is one member in this Hall who has written less in his seat this session than I have done. I have been too much absorbed in the (to me) novel and exciting scenes around me to write, and have written no editorial here. Time enough for that, Sir, before and after your daily sessions. But the gentleman either directly charged or plainly insinuated that I have neg

lected my duties as a member of this House to attend to my own private business. I meet this charge with a positive and circumstantial denial. Except a brief sitting one Private Bill day, I have not been absent one hour in all, nor the half of it, from the deliberations of this House. I have never voted for an early adjournment, nor to adjourn over. My name will be found recorded on every call of the yeas and nays. And, as the gentleman insinuated a neglect of my duties as a member of a Committee (Public Lands,) I appeal to its Chairman for proof to any that need it, that I have never been absent from a meeting of that Committee, nor any part of one; and that I have rather sought than shunned labor upon it. And I am confident that, alike in my seat, and out of it, I shall do as large a share of the work devolving upon this House as the gentleman from Mississippi will deem desirable.

"And now, Mr. Chairman, a word on the main question before us. I know very well—I knew from the first—what a low, contemptible, demagoguing business this of attempting to save public money always is. It is not a task for gentlemen—it is esteemed rather disreputable even for editors. Your gentlemenly work is spending—lavishing—distributing—taking. Savings are always such vulgar, beggarly, two-penny affairs—there is a sorry and stingy look about them most repugnant to all gentlemanly instincts. And beside, they never happen to hit the right place—it is always 'Strike higher!' 'Strike lower!' To be generous with other people's money—generous to self and friends especially, that is the way to be popular and commended. Go ahead, and never care for expense!—if your debts become inconvenient, you can repudiate, and blackguard your creditors as descended from Judas Iscariot!—Ah! Mr. Chairman, *I* was not rocked in the cradle of gentility!"

Jan. 14th. He wrote out another speech on a noted slave case, which at that time was attracting much attention. This effort was entitled, "My Speech on Pacheco and his Negro." It was humorous, but it was a 'settler'; and it is a pity there is not room for it here.

Jan. 16th. The Mileage Committee made their report, exonerating members, condemning the Exposé, and asking to be excused from further consideration of the subject.

Jan. 17th. A running debate on Mileage—many suggestions made for the alteration of the law—nothing done—the proposed reform substantially defeated. The following conversation occurred upon the subject of Mr. Greeley's own mileage. Mr. Greeley tells the story himself, heading his letter 'A Dry Haul.

"The House having resolved itself again into a Committee of the Whole

and taken up the Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill, on which Mr. Murphy of New York had the floor, I stepped out to attend to some business, and was rather surprised to learn, on my way back to the Hall, that Mr. M. was making *me* the subject of his remarks. As I went in, Mr. M. continued—

"MURPHY.—As the gentleman is now in his seat, I will repeat what I have stated. I said that the gentleman who started this breeze about Mileage, by his publication in the Tribune, has himself charged and received Mileage by the *usual* instead of the *shortest* Mail Route. He charges me with taking $3 20 too much, yet I live a mile further than he, and charge but the same.

"GREELEY.—The gentleman is entirely mistaken. Finding my Mileage was computed at $184 for two hundred and thirty miles, and seeing that the shortest Mail Route, by the Post-Office Book of 1842, made the distance but two hundred and twenty-five miles, I, about three weeks ago, directed the Sergeant-at-Arms to correct his schedule and make my Mileage $180 for two hundred and twenty-five miles. I have not inquired since, but presume he has done so. So that I do not charge so much as the gentleman from Brooklyn, though, instead of living nearer, I live some two or three miles further from this city than he does, or fully two hundred and twenty-nine miles by the shortest Post Route.

"RICHARDSON of Illinois.—Did not the gentleman make out his own account at two hundred and thirty miles?

"GREELEY.—Yes, sir, I did at first; but, on learning that there was a shorter Post Route than that by which the Mileage from our city had been charged, I stepped at once to the Sergeant's room, informed him of the fact, and desired the proper correction. Living four miles beyond the New York Post Office, I might fairly have let the account stand as it was, but I did not.'

Jan. 18th. Mr. Greeley's own suggestion with regard to Mileage appears in the Tribune:

"1. Reduce the Mileage to a generous but not extravagant allowance for the time and expense of traveling;

"2. Reduce the ordinary or minimum pay to $5 per day, or (we prefer) $8 for each day of actual service, deducting Sundays, days of adjournment within two hours from the time of assembling, and all absences not caused by sickness;

"3. Whenever a Member shall have served six sessions in either House, or both together, let his pay thenceforward be increased fifty per cent., and after he shall have served twelve years as aforesaid, let it be double that of an ordinary or new Member;

"4. Pay the Chairman of each Committee, and all the Members of the three most important and laborious Committees of each House, fifty per cent

above the ordinary rates, and the Chairmen of the three (or more) most responsible and laborious Committees of each House (say Ways and Means, Judiciary and Claims) double the ordinary rates; the Speaker double or treble, as should be deemed just;

"5. Limit the Long Sessions to four months, or half-pay thereafter."

Jan. 20th. Another letter appears to-day, exposing some of the expedients by which the time of Congress is wasted, and the public business delayed. The bill for the appointment of Private Claims' Commissioners was before the House. If it had passed, Congress would have been relieved of one-third of its business, and the claims of individuals against the government would have had a chance of fair adjustment. But no. "Amendment was piled on amendment, half of them merely as excuses for speaking, and so were withdrawn as soon as the Chairman's hammer fell to cut off the five-minute speech in full flow The first section was finally worried through, and the second (there are sixteen) was mouthed over for half an hour or so. At two o'clock an amendment was ready to be voted on, tellers were ordered, and behold! *no quorum.* The roll was called over; members came running in from the lobbies and lounging-places; a large quorum was found present; the Chairman reported the fact to the Speaker, and the House relapsed into Committee again. The dull, droning business of proposing amendments which were scarcely heeded, making five-minute speeches that were not listened to, and taking votes where not half voted, and half of those who did were ignorant of what they were voting upon, proceeded some fifteen minutes longer, when the patriotic fortitude of the House gave way, and a motion that the Committee rise prevailed." The bill has not yet been passed. Just claims clamor in vain for liquidation, and doubtful ones are bullied or maneuvered through.

Jan. 22d. To-day the House of Representatives covered itself with glory. Mr. Greeley proposed an additional section to the General Appropriation Bill, to the effect, that members should not be paid for attendance when they did not attend, unless their absence was caused by sickness or public business. "At this very session," said Mr. Greeley in his speech on this occasion, "members have been absent for weeks together, attending to their private

business, while this Committee is almost daily broken up for want of a quorum in attendance. This is a gross wrong to their constituents, to the country, and to those members who remain in their seats, and endeavor to urge forward the public business."

What followed is thus related by Mr. Greeley in his letter to the Tribune:

"Whereupon, Hon. Henry C. Murphy, of Brooklyn, (it takes him!) rose and moved the following addition to the proposed new section:

"'And there shall also be deducted for such time from the compensation of members, who shall attend the sittings of *the House*, as they shall be employed in writing for newspapers.'"

"No objection being made, the House, with that exquisite sense of dignity and propriety which has characterized its conduct throughout, adopted this amendment.

"And then the whole section was voted down.

"Mr. Greeley next, with a view of arresting the prodigal habit which has grown up here of voting a bonus of $250 to each of the sub-clerks, messengers, pages, &c., &c., (their name is Legion) of both Houses, moved the following new section:

"'Sec. 5. *And be it further enacted*, That it shall not henceforth be lawful for either Houses of Congress to appropriate and pay from its Contingent Fund any gratuity or extra compensation to any person whatever; but every appropriation of public money for gratuities shall be lawful only when expressly approved and passed by both Houses of Congress.'

"This was voted down of course; and on the last night or last but one of the session, a motion will doubtless be sprung in each house for the 'usual' gratuity to these already enormously overpaid attendants, and it will probably pass, though I am informed that it is already contrary to law. But what of that?"

Jan. 23d. An Honest Man in the House of Representatives of the United States seemed to be a foreign element, a fly in its cup, an ingredient that would not mix, a novelty that disturbed its peace. It struggled hard to find a pretext for the expulsion of the offensive person; but not finding one, the next best thing was to endeavor to show the country that Horace Greeley was, after all, no better than members of Congress generally. To-day occurred the celebrated, yet pitiful, Battle of the Books. Congress, as every one knows, is accustomed annually to vote each member a small library of books, consisting of public documents, reports, statistics. Mr

Greeley approved the appropriation for reasons which will appear in a moment, and he knew the measure was *sure* to pass; yet, unwilling to give certain blackguards of the House a handle against him and against the reforms with which he was identified, he voted formally against the appropriation. It is but fair to all concerned in the Battle, that an account of it, published in the Congressional Globe, should be given here entire, or nearly so. Accordingly, here it is:

"In the House of Representatives on Tuesday, while the General Appropriation Bill was up, Mr. Edwards, of Ohio, offered the following amendment:

"*Be it further enacted*, That the sums of money appropriated in this bill for books be deducted from the pay of those members who voted for the appropriation.

"Mr. Edwards, in explanation, said that he had voted in favor of the appropriation, and was of course willing that the amendment should operate upon himself precisely as it would upon any other member. He had no apology to make for the vote he had given. He would send to the Clerk's table the New York 'Tribune' of January 18th, and would request the Clerk to read the paragraph which he (Mr. E.) had marked.

"The clerk read the following:

"'And yet, Mr. Speaker, it has been hinted if not asserted on this floor that I voted for these Congressional books! I certainly voted *against* them at every opportunity, when I understood the question. I voted against agreeing to that item of the report of the Committee of the Whole in favor of the Deficiency bill, and, the item prevailing, I voted against the whole bill. I tried to be against them at every opportunity. But it seems that on some stand-up vote in Committee of the Whole, when I utterly misunderstood what was the question before the Committee, I voted for this item. Gentlemen say I did, and I must presume they are right. I certainly never meant to do so, and I did all in my power in the House to defeat this appropriation. But it is common with me in incidental and hasty divisions, when I do not clearly understand the point to be decided, to vote with the Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, [Mr. Vinton,] who is so generally right and who has special charge of appropriation bills, and of expediting business generally. Thus only can I have voted for these books, as on all other occasions I certainly voted against them.'

"The paragraph having been read:

"Mr. Edwards (addressing Mr. Greeley) said, I wish to inquire of the gentleman from New York, if I am in order, whether that is his editorial?

"Mr. Greeley rose.

[Hubbub for some minutes. After which ——]

"Mr. Greeley said, every gentleman here must remember that that was but the substance of what he had spoken on this floor. His colleague next him [Mr. Rumsey] had told him, that upon one occasion he (Mr. G.) had voted for the appropriation for books when he did not understand the vote. He (Mr. G.) had voted for tellers when a motion was made to pass the item; but by mistake the Chairman passed over the motion for tellers, and counted him in favor of the item.

"Mr. Edwards. I understand, then, that the gentleman voted without understanding what he was voting upon, and that he would have voted against taking the books had he not been mistaken.

"Mr Greeley assented.

"Mr. Edwards. I assert that that declaration is unfounded in fact. I have the proof that the gentleman justified his vote both before and after the voting.

"Mr. Greeley called for the proof.

"Mr. Edwards said he held himself responsible, not elsewhere, but here, to prove that the gentleman from New York [Mr. Greeley] had justified his vote in favor of the books both before and after he gave that vote, upon the ground on which they all justified it, and that this editorial was an afterthought, written because he [Mr. G.] had been twitted by certain newspapers with having voted for the books. He held himself ready to name the persons by whom he could prove it.

"[Loud cries of 'Name them; name them.']

"Mr. Edwards (responding to the repeated invitations which were addressed to him) said, Charles Hudson, Dr. Darling, and Mr. Putnam.

"[The excitement was very great, and there was much confusion in all parts of the Hall—many members standing in the aisles, or crowding forward to the area and the vicinity of Mr. Greeley.]

"Mr. Greeley (addressing Mr. Edwards). I say, neither of these gentlemen will say so.

"Mr. Edwards. I hold myself responsible for the proof. (Addressing Mr. Hudson). Mr. Hudson will come to the stand. [General laughter.]

* * * * * * * *

"Mr. Greeley. Now, if there is any gentleman who will say that he has understood me to say that I voted for it understandingly, I call upon him to come forward.

"Mr. Edwards. The gentleman calls for the testimony. Mr. Hudson is the man—Dr. Darling is the man.

"[Members had again flocked into the area. There were cries of 'Hudson, Hudson,' 'down in front,' and great disorder throughout the House.]

"The Chairman again earnestly called to order; and all proceedings were arrested for the moment, in order to obtain order.

"The House having become partially stilled—

"Mr. Hudson rose and said: I suppose it is not in order for me to address

the Committee; but, as I have been called upon, if there is no objection, I have no objection on my part, to state what I have heard the gentleman from New York [Mr. Greeley] say.

"[Cries from all quarters, 'Hear him, hear him.']

"The Chairman. If there is no objection the gentleman can proceed.

"No objection being made—

"Mr. Hudson said, I can say, then, that on a particular day, when this book resolution had been before the House—as it was before the House several times, I cannot designate the day—but one day, when we had been passing upon the question of books, in walking from the Capitol, I fell in with my friend from New York, [Mr. Greeley;] that we conversed from the Capitol down on to the avenue in relation to these books; that he stated—as I understood him (and I think I could not have been mistaken)—that he was in favor of the purchase of the books; that he either had or should vote for the books, and he stated two reasons: the one was, that some of these publications were of such a character that they would never be published unless there was some public patronage held out to the publishers; and the other reason was, that the other class of these books at least contained important elements of history, which would be lost unless gathered up and published soon, and as the distribution of these books was to diffuse the information over the community, he was in favor of the purchase of these books; and that he himself had suffered from not having access to works of this character. That was the substance of the conversation.

"Mr. Hudson having concluded—

"[There were cries of 'Darling, Darling.']

"Mr. Darling rose and (no objection being made) proceeded to say: On one of the days on which we voted for the books now in question—the day that the appropriation passed the House—I was on my way from the Capitol, and, passing down the steps, I accidentally came alongside the gentleman from New York, [Mr. Greeley,] who was in conversation with another gentleman—a member of the House—whose name I do not recollect. I heard him (Mr G.) say he justified the appropriation for the books to the members, on the ground of their diffusing general information. He said that in the City of New York he knew of no place where he could go to obtain the information contained in these books; that although it was supposed that in that place the sources of information were much greater than in almost any other portion of the country, he would hardly know where to go in that City to find this information; and upon this ground that he would support the resolution in favor of the books This conversation, the gentleman will recollect, took place going down from the west door of the Capitol and before we got to the avenue. I do not now recollect the gentleman who was with the gentleman from New York.

"Mr. Putnam rose amid loud cries of invitation, and (no objection being

made,) said: As my name has been referred to in relation to this question, it is due perhaps to the gentleman from New York [Mr. Greeley] that I should state this: That some few days since the gentleman from Ohio [Mr. Edwards called upon me here, and inquired of me whether I had heard my colleague [Mr. Greeley] say anything in relation to his vote as to the books. I that morning had received the paper, and I referred him to the editorial contained therein which has been read by the Clerk; but I have no recollection of stating to the gentleman from Ohio that I heard my colleague say he justified the vote which he gave; nor have I any recollection whatever that I ever heard my colleague say anything upon the subject after the vote given by him.

"The gentleman from Ohio must have misunderstood me, and it is due to my colleague that this explanation should be made.

"[Several voices: 'What did he say *before* the vote?']

"I have no recollection [said Mr. P.] that I ever heard him say anything.

"Mr. Edwards rose, and wished to know if any of his five minutes was left?

"No reply was heard; but, after some conversation, (being allowed to proceed,) he said, I have stated that I have no apologies to make for giving this vote. I voted for these books for the very reasons which the gentleman from New York [Mr. Greeley] gave to these witnesses. I stated that I could prove by witnesses that the gentleman has given reasons of this kind, and that that editorial was an afterthought. If the House requires any more testimony, it can be had; but out of the mouths of two witnesses he is condemned. That is scriptural as well as legal.

"I have not risen to retaliate for anything this editor has said in reference to the subject of mileage. I have been classed among those who have received excessive mileage. I traveled in coming to Washington forty-three miles further than the Committee paid me; but I stated before the Committee the reasons why I made the change of route. I had been capsized once——

"The Chairman interposed, and said he felt bound to arrest this debate.

"[Cries of 'Greeley! Greeley!']

"Mr. Greeley rose——

"The Chairman stated that it would not be in order for the gentleman to address the House while there was no question pending.

"[Cries of 'Suspend the rules; hear him.']

"Mr. Tallmadge rose and inquired if his colleague could not proceed by general consent?

"The Chairman replied in the affirmative

"No objection was made, and

"Mr. Greeley proceeded. The gentleman from Massachusetts [Mr. Hudson] simply misunderstood only one thing. He states me to have urged the considerations which he urged to me. He urged these considerations—and I think forcibly. I say now, as I did the other day on the floor of this House,

I approve of the appropriation for the books, provided they are honestly disposed of according to the intent of the appropriation.

"Mr. Edwards. Why, then, did you make the denial in the Tribune, and say that you voted against it?

"Mr. Greeley. I did vote against it. I did not vote for it, because I did not choose to have some sort of gentlemen on this floor hawk at me. The gentleman from Massachusetts [Mr. Hudson] submitted considerations to me of which I admitted the force. I admit them now; I admit that the House was justifiable in voting for this appropriation, for the reason ably stated by the Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means; and I think I was justifiable, as this Hall will show, in not voting for it. In no particular was there collision between what I said on this floor, the editorial, and what I said in conversation. The conversation to which the gentleman from Wisconsin [Mr. Darling] refers is doubtless the same of which the gentleman from Massachusetts [Mr. Hudson] has spoken.

"Mr. G. having concluded—

"On motion of Mr. Vinton, the Committee rose and reported the bill to the House, with sundry amendments."

After the flurry was over, Mr. Greeley went home and wrote an explanation which appeared a day or two after in the Tribune. It began thus:

"The attack upon me by Dr. Edwards of Ohio to-day, was entirely unexpected. I had never heard nor suspected that he cherished ill-will toward me, or took exception to anything I had said or done. I have spoken with him almost daily as a friendly acquaintance, and only this morning had a familiar conference with him respecting his report on the importation of adulterated drugs, which has just been presented. I have endeavored through the Tribune to do justice to his spirited and most useful labors on that subject. Neither in word nor look did he ever intimate that he was offended with me—not even this morning. Conceive, then, my astonishment, when, in Committee of the Whole, after the general appropriation bill had been gone through by items and sections, he rose, and moving a sham amendment in order to obtain the floor, sent to the clerk's desk to be read, a Tribune containing the substance of my remarks on a recent occasion, repelling the charge that I had voted for the Congressional books, and that having been read, he proceeded to pronounce it false, and declare that he had three wit

nesses in the House to prove it. I certainly could not have been more surprised had he drawn a pistol and taken aim at me."

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Jan. 25th. Mr. Greeley (as a member of the Committee on public lands,) reported a bill providing for the reduction of the price of lands bordering on Lake Superior. In Committee of the Whole, he moved to strike from the army appropriation bill the item of $38,000 for the recruiting service, sustaining his amendment by an elaborate speech on the recruiting system. Rejected. Mr. Greeley moved, later in the day, that the mileage of officers be calculated by the shortest route. Rejected. The most striking passage of the speech on the recruiting system was this:

"Mr. Chairman, of all the iniquities and rascalities committed in our country, I think those perpetrated in this business of recruiting are among the most flagrant. I doubt whether this government punishes as many frauds in all as it incites by maintaining this system of recruiting. I have seen something of it, and been by hearsay made acquainted with much more. A simple, poor man, somewhat addicted to drinking, awakes from a drunken revel in which he has disgraced himself by some outrage, or inflicted some injury, or has squandered means essential to the support of his family. He is ashamed to enter his home—ashamed to meet the friends who have known him a respectable and sober man. At this moment of half insanity and utter horror, the tempter besets him, portrays the joys of a soldier's life in the most glowing and seductive colors, and persuades him to enlist. Doubtless men have often been made drunk on purpose to delude them into an enlistment; for there is (or lately was) a bounty paid to whoever will bring in an acceptable recruit to the station. All manner of false inducements are constantly held out —absurd hopes of promotion and glory are incited, and, when not in his right mind, the dupe is fastened for a term which will probably outlast his life. Very soon he repents and begs to be released—his distracted wife pleads—his famishing children implore—but all in vain. Shylock must have his bond, and the husband and father is torn away from them for years—probably for ever. This whole business of recruiting is a systematic robbery of husbands from their wives, fathers from their children, and sons from their widowed and dependent mothers. It is not possible that a Christian people have any need of such a fabric of iniquity, and I call upon this House to unite in decreeing its abolition."

Jan. 31st. In Committee of the Whole, the naval appropriation bill being under consideration, Mr. Greeley offered an amendment

reducing the list of warrant officers. Rejected. He also spoke for abolishing the grog system.

Feb. 1*st*. Mr. Greeley made a motion to the effect, that no officer of the navy should be promoted, as long as there were others of the higher rank unemployed. Rejected.

Feb 14*th*. Mr. Greeley submitted the following resolution.

"*Resolved*, That the Committee on the Judiciary be instructed to inquire whether there be anything in our laws or authoritative Judicial decisions which countenances the British doctrine of 'Once a subject always a subject,' and to report what action of Congress, if any, be necessary to conform the laws and decisions aforesaid, consistently and thoroughly to the American doctrine, affirming the right of every man to migrate from his native land to some other, and, in becoming a citizen of the latter, to renounce all allegiance and responsibility to the former."

Objected to. The resolution, was therefore, according to the rule, withdrawn.

Feb. 26th. A proposal having been made that the New Mexico and Texas Boundary Question be referred to the Supreme Court, Mr. Greeley objected, on the ground that the majority of the members of that Court were slaveholders.

Feb. 27th. The Committee to whom had been referred Mr. Greeley's Land Reform Bill, asked leave to be relieved from the further consideration of the subject. Mr. Greeley demanded the yeas and nays. Refused. A motion was made to lay the bill on the table, which was carried, the yeas and nays being again refused. In the debates on the organization of the new territories, California, etc., Mr. Greeley took a spirited part.

March 4th. The last night of the session had arrived. It was Saturday. The appropriation bills were not yet passed. The bill for the organization of the new territories, acquired by the Mexican war, had still to be acted upon. It was a night of struggle, turmoil, and violence, though the interests of future empires were concerned in its *deliberations*. A few sentences from Mr. Greeley's own narrative will give an idea of the scene:

"The House met after recess at six—the seats soon filled, the lobbies and galleries densely crowded.

* * * * *

"Members struggled in wild tumult for the floor.

* * * * *

"A vehement yell of 'Mr. Speaker!' rose from the scores who jumped on the instant for the floor.

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"Here the effect of the Previous Question was exhausted, and the wild rush of half the House for the floor—the universal yell of 'Mr. Speaker!' was renewed.

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"The House, still intensely excited, proceeded very irregularly to other business—mainly because they must await the Senate's action on the Thomson substitute.

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"At length—after weary watching till five o'clock in the morning, when even garrulity had exhausted itself with talking on all manner of frivolous pretexts, and relapsed into grateful silence—when profligacy had been satiated with rascally votes of the public money in gratuities to almost everybody connected with Congress, &c., &c.,—word came that the Senate had receded altogether from its Walker amendment and everything of the sort, agreeing to the bill as an Appropriation Bill simply, and killing the House amendment by surrendering its own. Close on its heels came the Senate's concurrence in the House bill extending the Revenue Laws to California; and a message was sent with both bills to rouse Mr. Polk (still President by sufferance) from his first slumbers at the Irving House (whither he had retired from the Capitol some hours before), and procure his signature to the two bills. In due time—though it seemed *very* long now that it was broad daylight and the excitement was subsiding—word was returned that the President had signed the bills and had nothing further to offer, a message having been sent to the Senate, and the House was ready to adjourn; Mr. Winthrop made an eloquent and affecting address on relinquishing the Chair; and the House, a little before seven o'clock in the bright sunshine of this blessed Sunday morning—twice blessed after a cloudy week of fog and mist, snow and rain without, and of fierce contention and angry discord within the Capitol—adjourned *sine die*.

"The Senate, I understand, has not yet adjourned, but the latter end of it had gathered in a bundle about the Vice-President's chair, and was still passing extra gratuities to everybody—and if the bottom is not out of the Treasury, may be doing so yet for aught I know. Having seen enough of this, I did not go over to their chamber, but came wearily away."

March 5th. One more glimpse ought to be given at the House

during that last night of the session. Mr. Greeley explains the methods, the infamous tricks, by which the 'usual' extra allowance to the employés of the House is maneuvered through.

"Let me," he wrote, "explain the origin of this 'usual' iniquity. I am informed that it commenced at the close of one of the earlier of the Long Sessions now unhappily almost biennial. It was then urged, with some plausibility, that a number (perhaps half) of the sub-officers and employés of the House were paid a fixed sum for the session—that, having now been obliged to labor an unusually long term, they were justly entitled to additional pay. The Treasury was full—the expectants were assiduous and seductive—the Members were generous—(it is so easy for most men to be flush with other people's money)—and the resolution passed. Next session the precedent was pleaded, although the reason for it utterly failed, and the resolution slipped through again—I never saw how till last night Thenceforward the thing went easier and easier, until the disease has become chronic, and only to be cured by the most determined surgery.

"Late last night—or rather early this morning—while the House was awaiting the final action of the Senate on the Territorial collision—a fresh attempt was made to get in the 'usual extra allowance' again. Being objected to and not in order, a direct attempt was made to suspend the Rules, (I think I cannot be mistaken in my recollection,) and defeated—not two-thirds rising in its favor, although the free liquor and trimmings provided by the expectants of the bounty had for hours stood open to all comers in a convenient side-room, and a great many had already taken too much. In this dilemma the motion was revamped into one to suspend the Rules to admit a resolution to *pay the Chaplain his usual* compensation for the Session's service, and I was personally and urgently entreated not to resist *this*, and thus leave the Chaplain utterly unpaid. I *did* resist it, however, not believing it true that no provision had till this hour been made for paying the Chaplain, and suspecting some swindle lay behind it. The appeal was more successful with others, and the House suspended its Rules to admit this Chaplain-paying resolution, out of order. The moment this was done a motion was made to *amend the resolution* by providing another allowance for somebody or other, and upon this was piled still another amendment—'Monsieur Tonson come again' to pay 'the usual extra compensation' to the sub-Clerks, Messengers, Pages, etc., etc. As soon as this amendment was reached for consideration—in fact as soon as I could get the floor to do it—I raised the point of order that it could not be in order, when the rules had been suspended for a particular purpose, to let in, under cover of that suspension, an entirely different proposition, for which, by itself, it was notorious that a suspension could not be obtained. This was promptly overruled, the Ayes and Noes on the amendment refused—ditto on the Resolution as amended—and the whole crowded through under the Previous

Question in less than no time. Monroe Edwards would have admired the dexterity and celerity of the performance. All that could be obtained was a vote by Tellers, and ninety-four voted in favor to twenty-two against—a bare quorum in all, a great many being then in the Senate—none, I believe, at that moment in the 'extra' refectory. But had no such refectory been opened in either end of the Capitol, I believe the personal collisions which disgraced the Nation through its Representatives would not have occurred. I shall not speak further of them—I would not mention them at all if they were not unhappily notorious already."

March 6th. Mr. Greeley was one of the three thousand persons who attended the Inauguration ball, which he describes as "a sweaty, seething, sweltering jam, a crowd of duped foregatherers from all creation."

"I went," he says, "to see the new President, who had not before come within my contracted range of vision, and to mark the reception accorded to him by the assembled thousands. I came to gaze on stately heads, not nimble feet, and for an hour have been content to gaze on the flitting phantasmagoria of senatorial brows and epauletted shoulders—of orators and brunettes, office-seekers and beauties. I have had 'something too much of this,' and lo! 'the hour of hours' has come—the buzz of expectation subsides into a murmur of satisfaction—the new President is descending the grand stairway which terminates in the ball-room, and the human mass forms in two deep columns to receive him. Between these, General Taylor, supported on either hand, walks through the long saloon and back through other like columns, bowing and greeting with kind familiarity those on this side and on that, paying especial attention to the ladies as is fit, and everywhere welcomed in turn with the most cordial good wishes. All wish him well in his new and arduous position, even those who struggled hardest to prevent his reaching it.

"But, as at the Inauguration, there is the least possible enthusiasm. Now and then a cheer is attempted, but the result is so nearly a failure that the daring leader in the exploit is among the first to laugh at the miscarriage. There is not a bit of heart in it.

"'They don't seem to cheer with much unction,' I remarked to a Taylor original.

"'Ne-e-o, they don't cheer much,' he as faintly replied; 'there is a good deal of doubt as to the decorum of cheering at a social ball.'

"True enough: the possibility of indecorum was sufficient to check the impulse to cheer, and very few passed the barrier. The cheers 'stuck in the throat,' like Macbeth's Amen, and the proprieties of the occasion were well cared for.

"But just imagine Old Hal walking down that staircase, the just inaugu

rated President of the United States, into the midst of three thousand of the *elite* of the beauty and chivalry of the Whig party, and think how the rafters would have quivered with the universal acclamation. Just think of some one stopping to consider whether it might not be indecorous to cheer on such an occasion! What a solitary hermit that considerer would be!

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"Let those who will, flatter the chief dispenser of Executive patronage, discovering in every act and feature some resemblance to Washington—I am content to wait, and watch, and hope. I burn no incense on his altar, attach no flattering epithets to his name. I turn from this imposing pageant, so rich in glitter, so poor in feeling, to think of him who *should* have been the central figure of this grand panorama—the distant, the powerless, the unforgotten—'behind the mountains, but not setting'—the eloquent champion of Liberty in both hemispheres—whose voice thrilled the hearts of the uprising, the long-trampled sons of Leonidas and Xenophon—whose appeals for South American independence were read to the hastily mustered squadrons of Bolivar, and nerved them to sweep from this fair continent the myrmidons of Spanish oppression. My heart is with him in his far southern abiding-place—with him, the early advocate of African Emancipation; the life-long champion of a diversified Home Industry; of Internal Improvement; and not less glorious in his later years as the stern reprover of the fatal spirit of conquest and aggression. Let the exulting thousands quaff their red wines at the revel to the victor of Monterey and Buena Vista, while wit points the sentiment with an epigram, and beauty crowns it with her smiles: more grateful to me the stillness of my lonely chamber, this cup of crystal water in which I honor the cherished memory with the old, familiar aspiration—

'Here 's to you, Harry Clay!'"

March 9th. Mr. Greeley has returned to New York. To-day he took leave of his constituents in a long letter published in the Tribune, in which he reviewed the proceedings of the late session, characterized it as a Failure, and declined to take to himself any part of the blame thereof. These were his concluding words:

"My work as your servant is done—whether well or ill it remains for you to judge. Very likely I gave the wrong vote on some of the difficult and complicated questions to which I was called to respond Ay or No with hardly a moment's warning. If so, you can detect and condemn the error; for my name stands recorded in the divisions by Yeas and Nays on every public and all but one private bill, (which was laid on the table the moment the sitting opened, and on which my name had just been passed as I entered the Hall.) I wish it were the usage among us to publish less of speeches and

more of propositions and votes therenpon—it wonld give the mass of the people a much clearer insight into the management of their public affairs. My successor being already chosen and commissioned, I shall hardly be suspected of seeking your further kindness, and I shall be heartily rejoiced if he shall be able to combine equal zeal in your service with greater efficiency—equal fearlessness with greater popularity. That I have been somewhat annoyed at times by some of the consequences of my Mileage Exposé is true, but I have never wished to recall it, nor have I felt that I owed an apology to any, and I am quite confident, that if you had sent to Washington (as you doubtless might have done) a more sternly honest and fearless Representative, he would have made himself more unpopular with a large portion of the House than I did. I thank you heartily for the glimpse of public life which your favor has afforded me, and hope to render it useful henceforth not to myself only but to the public. In ceasing to be your agent, and returning with renewed zest to my private cares and duties, I have a single additional favor to ask, not of you especially, but of all; and I am sure my friends at least will grant it without hesitation. It is that you and they will oblige me henceforth by remembering that my name is simply

"HORACE GREELEY."

And thus ended Horace Greeley's three months in Congress. No man ever served his country more faithfully. No man ever received less reward. One would have supposed, that such a manly and brave endeavor to economize the public money and the public time, such singular devotion to the public interests in the face of opposition, obloquy, insult, would have elicited from the whole country, or at least from many parts of it, cordial expressions of approval. It did not, however. With no applauding shouts was Horace Greeley welcomed on his return from the Seat of Corruption. No enthusiastic mass-meetings of his constituents passed a series of resolutions, approving his course. He has not been named for re-election. Do the people, then, generally feel that an Honest Man is out of place in the Congress of the United States?

Only from the little town of North Fairfield, Ohio, came a hearty cry of WELL DONE! A meeting of the citizens of that place was held for the purpose of expressing their sense of his gallant and honorable conduct. He responded to their applauding resolutions in a characteristic letter. "Let me beg of you," said he, "to think little of *Persons*, in this connection, and much of *Measures*. Should any see fit to tell you that I am dishonest, or ambitious, or hollow-

hearted in this matter, don't stop to contradict or confute him, but press on his attention the main question respecting the honesty of these crooked charges. It is with these the public is concerned, and not this or that man's motives. Calling me a hypocrite or demagogue cannot make a charge of $1,664 for coming to Congress from Illinois and going back again an honest one."

CHAPTER XXII.

ASSOCIATION IN THE TRIBUNE OFFICE.

Accessions to the corps—The course of the Tribune—Horace Greeley in Ohio—The Rochester knockings—The mediums at Mr. Greeley's house—Jenny Lind goes to see them—Her behavior—Woman's Rights Convention—The Tribune Association—The hireling system.

But the Tribune held on its strong, triumphant way. Circulation, ever on the increase; advertisements, from twenty to twenty-six columns daily; supplements, three, four, and five times a week; price increased to a shilling a week without loss of subscribers; European reputation extending; correspondence more and more able and various; editorials more and more elaborate and telling; new ink infused into the Tribune's swelling veins. What with the supplements and the thickness of the paper, the volumes of 1849 and 1850 are of dimensions most huge. We must look through them, notwithstanding, turning over the broad black leaves swiftly, pausing seldom, lingering never.

The letter R. attached to the literary notices apprises us that early in 1849, Mr. George Ripley began to lend the Tribune the aid of his various learning and considerate pen. Bayard Taylor, returned from viewing Europe a-foot, is now one of the Tribune corps, and this year he goes to California, and 'opens up' the land of gold to the view of all the world, by writing a series of letters, graphic and glowing. Mr. Dana comes home and resumes his place in the office as manager general and second-in-command. During

the disgraceful period of Re-action, William Henry Fry, now the Tribune's sledge-hammer, and the country's sham-demolisher, then an American in Paris, sent across the Atlantic to the Tribune many a letter of savage protest. Mr. G. G. Foster served up New York in savory 'slices' and dainty 'items.' Horace Greeley confined himself less to the office than before; but whether he went on a tour of observation, or of lecturing, or of political agitation, he brought all he saw, heard and thought, to bear in enhancing the interest and value of his paper.

In 1849, the Tribune, true to its instinct of giving hospitality to every new or revived idea, afforded Proudhon a full hearing in reviews, essays and biography. His maxim, PROPERTY IS ROBBERY, a maxim felt to be true, and acted upon by the early Christians who had all things in common, furnished a superior text to the conservative papers and pulpits. As usual, the Tribune was accused of *uttering* those benign words, not of publishing them merely. On the occasion of the Astor-Place riot, the Tribune supported the authorities, and wrote much for law and order. In the Hungarian war, the editors of the Tribune took an intense interest, and Mr. Greeley tried hard to condense some of the prevalent enthusiasm into substantial help for the cause. He thought that embroidered flags and parchment addresses were not exactly the commodities of which Kossuth stood most in need, and he proposed the raising of a patriotic loan for Hungary, in shares of a hundred dollars each. "Let each village, each rural town, each club, make up by collections or otherwise, enough to take one share of scrip, and so up to as many as possible; let our men of wealth and income be personally solicited to invest generously, and let us resolve at least to raise one million dollars off-hand. Another million will come much easier after the first." But alas! soon came the news of the catastrophe. For a reformed code, the Tribune contended powerfully during the whole time of the agitation of that subject. It welcomed Father Matthew this year—fought Bishop Hughes—discussed slavery—bewailed the fall of Rome—denounced Louis Napoleon—had Consul Walsh, the American apologist of despotism, recalled from Paris—helped Mrs. Putnam finish Bowen of the North American Review —explained to workmen the advantages of association in labor—assisted Watson G. Haynes in his crusade against flogging in the

navy—went dead against the divorce theories of Henry James and others—and did whatsoever else seemed good in its own eyes. Among other things, it did this: Horace Greeley being accused by the Evening Post of a corrupt compliancy with the slave interest, the Tribune began its reply with these words:

"You lie, villain! willfully, wickedly, basely lie!"

This observation called forth much remark at the time.

Thrice the editor of the Tribune visited the Great West this year, and he received many private assurances, though, I believe, no public ones, that his course in Congress was approved by the Great West. In Cincinnati he received marked attention, which he gracefully acknowledged in a letter, published May 21st, 1849:—"I can hardly close this letter without acknowledging the many acts of personal generosity, the uniform and positive kindness, with which I was treated by the citizens of the stately Queen of the West. I would not so far misconstrue and outrage these hospitalities as to drag the names of those who tendered them before the public gaze; but I may express in these general terms my regret that time was not afforded me to testify more expressly my appreciation of regards which could not fail to gratify, even while they embarrassed, one so unfitted for and unambitious of personal attentions. In these, the disappointment caused by the failure of our expected National Temperance Jubilee was quickly forgotten, and only the stern demands of an exacting vocation impelled me to leave so soon a city at once so munificent and so interesting, the majestic outpost of Free Labor and Free Institutions, in whose every street the sound of the builder's hammer and trowel speaks so audibly of a growth and greatness hardly yet begun. Kind friends of Cincinnati and of Southern Ohio! I wave you a grateful farewell!"

In December appeared the first account of the 'Rochester Knockings' in the Tribune, in the form of a letter from that most practical of cities. The letter was received and published quite in the ordinary course of business, and without the slightest suspicion on the part of the editors, that they were doing an act of historical importance. On the contrary, they were disposed to laugh at the mysterious narrative; and, a few days after its publication, in reply to an anxious correspondent, the paper held the following language:—"For ourselves, we really cannot see that these singular revelations

and experiences have, so far, amounted to much. We have yet to hear of a clairvoyant whose statements concerning facts were reliable, or whose facts were any better than any other person's, or who could discourse rationally without mixing in a proportion of nonsense. And as for these spirits in Western New York or elsewhere, it strikes us they might be better engaged than in going about to give from one to three knocks on the floor in response to successive letters of the alphabet; and we are confident that ghosts who had anything to communicate worth listening to, would hardly stoop to so uninteresting a business as hammering."

Nor has the Tribune, since, contained one editorial word intimating a belief in the spiritual origin of the 'manifestations.' The subject, however, attracted much attention, and, when the Rochester 'mediums' came to the city, Horace Greeley, in the hope of elucidating the mystery, invited them to reside at his house, which they did for several weeks. He did not discover, nor has any one discovered, the cause of the singular phenomena, but he very soon arrived at the conclusion, that, whatever their cause might be, they could be of no practical utility, could throw no light on the tortuous and difficult path of human life, nor cast any trustworthy gleams into the future. During the stay of the mediums at his house, they were visited by a host of distinguished persons, and, among others, by Jenny Lind, whose behavior on the occasion was not exactly what the devotees of that vocalist would expect.

At the request of her manager, Mr. Greeley called upon the Nightingale at the Union Hotel, and, in the course of his visit, fell into conversation with gentlemen present on the topic of the day, the Spiritual Manifestations. The Swede approached, listened to the conversation with greedy ears, and expressed a desire to witness some of the marvels which she heard described. Mr. Greeley invited *her* to his house, and the following Sunday morning was appointed for the visit. She came, and a crowd came with her, filling up the narrow parlor of the house, and rendering anything in the way of calm investigation impossible. Mr. Greeley said as much; but the 'mediums' entered, and the rappings struck up with vigor, Jenny sitting on one side of the table and Mr. Greeley on the other.

"Take your hands from under the table," said she to the master of the house, with the air of a new duchess.

It was as though she had said, 'I did n't come here to be humbugged, Mr. Pale Face, and you 'd better not try it.' The insulted gentleman raised his hands into the air, and did not request her to leave the house, nor manifest in any other way his evidently acute sense of her impertinent conduct. As long as we worship a woman on account of a slight peculiarity in the formation of part of her throat, the woman so worshiped will give herself airs. The blame is ours, not hers. The rapping continued, and the party retired, after some hours, sufficiently puzzled, but apparently convinced that there was no collusion between the table and the 'mediums.'

The subsequent history of the spiritual movement is well known. It has caused much pain, and harm, and loss. But, like every other Event, its good results, realized and prospective, are greater far than its evil. It has awakened some from the insanity of indifference, to the insanity of an exclusive devotion to things spiritual. But many spiritualists have stopped short of the latter insanity, and are better men, in every respect, than they were—better, happier, and more hopeful. It has delivered many from the degrading fear of death and the future, a fear more prevalent, perhaps, than is supposed; for men are naturally and justly ashamed of their fears, and do not willingly tell them. Spiritualism, moreover, may be among the means by which the way is to be prepared for that general, that earnest, that fearless consideration of our religious systems to which they will, one day, be subjected, and from which the truth in them has nothing to fear, but how much to hope!

It was about the same time that the Tribune rendered another service to the country, by publishing a fair and full report of the first Woman's Convention, accompanying the report with respectful and favorable remarks. "It is easy," said the Tribune, "to be smart, to be droll, to be facetious, in opposition to the demands of these Female Reformers; and, in decrying assumptions so novel and opposed to established habits and usages, a little wit will go a great way. But when a sincere republican is asked to say in sober earnest what adequate reason he can give for refusing the demand of women to an equal participation with men in political rights, he must answer, None at all. True, he may say that he believes it unwise in them to make the demand—he may say the great majority desire no such thing; that they prefer to devote their time to

the discharge of home duties and the enjoyment of home delights, leaving the functions of legislators, sheriffs, jurymen, militia, to their fathers, husbands, brothers; yet if, after all, the question recurs, 'But suppose the women *should* generally prefer a complete political equality with men, what would you say to that demand?'—the answer must be, 'I accede to it. However unwise or mistaken the demand, it is but the assertion of a natural right, and as such must be conceded.'"

The report of this convention excited much discussion and more ridicule. The ridicule has died away, but the discussion of the subject of woman's rights and wrongs will probably continue until every statute which does wrong to woman is expunged from the laws. And if, before voting goes out of fashion, the ladies should generally desire the happiness, such as it is, of taking part in elections, doubtless that happiness will be conceded them also.

Meanwhile, an important movement was going on in the office of the Tribune. Since the time when Mr. Greeley practically gave up Fourierism, he had taken a deep interest in the subject of Associated Labor, and in 1848, 1849, and 1850, the Tribune published countless articles, showing workingmen how to become their own employers, and share among themselves the profits of their work, instead of letting them go to swell the gains of a 'Boss.' It was but natural that workingmen should reply, as they often did,—'If Association is the right principle on which to conduct business, if it is best, safest, and most just to all concerned, why not try it yourself, O Tribune of the People!' That was precisely what the Tribune of the People had long meditated, and, in the year 1849, he and his partner resolved to make the experiment. They were both, at the time, in the enjoyment of incomes superfluously large, and the contemplated change in their business was, therefore, not induced by any business exigency. It was the result of a pure, disinterested attachment to principle; a desire to add practice to preaching.

The establishment was valued by competent judges at a hundred thousand dollars, a low valuation; for its annual profits amounted to more than thirty thousand dollars. But newspaper property differs from all other. It is won with difficulty, but it is precarious. An unlucky paragraph may depreciate it one-half; a perverse edi-

tor, destroy it altogether. It is tangible, and yet intangible. It is a body and it is a soul. Horace Greeley might have said, *The Tribune—it is I*, with more truth than the French King could boast, when he made a similar remark touching himself and the State. And Mr. McElrath, glancing round at the types, the subscription books, the iron chest, the mighty heaps of paper, and listening to the thunder of the press in the vaults below, might have been pardoned if he had said, *The Tribune—these are the Tribune.*

The property was divided into a hundred shares of a thousand dollars each, and a few of them were offered for sale to the leading men in each department, the foremen of the composing and press-rooms, the chief clerks and bookkeepers, the most prominent editors. In all, about twenty shares were thus disposed of, each of the original partners selling six. In some cases, the purchasers paid only a part of the price in cash, and were allowed to pay the remainder out of the income of their share. Each share entitled its possessor to one vote in the decisions of the company. In the course of time, further sales of shares took place, until the original proprietors were owners of not more than two-thirds of the concern. Practically, the power, the controlling voice, belonged still to Messrs. Greeley and McElrath; but the dignity and advantage of OWNERSHIP were conferred on all those who exercised authority in the several departments. And this was the great good of the new system.

That there is something in being a hired servant which is naturally and deeply abhorrent to men is shown by the intense desire that every hireling manifests to escape from that condition. Many are the ties by which man has been bound in industry to his fellow man; but, of them all, *that* seems to be one of the most unfraternal, unsafe, unfair, and demoralizing. The slave, degraded and defrauded as he is, is *safe;* the hireling holds his life at the caprice of another man; for, says Shylock, he takes my life who takes from me my means of living. "How is business?" said one employer to another, a few days ago. "Dull," was the reply. "I hold on merely to keep the hands in work." Think of that. *Merely* to keep the hands in work. *Merely!* As if there *could* be a better reason for 'holding on;' as if all other reasons combined were not infinitely inferior in weight to this one of keeping men in work

keeping men in heart, keeping men in happiness, keeping men in use! But universal hirelingism is quite inevitable at present, when the governments and institutions most admired may be defined as Organized Distrusts. When we are better, and truer, and wiser, we shall labor together on very different terms than are known to Wayland's Political Economy. Till then, we must live in pitiful estrangement from one another, and strive in sorry competition for triumphs which bless not when they are gained.

The experiment of association in the office of the Tribune, has, to all appearance, worked well. The paper has improved steadily and rapidly. It has lost none of its independence, none of its vivacity, and has gained in weight, wisdom, and influence. A vast amount of work of various kinds is done in the office, but it is done harmoniously and easily. And of all the proprietors, there is not one, whether he be editor, printer, or clerk, who does not live in a more stylish house, fare more sumptuously, and dress more expensively, than the Editor in Chief. The experiment, however, is incomplete. Nine-tenths of those who assist in the work of the Tribune are connected with it solely by the tie of wages, which change not, whether the profits of the establishment fall to zero or rise to the highest notch upon the scale.

More of association in the next chapter, where our hero appears, for the first time, in the character of author.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ON THE PLATFORM.

HINTS TOWARDS REFORMS.

The Lecture System—Comparative popularity of the leading Lecturers—Horace Greeley at the Tabernacle—His audience—His appearance—His manner of speaking—His occasional addresses—The 'Hints' published—Its one subject, the Emancipation of Labor—The Problems of the Time—The 'successful' man—The duty of the State—The educated class—A narrative for workingmen—The catastrophe.

LECTURING, of late years, has become, in this country, what is facetiously termed 'an institution.' And whether we regard it as a

means of public instruction, or as a means of making money, we cannot deny that it is an institution of great importance.

"The bubble reputation," said Shakspeare. Reputation is a bubble no longer. Reputation, it has been discovered, will '*draw*. Reputation *alone* will draw! That airy nothing is, through the instrumentality of the new institution, convertible into solid cash, into a large pile of solid cash. Small fortunes have been made by it in a single winter, by a single lecture or course of lectures. Thackeray, by much toil and continuous production, attained an income of seven thousand dollars a year. He crosses the Atlantic, and, in one short season, without producing a line, gains thirteen thousand, and could have gained twice as much if he had been half as much a man of business as he is a man of genius. Ik Marvel writes a book or two which brings him great praise and some cash. Then he writes one lecture, and not a very good one either, and transmutes a little of his glory into plenty of money, with which he buys leisure to produce a work worthy of his powers. Bayard Taylor roams over a great part of the habitable and uninhabitable globe. He writes letters to the Tribune, very long, very fatiguing to write on a journey, and not salable at a high price. He comes home, and sighs, perchance, that there are no more lands to visit. "Lecture!" suggests the Tribune, and he lectures. He carries two or three manuscripts in his carpet-bag, equal to half a dozen of his Tribune letters in bulk. He ranges the country, far and wide, and brings back money enough to carry him ten times round the world. It was his reputation that did the business. He *earned* that money by years of adventure and endurance in strange and exceedingly hot countries; he *gathered up* his earnings in three months—earnings which, but for the invention of lecturing, he would never have touched a dollar of. Park Benjamin, if he sold his satirical poems to Putnam's Magazine, would get less than hod-carriers' wages, but, selling them directly to the public, at so much a *hear*, they bring him in, by the time he has supplied all his customers, five thousand dollars apiece. Lecturing has been commended as an antidote to the alleged 'docility' of the press, and the alleged dullness of the pulpit. It may be. *I* praise it because it enables the man of letters to get partial payment from the public for the incalculable services which he renders the public.

Lectures are important, too, as the means by which the public are brought into actual contact and acquaintance with the famous men of the country. What a delight it is to *see* the men whose writings have charmed, and moved, and formed us! And there is something in the presence of a man, in the living voice, in the eye, the face, the gesture, that gives to thought and feeling an expression far more effective than the pen, unassisted by these, can ever attain. Horace Greeley is aware of this, and he seldom omits an opportunity of bringing the influence of his presence to bear in inculcating the doctrines to which he is attached. He has been for many years in the habit of writing one or two lectures in the course of the season, and delivering them as occasion offered. No man, not a professional lecturer, appears oftener on the platform than he. In the winter of 1853–4, he lectured, on an average, twice a week. He has this advantage over the professional lecturer. The professional lecturer stands before the public in the same position as an editor; that is, he is subject to the same necessity to make the banquet palatable to those who pay for it, and who will not come again if they do not like it. But the man whose position is already secure, to whom lecturing is only a subsidiary employment, is free to utter the most unpopular truths.

A statement published last winter, of the proceeds of a course of lectures delivered before the Young Men's Association of Chicago, affords a test, though an imperfect one, of the popularity of some of our lecturers. E. P. Whipple, again to borrow the language of the theater, 'drew' seventy-nine dollars; Horace Mann, ninety-five; Geo. W. Curtis, eighty-seven; Dr. Lord, thirty-three; Horace Greeley, one hundred and ninety-three; Theodore Parker, one hundred and twelve; W. H. Channing, thirty-three; Ralph Waldo Emerson, (did it rain?) thirty-seven; Bishop Potter, forty-five; John G. Saxe, one hundred and thirty-five; W. H. C. Hosmer, twenty-six; Bayard Taylor (lucky fellow!) two hundred and fifty-two.

In large cities, the lecturer has to contend with rival attractions, theater, concert, and opera. His performance is subject to a comparison with the sermons of distinguished clergymen, of which some are of a quality that no lecture surpasses. To know the importance of the popular lecturer, one must reside in a country town the even tenor of whose way is seldom broken by an event of com-

manding interest. The arrival of the great man is expected with eagerness. A committee of the village magnates meet him at the cars and escort him to his lodging. There has been contention who should be his entertainer, and the owner of the best house has carried off the prize. He is introduced to half the adult population. There is a buzz and an agitation throughout the town. There is talk of the distinguished visitor at all the tea-tables, in the stores, and across the palings of garden-fences. The largest church is generally the scene of his triumph, and it *is* a triumph. The words of the stranger are listened to with attentive admiration, and the impression they make is not obliterated by the recurrence of a new excitement on the morrow.

Not so in the city, the hurrying, tumultuous city, where the reappearance of Solomon in all his glory, preceded by Dodworth's band, would serve as the leading feature of the newspapers for one day, give occasion for a few depreciatory articles on the next, and be swept from remembrance by a new astonishment on the third. Yet, as we are here, let us go to the Tabernacle and hear Horace Greeley lecture.

The Tabernacle, otherwise called 'The Cave,' is a church which looks as little like an ecclesiastical edifice as can be imagined. It is a large, circular building, with a floor slanting towards the platform—pulpit it has none—and galleries that rise, rank above rank, nearly to the ceiling, which is supported by six thick, smooth columns, that stand round what has been impiously styled the 'pit,' like giant spectators of a pigmy show. The platform is so placed, that the speaker stands not far from the center of the building, where he seems engulfed in a sea of audience, that swells and surges all around and far above him. A better place for an oratorical display the city does not afford. It received its cavernous nickname, merely in derision of the economical expenditure of gas that its proprietors venture upon when they let the building for an evening entertainment; and the dismal hue of the walls and columns gives further propriety to the epithet. The Tabernacle will contain an audience of three thousand persons. At present, there are not more than six speakers and speakeresses in the United States who can 'draw' it full; and of these, Horace Greeley is not

one. His number is about twelve hundred. Let us suppose it half past seven, and the twelve hundred arrived.

The audience, we observe, has decidedly the air of a country audience. Fine ladies and fine gentlemen there are none. Of farmers who look as if they took the Weekly Tribune and are in town to-night by accident, there are hundreds. City mechanics are present in considerable numbers. An ardent-looking young man, with a spacious forehead and a turn-over shirt-collar, may be seen here and there. A few ladies in Bloomer costume of surpassing ugliness—the costume, not the ladies—come down the steep aisles now and then, with a well-preserved air of unconsciousness. In *that* assembly no one laughs at them. The audience is sturdy, solid-looking, appreciative and opinionative, ready for broad views and broad humor, and hard hits. Every third man is reading a newspaper, for they are men of progress, and must make haste to keep up with the times, and the times are fast. Men are going about offering books for sale—perhaps Uncle Tom, perhaps a treatise on Water Cure, and perhaps Horace Greeley's Hints toward Reforms; but certainly something which belongs to the Nineteenth Century. A good many free and independent citizens keep their hats on, and some 'speak right out in meeting,' as they converse with their neighbors.

But the lecturer enters at the little door under the gallery on the right, and when the applause apprizes us of the fact, we catch a glimpse of his bald head and sweet face as he wags his hasty way to the platform, escorted by a few special adherents of the "Cause" he is about to advocate. The newspapers, the hats, the conversation, the book-selling are discontinued, and silent attention is the order of the night. People with 'causes' at their hearts are full of business, and on such occasions there are always some preliminary announcements to be made—of lectures to come, of meetings to be held, of articles to appear, of days to celebrate, of subscriptions to be undertaken. These over, the lecturer rises, takes his place at the desk, and, while the applause, which never fails on any public occasion to greet this man, continues, he opens his lecture, puts on his spectacles, and then, looking up at the audience with an expression of inquiring benignity, waits to begin.

Generally, Mr. Greeley's attire is in a condition of the most hope

less, and, as it were, elaborate disorder. It would be applauded on the stage as an excellent 'make-up.' His dress, it is true, is never unclean, and seldom unsound; but he usually presents the appearance of a man who has been traveling, night and day, for six weeks in a stage-coach, stopping long enough for an occasional hasty ablution, and a hurried throwing on of clean linen. It must be admitted, however, that when he is going to deliver a set lecture to a city audience his apparel does bear marks of an attempted adjustment. But it is the attempt of a man who does something to which he is unaccustomed, and the result is sometimes more surprising than the neglect. On the present occasion, the lecturer, as he stands there waiting for the noise to subside, has the air of a farmer, not in his Sunday clothes, but in that intermediate rig, once his Sunday suit, in which he attends "the meeting of the trustees," announced last Sunday at church, and which he dons to attend court when a cause is coming on that he is interested in. A most respectable man; but the tie of his neckerchief was executed in a fit of abstraction, without the aid of a looking-glass; perhaps in the dark, when he dressed himself this morning before day-*light*—to adopt his own emphasis.

Silence is restored, and the lecture begins. The voice of the speaker is more like a woman's than a man's, high-pitched, small, soft, but heard with ease in the remotest part of the Tabernacle. His first words are apologetic; they are uttered in a deprecatory, slightly-beseeching tone; and their substance is, 'You must n't, my friends, expect fine words from a rough, busy man like me; yet such observations as I have been able hastily to note down, I will now submit, though wishing an abler man stood at this moment in my shoes.' He proceeds to read his discourse in a plain, utterly unambitious, somewhat too rapid manner, pushing on through any moderate degree of applause without waiting. If there is a man in the world who is more un-oratorical than any other—and of course there *is* such a man—and if that man be not Horace Greeley, I know not where he is to be found. A plain man reading plain sense to plain men; a practical man stating quietly to practical men the results of his thought and observation, stating what he entirely believes, what he wants the world to believe, what he knows will not be generally believed in his time, what he is quite sure will one day

be universally believed, and what he is perfectly patient with the world for not believing *yet*. There is no gesticulation, no increased animation at important passages, no glow got up for the closing paragraphs; no aiming at any sort of effect whatever; no warmth of personal feeling against opponents. There is a shrewd humor in the man, however, and his hits excite occasional bursts of laughter; but there is no bitterness in his humor, not the faintest approach to it. An impressive or pathetic passage now and then, which loses none of its effect from the simple, plaintive way in which it is uttered, deepens the silence which prevails in the hall, at the end eliciting warm and general applause, which the speaker 'improves' by drinking a little water. The attention of the audience never flags, and the lecture concludes amid the usual tokens of decided approbation.

Horace Greeley is, indeed, no orator. Yet some who value oratory less than any other kind of bodily labor, and whom the tricks of elocution offend, except when they are performed on the stage, and even there they should be concealed, have expressed the opinion that Mr. Greeley is, strictly speaking, one of the *best* speakers this metropolis can boast. A man, they say, never does a weaker, an unworthier, a more self-demoralizing thing than when he speaks for effect; and of this vice Horace is less guilty than any speaker we are in the habit of hearing, except Ralph Waldo Emerson. Not that he does not make exaggerated statements; not that he does not utter sentiments which are only half true; not that he does not sometimes indulge in language which, when *read*, savors of the high-flown. What I mean is, that his public speeches are literally transcripts of the mind whence they emanate.

At public meetings and public dinners Mr. Greeley is a frequent speaker. His name usually comes at the end of the report, introduced with "Horace Greeley being loudly called for, made a few remarks to the following purport." The call is never declined; nor does he ever speak without saying something; and when he has said it he resumes his seat. He has a way, particularly of late years, of coming to a meeting when it is nearly over, delivering one of his short, enlightening addresses, and then embracing the first opportunity that offers of taking an unobserved departure.

A few words with regard to the subjects upon which Horace

Greeley most loves to discourse. In 1850, a volume, containing ten of his lectures and twenty shorter essays, appeared from the press of the Messrs. Harpers, under the title of "Hints toward Reforms." It has had a sale of 2,000 copies. Two or three other lectures have been published in pamphlet form, of which the one entitled "What the Sister Arts teach as to Farming," delivered before the Indiana State Agricultural Society, at its annual fair at Lafayette in October, 1853, is perhaps the best that Mr. Greeley has written. But let us glance for a moment at the 'Hints.' The title-page contains three quotations or mottoes, appropriate to the book, and characteristic of the author. They are these:

"HASTEN the day, just Heaven!
Accomplish thy design,
And let the blessings Thou hast freely given
Freely on all men shine;
Till Equal Rights be equally enjoyed,
And human power for human good employed;
Till Law, and not the Sovereign, rule sustain
And Peace and Virtue undisputed reign. HENRY WARE."

"LISTEN not to the everlasting Conservative, who pines and whines at every attempt to drive him from the spot where he has so lazily cast his anchor. . . . Every abuse must be abolished. The whole system must be settled on the right basis. Settle it ten times and settle it wrong, you will have the work to begin again. Be satisfied with nothing but the complete enfranchisement of Humanity, and the restoration of man to the image of his God. HENRY WARD BEECHER."

"ONCE the welcome Light has broken,
Who shall say
What the unimagined glories
Of the day?
What the evil that shall perish
In its ray?
Aid the dawning, Tongue and Pen!
Aid it, hopes of honest men!
Aid it, Paper! aid it, Type!
Aid it, for the hour is ripe!
And our earnest must not slacken
Into play:
Men of Thought, and Men of Action,
CLEAR THE WAY! CHARLES MACKAY."

The dedication is no less characteristic. I copy that also, as throwing light upon the aim and manner of the man:

"To the generous, the hopeful, the loving, who, firmly and joyfully believing in the impartial and boundless goodness of our Father, trust, that the errors, the crimes, and the miseries, which have long rendered earth a hell, shall yet be swallowed up and forgotten, in a far exceeding and unmeasured reign of truth, purity, and bliss, this volume is respectfully and affectionately inscribed by THE AUTHOR."

Earth is *not* 'a hell.' The expression appears very harsh and very unjust. Earth is not a hell. Its sum of happiness is infinitely greater than its sum of misery. It contains scarcely one creature that does not, in the course of its existence, enjoy more than it suffers, that does not do a greater number of right acts than wrong. Yet the world as it *is*, compared with the world as a benevolent heart *wishes* it to be, is hell-like enough; so we may, in this sense, but in this sense alone, accept the language of the dedication.

The preface informs us, that the lectures were prompted by invitations to address Popular Lyceums and Young Men's Associations, 'generally those of the humbler class,' existing in country villages and rural townships. "They were written," says the author, "in the years from 1842 to 1848, inclusive, each in haste, to fulfill some engagement already made, for which preparation had been delayed, under the pressure of seeming necessities, to the latest moment allowable. A calling whose exactions are seldom intermitted for a day, never for a longer period, and whose requirements, already excessive, seem perpetually to expand and increase, may well excuse the distraction of thought and rapidity of composition which it renders inevitable. At no time has it seemed practicable to devote a whole day, seldom a full half day, to the production of any of the essays. Not until months after the last of them was written did the idea of collecting and printing them in this shape suggest itself, and a hurried perusal is all that has since been given them."

The eleven published lectures of Horace Greeley which lie before me, are variously entitled; but their subject is ONE; *his* subject is ever the same; the object of his public life is single. It is the

'EMANCIPATION OF LABOR;' its emancipation from ignorance, vice, servitude, insecurity, poverty. This is his chosen, *only* theme, whether he speaks from the platform, or writes for the Tribune. If slavery is the subject of discourse, the Dishonor which Slavery does to *Labor* is the light in which he prefers to present it. If protection—he demands it in the name and for the good of American *workingmen*, that their minds may be quickened by diversified employment, their position secured by abundant employment, the farmers enriched by markets near at hand. If Learning—he laments the unnatural divorce between Learning and *Labor*, and advocates their re-union in manual-labor schools. If 'Human Life'—he cannot refrain from reminding his hearers, that "the deep want of the time is, that the vast resources and capacities of Mind, the far-stretching powers of Genius and of Science, be brought to bear practically and intimately on Agriculture, the Mechanic Arts, and all the now rude and simple processes of Day-Labor, and not merely that these processes may be perfected and accelerated, but that the benefits of the improvement may accrue in at least equal measure to those whose accustomed means of livelihood—scanty at best—are interfered with and overturned by the change." If the 'Formation of Character'—he calls upon men who aspire to possess characters equal to the demands of the time, to "question with firm speech all institutions, observances, customs, that they may determine by what mischance or illusion thriftless Pretense and Knavery shall seem to batten on a brave Prosperity, while Labor vainly begs employment, Skill lacks recompense, and Worth pines for bread." If Popular Education—he reminds us, that "the narrow, dingy, squalid tenement, calculated to repel any visitor but the cold and the rain, is hardly fitted to foster lofty ideas of Life, its Duties and its Aims. And he who is constrained to ask each morning, 'Where shall I find food for the day?' is at best unlikely often to ask, 'By what good deed shall the day be signalized?'" Or, in a lighter strain, he tells the story of Tom and the Colonel. "Tom," said a Colonel on the Rio Grande to one of his command, "how can so brave and good a soldier as you are so demean himself as to get drunk at every opportunity?"—"Colone!" replied the private, "how can you expect all

the virtues that adorn the human character for seven dollars a month?" That anecdote well illustrates one side of Horace Greeley's view of life.

The problems which, he says, at present puzzle the knotted brain of Toil all over the world, which incessantly cry out for solution, and can never more be stifled, but will become even more vehement, till they are solved, are these:

"*Why should those by whose toil* ALL *comforts and luxuries are produced, or made available, enjoy so scanty a share of them? Why should a man able and eager to work, ever stand idle for want of employment in a world where so much needful work impatiently awaits the doing? Why should a man be required to surrender something of his independence in accepting the employment which will enable him to earn by honest effort the bread of his family? Why should the man who faithfully labors for another, and receives therefor less than the product of his labor, be currently held the obliged party, rather than he who buys the work and makes a good bargain of it?* In short, Why should Speculation and Scheming ride so jauntily in their carriages, splashing honest Work as it trudges humbly and wearily by on foot?"

Who is there so estranged from humanity as never to have pondered questions similar to these, whether he ride jauntily in a carriage, or trudge wearily on foot? They have been proposed in former ages as abstractions. They are discussed now as though the next generation were to answer them, practically and triumphantly.

First of all, the author of Hints toward Reforms admits frankly, and declares emphatically, that *the* obstacle to the workingman's elevation is the workingman's own improvidence, ignorance, and unworthiness. This side of the case is well presented in a sketch of the career of the 'successful' man of business:

"A keen observer," says the lecturer, "could have picked him out from among his schoolfellows, and said, 'Here is the lad who will die a bank-president, owning factories and blocks of stores.' Trace his history closely," he continues, "and you find that, in his boyhood, he was provident and frugal—that he shunned expense and dissipation—that he feasted and quaffed seldom

unless at others' cost—that he was rarely seen at balls or frolics—that he was diligent in study and in business—that he did not hesitate to do an uncomfortable job, if it bade fair to be profitable—that he husbanded his hours and made each count one, either in earning or in preparing to work efficiently. He rarely or never stood idle because the business offered him was esteemed ungenteel or disagreeable—he laid up a few dollars during his minority, which proved a sensible help to him on going into business for himself—he married seasonably, prudently, respectably—he lived frugally and delved steadily until it clearly became him to live better, and until he could employ his time to better advantage than at the plow or over the bench. Thus his first thousand dollars came slowly but surely; the next more easily and readily by the help of the former; the next of course more easily still; until now he adds thousands to his hoard with little apparent effort or care. * * * * Talk to such a man as this of the wants of the poor, and he will answer you, that their sons can afford to smoke and drink freely, which he at their age could not; and that he now meets many of these poor in the market, buying luxuries that he cannot afford. Dwell on the miseries occasioned by a dearth of employment, and he will reply that *he* never encountered any such obstacle when poor; for when he could find nothing better, he cleaned streets or stables, and when he could not command twenty dollars a month, he fell to work as heartily and cheerfully for ten or five. In vain will you seek to explain to him that his rare faculty both of doing and of finding to do—his wise adaptation of means to ends in all circumstances, his frugality and others' improvidence—are a part of your case—that it is precisely because all are not created so handy, so thrifty, so worldly-wise, as himself, that you seek so to modify the laws and usages of Society that a man may still labor, steadily, efficiently, and live comfortably, although his youth was not improved to the utmost, and though his can never be the hand that transmutes all it touches to gold. Failing here, you urge that at least his children should be guaranteed an unfailing opportunity to learn and to earn, and that they, surely, should not suffer nor be stifled in ignorance because of their parent's imperfections. Still you talk in Greek to the man of substance, unless he be one of the few who have, in acquiring wealth, outgrown the idolatry of it, and learned to regard it truly as a means of doing good, and not as an end of earthly effort. If he be a man of wealth merely, still cherishing the spirit which impelled him to his life-long endeavor, the world appears to him a vast battle-field, on which some must win victory and glory, while to others are accorded shattered joints and discomfiture, and the former could not be, or would lose their zest, without the latter."

Such is the 'case' of the conservative. So looks the battle of life to the victor. With equal complacency the hawk may philosophize while he is digesting the chicken. But the chicken was of a

different opinion; and died squeaking it to the waving tree-tops, as he was borne irresistibly along to where the hawk could most conveniently devour him.

Mr. Greeley does not attempt to refute the argument of the prosperous conservative. He dwells for a moment upon the fact, that while life is a battle in which men fight, not *for*, but *against* each other, the victors must *necessarily* be few and ever fewer, the victims numberless and ever more hopeless. Resting his argument upon the evident fact that the majority of mankind are poor, unsafe, and uninstructed, he endeavors to show how the condition of the masses can be alleviated by legislation, and how by their own co-operative exertions. The State, he contends, should ordain, and the law should be fundamental, that no man may own more than a certain, very limited extent of land; that the State should fix a definition to the phrase, 'a day's work;' that the State should see to it, that no child grows up in ignorance; that the State is bound to prevent the selling of alcoholic beverages. Those who are interested in such subjects will find them amply and ably treated by Mr. Greeley in his published writings.

But there are two short passages in the volume of Hints toward Reforms, which seem to contain the *essence* of Horace Greeley's teachings as to the means by which the people are to be elevated, spiritually and materially. The following is extracted from the lecture on the Relations of Learning to Labor. It is addressed to the educated and professional classes.

"Why," asks Horace Greeley, "should not the educated class create an atmosphere, not merely of exemplary morals and refined manners, but of palpable utility and blessing? Why should not the clergyman, the doctor, the lawyer, of a country town be not merely the patrons and commenders of every generous idea, the teachers and dispensers of all that is novel in science or noble in philosophy—examplars of integrity, of amenity, and of an all-pervading humanity to those around them—but even in a more material sphere regarded and blessed as universal benefactors? Why should they not be universally—as I rejoice to say that some of them are—models of wisdom and thrift in agriculture—their farms and gardens silent but most effective preachers of the benefits of forecast, calculation, thorough knowledge and faithful application? Nay, more: Why should not the educated class be everywhere teachers, through lectures, essays, conversations, as well as practically, of those great and important truths of nature, which chemistry and

other sciences are just revealing to bless the industrial world? Why should they not unobtrusively and freely teach the farmer, the mechanic, the worker in any capacity, how best to summon the blind forces of the elements to his aid, and how most effectually to render them subservient to his needs? All this is clearly within the power of the educated class, if truly educated; all this is clearly within the sphere of duty appointed them by providence. Let them but *do* it, and they will stand where they ought to stand, at the head of the community, the directors of public opinion, and the universally recognized benefactors of the race.

"I stand before an audience in good part of educated men, and I plead for the essential independence of their class—not for their sakes only or mainly but for the sake of mankind. I see clearly, or I am strangely bewildered, a deep-rooted and wide-spreading evil which is palsying the influence and paralyzing the exertions of intellectual and even moral superiority all over our country. The lawyer, so far at least as his livelihood is concerned, is too generally *but* a lawyer; he must live by law, or he has no means of living at all. So with the doctor; so alas! with the pastor. He, too, often finds himself surrounded by a large, expensive family, few or none of whom have been systematically trained to earn their bread in the sweat of their brows, and who, even if approaching maturity in life, lean on him for a subsistence. This son must be sent to the academy, and that one to college; this daughter to an expensive boarding-school, and that must have a piano—and all to be defrayed from his salary, which, however liberal, is scarcely or barely adequate to meet the demands upon it How shall this man—for man, after all, he is—with expenses, and cares, and debts pressing upon him—hope to be at all times faithful to the responsibilities of his high calling! He may speak ever so fluently and feelingly against sin in the abstract, for that cannot give offense to the most fastidiously sensitive incumbent of the richly furnished hundred-dollar pews. But will he dare to rebuke openly, fearlessly, specially, the darling and decorous vices of his most opulent and liberal parishioners—to say to the honored dispenser of liquid poison, '*Your* trade is murder, and your wealth the price of perdition!'—To him who amasses wealth by stinting honest labor of its reward and grinding the faces of the poor, 'Do not mock God by putting your reluctant dollar into the missionary box—there is no such heathen in New Zealand as yourself!'—and so to every specious hypocrite around him, who patronizes the church to keep to windward of his conscience and freshen the varnish on his character, '*Thou* art the man!' I tell you, friends! he will not, for he cannot afford to, be thoroughly faithful! One in a thousand may be, and hardly more. We do not half comprehend the profound significance of that statute of the old church which inflexibly enjoins celibacy on her clergy. The very existence of the church, as a steadfast power above the multitude, giving law to the people and not receiving its law day by day from them, depends on its maintenance. And if we are ever to enjoy a Christian

ministry which shall systematically, promptly, fearlessly war upon every shape and disguise of evil—which shall fearlessly grapple with war and slavery, and every loathsome device by which man seeks to glut his appetites at the expense of his brother's well-being, it will be secured to us through the instrumentality of the very reform I advocate—a reform which shall render the clergyman independent of his parishioners, and enable him to say manfully to all, 'You may cease to pay, but I shall not cease to preach, so long as you have sins to reprove, and I have strength to reprove them! I live in good part by the labor of my hands, and can do so wholly whenever that shall become necessary to the fearless discharge of my duty.

"A single illustration more, and I draw this long dissertation to a close. I shall speak now more directly to facts within my own knowledge, and which have made on me a deep and mournful impression. I speak to *your* experience, too, friends of the Phenix and Union Societies—to your future if not to your past experience—and I entreat you to heed me! Every year sends forth from our Colleges an army of brave youth, who have nearly or quite exhausted their little means in procuring what is termed an education, and must now find some remunerating employment to sustain them while they are more specially fitting themselves for and inducting themselves into a Profession. Some of them find and are perforce contented with some meager clerkship; but the great body of them turn their attention to Literature—to the instruction of their juniors in some school or family, or to the instruction of the world through the Press. Hundreds of them hurry at once to the cities and the journals, seeking employment as essayists or collectors of intelligence—bright visions of Fame in the foreground, and the gaunt wolf Famine hard at their heels. Alas for them! they do not see that the very circumstances under which they seek admission to the calling they have chosen almost forbid the idea of their succeeding in it. They do not approach the public with thoughts struggling for utterance, but with stomachs craving bread. They seek the Press, not that they may proclaim through it what it would cost their lives to repress, but that they may preserve their souls to their bodies, at some rate. Do you not see under what immense disadvantages one of this band enters upon his selected vocation, if he has the rare fortune to find or make a place in it? He is surrounded, elbowed on every side by anxious hundreds, eager to obtain employment on any terms; he must write not what he feels, but what another needs; must 'regret' or 'rejoice' to order, working for the day, and not venturing to utter a thought which the day does not readily approve. And can you fancy *that* is the foundation on which to build a lofty and durable renown—a brave and laudable success of any kind? I tell you no, young friends!—the farthest from it possible. There is scarcely any position more perilous to generous impulses and lofty aims—scarcely any which more eminently threatens to sink the Man in the mere schemer and striver for subsistence and selfish gratification. I say, then, in deep earnestness, to every youth who hopes or desires to

become useful to his Race or in any degree eminent through Literature, Seek first of all things a position of pecuniary independence; learn to live by the labor of your hands, the sweat of your face, as a necessary step toward the career you contemplate. If you can earn but three shillings a day by rugged yet moderate toil, learn to live contentedly on two shillings, and so preserve your mental faculties fresh and unworn to read, to observe, to think, thus preparing yourself for the ultimate path you have chosen. At length, when a mind crowded with discovered or elaborated truths *will* have utterance, begin to write sparingly and tersely for the nearest suitable periodical—no matter how humble and obscure—if the thought is in you, it will find its way to those who need it. Seek not compensation for this utterance until compensation shall seek you; then accept it if an object, and not involving too great sacrifices of independence and disregard of more immediate duties. In this way alone can something like the proper dignity of the Literary Character be restored and maintained. But while every man who either is or believes himself capable of enlightening others, appears only anxious to sell his faculty at the earliest moment and for the largest price, I cannot hope that the Public will be induced to regard very profoundly either the lesson or the teacher."

Such is the substance of Horace Greeley's message to the literary and refined.

I turn now to the lecture on the Organization of Labor, and select from it a short narrative, the perusal of which will enable the reader to understand the nature of Mr. Greeley's advice to working-men. The story may *become* historically valuable; because the principle which it illustrates may be destined to play a great part in the Future of Industry. It may be true, that the despotic principle is *not* essential to permanence and prosperity, though nothing has *yet* attained a condition of permanent prosperity except by virtue of it. But here is the narrative, and it is worthy of profound consideration:

"The first if not most important movement to be made in advance of our present Social position is the ORGANIZATION OF LABOR. This is to be effected by degrees, by steps, by installments. I propose here, in place of setting forth any formal theory or system of Labor Reform, simply to narrate what I saw and heard of the history and state of an experiment now in progress near Cincinnati, and which differs in no material respects from some dozen or score of others already commenced in various parts of the United States, not to speak of twenty times as many established by the Working Men of Paris and other portions of France.

"The business of IRON-MOLDING, casting, or whatever it may be called,

is one of the most extensive and thrifty of the manufactures of Cincinnati, and I believe the labor employed therein is quite as well rewarded as Labor gen erally. It is entirely paid by the piece, according to an established scale of prices, so that each workman, in whatever department of the business, is paid according to his individual skill and industry, not a rough average of what is supposed to be earned by himself and others, as is the case where work is paid for at so much per day, week or month. I know no reason why the Iron-Molders of Cincinnati should not have been as well satisfied with the old ways as anybody else.

"Yet the system did not 'work well,' even for them. Beyond the general unsteadiness of demand for Labor and the ever-increasing pressure of competition, there was a pretty steadily recurring 'dull season,' commencing about the first of January, when the Winter's call for stoves, &c., had been supplied, and holding on for two or three months, or until the Spring business opened. In this hiatus, the prior savings of the Molders were generally consumed—sometimes less, but perhaps oftener more—so that, taking one with another, they did not lay up ten dollars per annum. By-and-by came a collision respecting wages and a 'strike,' wherein the Journeymen tried for months the experiment of running their heads against a stone wall. How they came out of it, no matter whether victors or vanquished, the intelligent reader will readily guess. I never heard of any evils so serious and complicated as those which eat out the heart of Labor being cured by doing nothing.

"At length—but I believe after the strike had somehow terminated—some of the Journeymen Molders said to each other: 'Standing idle is not the true cure for our grievances: why not employ ourselves?' They finally concluded to try it, and, in the dead of the Winter of 1847-8, when a great many of their trade were out of employment, the business being unusually depressed, they formed an association under the General Manufacturing Law of Ohio (which is very similar to that of New York), and undertook to establish the JOURNEYMEN MOLDERS' UNION FOUNDRY. There were about twenty of them who put their hands to the work, and the whole amount of capital they could scrape together was two thousand one hundred dollars, held in shares of twenty-five dollars each. With this they purchased an eligible piece of ground, directly on the bank of the Ohio, eight miles below Cincinnati, with which 'the Whitewater Canal' also affords the means of ready and cheap communication With their capital they bought some patterns, flasks, an engine and tools, paid for their ground, and five hundred dollars on their first building, which was erected for them partly on long credit by a firm in Cincinnati, who knew that the property was a perfect security for so much of its cost, and decline taking credit for any benevolence in the matter. Their iron, coal, &c., to commence upon were entirely and necessarily bought on credit.

"Having elected Directors, a Foreman, and a Business Agent (the last to

open a store in Cincinnati, buy stock, sell wares, &c.) the Journeymen's Union set to work, in August, 1848. Its accommodations were then meager; they have since been gradually enlarged by additions, until their Foundry is now the most commodious on the river. Their stock of patterns, flasks, &c., has grown to be one of the best; while their arrangements for unloading coal and iron, sending off stoves, coking coal, &c., &c., are almost perfect. They commenced with ten associates actually at work; the number has gradually grown to forty; and there is not a better set of workmen in any foundry in America. I profess to know a little as to the quality of castings, and there are no better than may be seen in the Foundry of 'Industry' and its store at Cincinnati. And there is obvious reason for this in the fact that every workman is a proprietor in the concern, and it is his interest to turn out not only his own work in the best order, but to take care that all the rest is of like quality. All is carefully examined before it is sent away, and any found imperfect is condemned, the loss falling on the causer of it. But there is seldom any deserving condemnation.

"A strict account is kept with every member, who is credited for all he does according to the Cincinnati Scale of Prices, paid so much as he needs of his earnings in money, the balance being devoted to the extension of the concern and the payment of its debts, and new stock issued to him therefor. Whenever the debts shall have been paid off, and an adequate supply of implements, teams, stock, &c., bought or provided for, they expect to pay every man his earnings weekly in cash, as of course they may. I hope, however, they will prefer to buy more land, erect thereon a most substantial and commodious dwelling, surround it with a garden, shade-trees, &c., and resolve to live as well as work like brethren. There are few uses to which a member can put a hundred dollars which might not as well be subserved by seventy-five if the money of the whole were invested together.

"The members were earning when I visited them an average of fifteen dollars per week, and meant to keep doing so. Of course they work hard. Many of them live inside of four dollars per week, none go beyond eight. Their Business Agent is one of themselves, who worked with them in the Foundry for some months after it was started. He has often been obliged to report, 'I can pay you no money this week,' and never heard a murmur in reply. On one occasion he went down to say, 'There are my books; you see what I have received and where most of it has gone: here is one hundred dollars, which is all there is left.' The members consulted, calculated, and made answer: 'We can pay our board so as to get through another week with fifty dollars, and you had better take back the other fifty, for the business may need it before the week is through.' When I was there, there had been an Iron note to pay, ditto a Coal, and a boat-load of coal to lay in for the winter, sweeping off all the money, so that for more than three weeks no man had had a dollar. Yet no one had thought of complaining, for all knew that the delay was dictated,

not by another's interest, but their own. They knew, too, that the assurance of their payment did not depend on the frugality or extravagance of some employer, who might swamp the proceeds of his business and their labor in an unlucky speculation, or a sumptuous dwelling, leaving them to whistle for their money. There were their year's earnings visibly around them in stoves and hollow ware, for which they had abundant and eager demand in Cincinnati, but which a break in the canal had temporarily kept back; in iron and coal for the winter's work; in the building over their heads and the implements in their hands. And while other molders have had work 'off and on' according to the state of the business, no member of the Journeymen's Union has stood idle a day for want of work since their Foundry was first started. Of course, as their capital increases, the danger of being compelled to suspend work at any future day grows less and less continually.

"The ultimate capital of the Journeymen's Union Foundry (on the presumption that the Foundry is to stand by itself, leaving every member to provide his own home, &c.) is to be eighteen thousand dollars, of which seven thousand dollars has already been paid in, most of it in labor. The remainder is all subscribed by the several associates, and is to be paid in labor as fast as possible. That done, every man may be paid in cash weekly for his work, and a dividend on his stock at the close of each business year. The workers have saved and invested from three hundred dollars to six hundred dollars each since their commencement in August of last year, though those who have joined since the start have of course earned less. Few or none had laid by so much in five to ten years' working for others as they have in one year working for themselves. The total value of their products up to the time of my visit is thirty thousand dollars, and they were then making at the rate of five thousand dollars' worth per month, which they do not mean to diminish. All the profits of the business, above the cost of doing the work at journeymen's wages, will be distributed among the stockholders in dividends. The officers of the Union are a Managing Agent, Foreman of the Foundry, and five Directors, chosen annually, but who can be changed meantime in case of necessity. A Reading-Room and Library were to be started directly; a spacious boarding-house (though probably not owned by the Union) will go up this season. No liquor is sold within a long distance of the Union, and there is little or no demand for any. Those original members of the Union who were least favorable to Temperance have seen fit to sell out and go away.

"Now is it reasonable that the million or so of hireling laborers throughout our country who have work when it suits others' convenience to employ them, and must stand idle perforce when it does not, can read the above simple narration—which I have tried to render as lucid as possible—and not be moved to action thereby? Suppose they receive all they earn when employed—which of course they generally do not, or how could employers grow rich by merely buying their labor and selling it again?—should not the simple fact

that these Associated Workers never lack employment when they desire it and never ask any master's leave to refrain from working when they see fit, arrest public attention? Who is such a slave in soul that he would not rather be an equal member of a commonwealth than the subject of a despotism? Who would not like to taste the sweets of Liberty on work-days as well as holidays? Is there a creature so abject that he considers all this mere poetry and moonshine, which a little hard experience will dissipate? Suppose the Cincinnati Iron-Molders' Association should break down, either through some defect in its organization or some dishonesty or other misconduct on the part of one or more of its members—what would that prove? Would it any more prove the impracticability of Industrial Associations than the shipwreck and death of Columbus, had such a disaster occurred on his second or third voyage to America, would have disproved the existence of the New World?

The story is incomplete; the catastrophe is wanting. It can be told in one word, and that word is *failure!* The Union existed about two years. It then broke up, not, as I am very positively assured, from any defect in the system upon which it was conducted; but from a total stagnation in the market, which not only ruined the co-operators, but others engaged in the same business. They made castings on the co-operative principle, made them well, made them as long as anybody would buy them; then—stopped.

The reader of the volume from which I have quoted will find in it much that does less honor to the author's head than his heart. But I defy any one to read it, and not respect the man that wrote it. The kernel of the book is sound. The root of the matter is there. It shows Horace Greeley to be a man whose interest in human welfare is sincere, habitual, innate, and indestructible. We all know what is the usual course of a person who—as the stupid phrase is—'*rises*' from the condition of a manual laborer to a position of influence and wealth. If our own observation were not sufficient, Thackeray and Curtis have told the whole world the sorry history of the modern snob; how he ignores his origin, and bends all his little soul to the task of cutting a figure in the circles to which he has gained admittance.

Twenty men are suffocating in a dungeon—one man, by climbing upon the shoulders of some of his companions, and assisted up still higher by the strength of others, *escapes*, breathes the pure air of heaven, exults in freedom! Does he not, instantly and with all

his might, strive for the rescue of his late companions, still suffering? Is he not prompt with rope, and pole, and ladder, and food, and cheering words? No—the caitiff wanders off to seek his pleasure, and makes haste to remove from his person, and his memory too, every trace of his recent misery. *This* it is to be a snob. No treason like this clings to the skirts of Horace Greeley. He has stood by his Order. The landless, the hireling, the uninstructed—he was their Companion once—he is their Champion now.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THREE MONTHS IN EUROPE.

The Voyage out—First impressions of England—Opening of the Exhibition—Characteristic observations—He attends a grand Banquet—He sees the Sights—He speaks at Exeter Hall—The Play at Devonshire House—Robert Owen's birth-day—Horace Greeley before a Committee of the House of Commons—He throws light upon the subject—Vindicates the American Press—Journey to Paris—The Sights of Paris—The Opera and Ballet—A false Prophet—His opinion of the French—Journey to Italy—Anecdote—A nap in the Diligence—Arrival at Rome—In the Galleries—Scene in the Coliseum—To England again—Triumph of the American Reaper—A week in Ireland and Scotland—His opinion of the English—Homeward Bound—His arrival—The Extra Tribune.

"THE *thing* called Crystal Palace!" This was the language which the intense and spiritual Carlyle thought proper to employ on the only occasion when he alluded to the World's Fair of 1851. And Horace Greeley appears, at first, to have thought little of Prince Albert's scheme, or at least to have taken little interest in it. "We mean," he said, "to attend the World's Fair at London, with very little interest in the show generally, or the people whom it will collect, but with special reference to a subject which seems to us of great and general importance—namely, the improvements recently made, or now being made, in the modes of dressing flax and hemp and preparing them to be spun and woven by steam or water-power." "Only adequate knowledge," he thought, was necessary to give a new and profitable direction to Free Labor, both agricultural and manufacturing."

Accordingly, Horace Greeley was one of the two thousand Americans who crossed the Atlantic for the purpose of attending the World's Fair, and, like many others, he seized the opportunity to make a hurried tour of the most accessible parts of the European Continent. It was the longest holiday of his life. Holiday is not the word, however. His sky was changed, but not the man; and his labors in Europe were as incessant and arduous as they had been in America, nor unlike them in kind. A strange apparition he among the elegant and leisurely Europeans. Since Franklin's day, no American had appeared in Europe whose 'style' had in it so little of the European as his, nor one who so well and so consistently represented some of the best sides of the American character. He proved to be one of the Americans who can calmly contemplate a duke, and value him neither the less nor the more on account of his dukeship. Swiftly he traveled. Swiftly we pursue him.

At noon on Saturday, the sixteenth of April, 1851, the steamship Baltic moved from the wharf at the foot of Canal-street, with Horace Greeley on board as one of her two hundred passengers. It was a chilly, dismal day, with a storm brewing and lowering in the north-east. The wharf was covered with people, as usual on sailing days; and when the huge vessel was seen to be in motion, and the inevitable White Coat was observed among the crowd on her deck, a hearty cheer broke from a group of Mr. Greeley's personal friends, and was caught up by the rest of the spectators. He took off his hat and waved response and farewell, while the steamer rolled away like a black cloud, and settled down upon the river.

The passage was exceedingly disagreeable, though not tempestuous. The north-easter that hung over the city when the steamer sailed 'clung to her like a brother' all the way over, varying a point or two now and then, but not changing to a fair wind for more than six hours. Before four o'clock on the first day—before the steamer had gone five miles from the Hook, the pangs of seasickness came over the soul of Horace Greeley, and laid him prostrate. At six o'clock in the evening, a friend, who found him in the smoker's room, helpless, hopeless, and recumbent, persuaded and assisted him to go below, where he had strength only to un-boot

and sway into his berth. There he remained for twenty-four hours. He then managed to crawl upon deck; but a perpetual head-wind and cross-sea were too much for so delicate a system as his, and he enjoyed not one hour of health and happiness during the passage His opinion of the sea, therefore, is unfavorable. He thought, that a sea-voyage of twelve days was about equal, in the amount of misery it inflicts, to two months' hard labor in the State Prison, or to the average agony of five years of life on shore. It was a consolation to him, however, even when most sick and impatient, to think that the gales which were so adverse to the pleasure-seekers of the Baltic, were wafting the emigrant ships, which it hourly passed, all the more swiftly to the land of opportunity and hope. His were 'light afflictions' compared with those of the multitudes crowded into *their* stifling steerages.

At seven o'clock on the evening of Thursday, the twenty-eighth of April, under sullen skies and a dripping rain, the passengers of the Baltic were taken ashore at Liverpool in a steam-tug, which in New York, thought Mr. Greeley, would be deemed unworthy to convey market-garbage. With regard to the weather, he tells us, in his first letter from England, that he had become reconciled to sullen skies and dripping rains: he wanted *to see the thing out*, and would have taken amiss any deceitful smiles of fortune, now that he had learned to dispense with her favors. He advised Americans, on the day of their departure for Europe, to take a long, earnest gaze at the sun, that they might know him again on their return; for the thing called Sun in England was only shown occasionally, and bore a nearer resemblance to a boiled turnip than to its American namesake.

Liverpool the traveler scarcely saw, and it impressed him unfavorably. The working-class seemed "exceedingly ill-dressed, stolid, abject, and hopeless." Extortion and beggary appeared very prevalent. In a day or two he was off to London by the Trent Valley Railroad, which passes through one of the finest agricultural districts in England.

To most men their first ride in a foreign country is a thrilling and memorable delight. Whatever Horace Greeley may have *felt* on his journey from Liverpool to London, his remarks upon what he saw are the opposite of rapturous; yet, as they are character-

istic, they are interesting. The mind of that man is a 'study,' who, when he has passed through two hundred miles of the enchanting rural scenery of England, and sits down to write a letter about it, begins by describing the construction of the railroad, continues by telling us that much of the *land* he saw is held at five hundred dollars per acre, that two-thirds of it was 'in grass,' that there are fewer fruit-trees on the two hundred miles of railroad between Liverpool and London, than on the forty miles of the Harlem railroad north of White Plains, that the wooded grounds looked meager and scanty, and that the western towns of America ought to take warning from this fact and preserve some portions of the primeval forest, which, once destroyed, can never be renewed by cultivation in their original grandeur. 'The eye sees what it brought with it the means of seeing,' and these practical observations are infinitely more welcome than affected sentiment, or even than genuine sentiment inadequately expressed. Besides, the suggestion with regard to the primeval forests is good and valuable. On his arrival in London, Mr. Greeley drove to the house of Mr. John Chapman, the well-known publisher, with whom he resided during his stay in the metropolis.

On the first of May the Great Exhibition was opened, and our traveler saw the show both within and without the Crystal Palace. The day was a fine one—for England. He thought the London sunshine a little superior in brilliancy to American moonlight; and wondered how the government could have the conscience to tax *such* light. The royal procession, he says, was not much; a parade of the New York Firemen or Odd Fellows could beat it; but then it was a new thing to see a Queen, a court, and an aristocracy doing honor to industry. He was glad to see the queen in the pageant, though he could not but feel that her *vocation* was behind the intelligence of the age, and likely to go out of fashion at no distant day; but not through *her* fault. He could not see, however, what the Master of the Buck-hounds, the Groom of the Stole, the Mistress of the Robes, and 'such uncouth fossils,' had to do with a grand exhibition of the fruits of industry. The Mistress of the Robes *made* no robes; the Ladies of the Bed-chamber did nothing with beds but sleep on them. The posts of honor nearest the Queen's person ought to have been confided to the descendants of Watt and Arkwright,

'Napoleon's *real* conquerors;' while the foreign ambassadors should have been the sons of Fitch, Fulton, Whitney, Daguerre and Morse; and the places less conspicuous should have been assigned, not to Gold-stick, Silver-stick, and 'kindred absurdities,' but to the Queen's gardeners, horticulturists, carpenters, upholsterers and milliners (Fancy Gold-stick reading this passage!) The traveler, however, even at such a moment is not unmindful of similar nuisances across the ocean, and pauses to express the hope that we may be able, before the century is out, to elect 'something else' than Generals to the Presidency.

Before the arrival of Mr. Greeley in London, he had been named by the American Commissioner as a member of the Jury on Hardware, etc. There were so few Americans in London at the time, who were not exhibitors, that he did not feel at liberty to decline the duties of the proffered post, and accordingly devoted nearly every day, from ten o'clock to three, for a month, to an examination of the articles upon whose comparative merits the jury were to decide. Few men would have spent their first month in Europe in the discharge of a duty so onerous, so tedious, and so likely to be thankless. His reward, however, was, that his official position opened to him sources of information, gave him facilities for observation, and enabled him to form acquaintances, that would not have been within the compass of a mere spectator of the Exhibition. Among other advantages, it procured him a seat at the banquet given at Richmond by the London Commissioners to the Commissioners from foreign countries, a feast presided over by Lord Ashburton, and attended by an ample representation of the science, talent, worth and rank of both hemispheres. It was the particular desire of Lord Ashburton that the health of Mr. Paxton, the Architect of the Palace, should be proposed by an American, and Mr. Riddle, the American Commissioner, designated Horace Greeley for that service. The speech delivered by him on that occasion, since it is short, appropriate, and characteristic, may properly have a place here. Mr. Greeley, being called upon by the Chairman, spoke as follows.

"In my own land, my lords and gentlemen, where Nature is still so rugged and unconquered, where Population is yet so scanty and the demands for human exertion are so various and urgent, it is but natural that we should ren-

der marked honor to Labor, and especially to those who by invention or discovery contribute to shorten the processes and increase the efficiency of Industry. It is but natural, therefore, that this grand conception of a comparison of the state of Industry in all Nations, by means of a World's Exhibition, should there have been received and canvassed with a lively and general interest,—an interest which is not measured by the extent of our contributions. Ours is still one of the youngest of Nations, with few large accumulations of the fruits of manufacturing activity or artistic skill, and these so generally needed for use that we were not likely to send them three thousand miles away, merely for show. It is none the less certain that the progress of this great Exhibition, from its original conception to that perfect realization which we here commemorate, has been watched and discussed not more earnestly throughout the saloons of Europe, than by the smith's forge and the mechanic's bench in America. Especially the hopes and fears alternately predominant on this side with respect to the edifice required for the Exhibition—the doubts as to the practicability of erecting one sufficiently capacious and commodious to contain and display the contributions of the whole world—the apprehension that it could not be rendered impervious to water—the confident assertions that it could not be completed in season for opening the Exhibition on the first of May as promised—all found an echo on our shores; and now the tidings that all these doubts have been dispelled, these difficulties removed, will have been hailed there with unmingled satisfaction.

"I trust, gentlemen, that among the ultimate fruits of this Exhibition we are to reckon a wider and deeper appreciation of the worth of Labor, and especially of those 'Captains of Industry' by whose conceptions and achievements our Race is so rapidly borne onward in its progress to a loftier and more benignant destiny. We shall not be likely to appreciate less fully the merits of the wise Statesmen, by whose measures a People's thrift and happiness are promoted—of the brave Soldier, who joyfully pours out his blood in defense of the rights or in vindication of the honor of his Country—of the Sacred Teacher, by whose precepts and example our steps are guided in the pathway to heaven—if we render fit honor also to those 'Captains of Industry' whose tearless victories redden no river and whose conquering march is unmarked by the tears of the widow and the cries of the orphan. I give you, therefore,

"*The Health of Joseph Paxton, Esq., Designer of the Crystal Palace*—Honor to him whose genius does honor to Industry and to Man!"

This speech was not published in the newspaper report of the banquet, nor was the name of the speaker even mentioned. The omission gave him an opportunity to retort upon the London Times its assertion, that with the *English* press, 'fidelity in reporting is a religion.' The speech was w itten out by Mr. Greeley himself, and

published in the Tribune. It must be confessed, that the grad ..e of a Vermont printing-office made a creditable appearance before the 'lords and gentlemen.'

The sights in and about London seem to have made no great impression on the mind of Horace Greeley. He spent a day at Hampton Court, which he oddly describes as larger than the Astor House, but less lofty and containing fewer rooms. Westminster Abbey appeared to him a mere barbaric profusion of lofty ceilings, stained windows, carving, groining, and all manner of contrivances for absorbing labor and money—'waste, not taste; the contortions of the sybil without her inspiration.' The part of the building devoted to public worship he thought less adapted to that purpose than a fifty-thousand dollar church in New York. The new fashion of 'intoning' the service sounded to his ear, as though a Friar Tuck had wormed himself into the desk and was trying, under pretense of reading the service, to caricature, as broadly as possible, the alleged peculiarity of the methodistic pulpit super-imposed upon the regular Yankee drawl. The Epsom races he declined to attend for three reasons; he had much to do at home, he did not care a button which of thirty colts could run fastest, and he preferred that his delight and that of swindlers, robbers, and gamblers, should not 'exactly coincide.' He found time, however, to visit the Model Lodging houses, the People's Bathing establishments, and a Ragged School. The spectacle of want and woe presented at the Ragged School touched him nearly. It made him feel, to quote his own language, that "he had hitherto said too little, done too little, dared too little, sacrified too little, to awaken attention to the infernal wrongs and abuses, which are inherent in the very structure and constitution, the nature and essence of civilized society, as it now exists throughout Christendom." He was in haste to be gone from a scene, to look upon which, as a mere visitor, seemed an insult heaped on injury, an unjustifiable prying into the saddest secrets of the prison-house of human woe; but he apologized for the fancied impertinence by a gift of money.

While in London, Mr. Greeley attended the anniversary of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, and made a speech of a somewhat novel and unexpected nature. The question that was under discussion was, 'What can we Britons do to hasten the over-

throw of Slavery?' Three colored gentlemen and an M. P. had extolled Britain as the land of *true* freedom and equality, had urged Britons to refuse recognition to 'pro-slavery clergymen,' to avoid using the products of slave-labor, and to assist the free-colored people to educate their children. One of the colored orators had observed the entrance of Horace Greeley, and named him commendingly to the audience; whereupon he was invited to take a seat upon the platform, and afterwards to address the meeting; both of which invitations were promptly accepted. He spoke fifteen minutes. He began by stating the fact, that American Slavery justifies itself mainly on the ground, that the class who live by manual toil are everywhere, but *particularly in England*, degraded and ill-requited. Therefore, he urged upon English Abolitionists, first, to use systematic exertions to increase the reward of Labor and the comfort and consideration of the depressed Laboring Class *at home;* and to diffuse and cherish respect for Man as Man, without regard to class, color or vocation. Secondly, to put forth determined efforts for the eradication of those Social evils and miseries *in England* which are appealed to and relied on by slaveholders and their champions everywhere as justifying the continuance of Slavery; and thirdly, to colonize our Slave States by thousands of intelligent, moral, industrious Free Laborers, who will silently and practically dispel the wide-spread delusion which affirms that the Southern States must be cultivated and their great staples produced by Slave Labor, or not at all.

These suggestions were listened to with respectful attention; but they did not elicit the 'thunder of applause' which had greeted the 'Stand-aside-for-I-am-holier-than-thou' oratory of the preceding speakers.

Our traveler witnessed the second performance at the Devonshire House, of Bulwer's play, 'Not so Bad as we Seem,' for the benefit of the Literary Guild, the characters by Charles Dickens, Douglas Jerrold, and other literary notabilities. Not that he hoped much for the success of the project; but it was, at least, an *attempt* to mend the fortunes of unlucky British authors, whose works 'we Americans habitually steal,' and to whom he, as an individual, felt himself indebted. The price of the tickets for the first performance was twenty-five dollars. He applied for one too late, and was there-

fore ob iged to content himself with purchasing a ten-dollar ticket for the second. The play, however, he found rather dull than otherwise, the performance being indebted, he thought, for its main interest to the personal character of the actors, who played respectably for amateurs, but not well. Dickens was not at home in the leading part, as 'stateliness sits ill upon him;' but he shone in the scene where, as a bookseller in disguise, he tempts the virtue of a poor author. In the afterpiece, however, in which the novelist personated in rapid succession a lawyer, a servant, a gentleman and an invalid, the acting seemed 'perfect,' and the play was heartily enjoyed throughout. Mr. Greeley thought, that the "raw material of a capital comedian was put to a better use when Charles Dickens took to authorship." It was half-past twelve when the curtain fell, and the audience repaired to a supper room, where the munificence of the Duke of Devonshire had provided a superb and profuse entertainment. "I did not venture, at that hour," says the traveler, "to partake; but those who did would be quite unlikely to repent of it —till morning." He left the ducal mansion at one, just as 'the violins began to give note of coming melody, to which nimble feet were eager to respond.'

The eightieth birthday of Robert Owen was celebrated on the fourteenth of May, by a dinner at the Colbourne hotel, attended by a few of Mr. Owen's personal friends, among whom Horace Greeley was one. "I cannot," wrote Mr. Greeley, "see many things as he does; it seems to me that he is stone-blind on the side of Faith in the invisible, and exaggerates the truths he perceives until they almost become falsehoods; but I love his sunny, benevolent nature, I admire his unwearied exertions for what he deems the good of humanity; and, believing with the great apostle to the Gentiles, that 'Now abide faith, hope, charity; these three; but the greatest of these is charity,' I consider him practically a better Christian than half those who, professing to be such, believe more and do less." The only other banquet at which Mr. Greeley was a guest in London during his first visit, was the dinner of the Fishmonger's Company. There he heard a harangue from from Sir James Brooke, the Rajah of Borneo. From reading, he had formed the opinion that the Rajah was doing a good work for civilization and humanity in Borneo, but this impression was not confirmed

by the ornate and fluent speech delivered by him on this occasion.

During Mr. Greeley's stay in London, the repeal of the 'taxes on knowledge' was agitated in and out of parliament. Those taxes were a duty on advertisements, and a stamp-duty of one penny per copy on every periodical containing news. A parliamentary committee, consisting of eight members of the House of Commons, the Rt. Hon. T. Milnor Gibson, Messrs. Tufnell, Ewart, Cobden, Rich, Adair, Hamilton, and Sir J. Walmsey, had the subject under consideration, and Mr. Greeley, as the representative of the only untrammeled press in the world, was invited to give the committee the benefit of his experience. Mr. Greeley's evidence, given in two sessions of the committee, no doubt had influence upon the subsequent action of parliament. The advertisement duty was entirely removed. The penny stamp was retained for revenue reasons only, but must finally yield to the demands of the nation.

The chief part of Mr. Greeley's evidence claims a place in this work, both because of its interesting character, and because it really influenced legislation on a subject of singular importance. He told England what England did not understand before he told her—*why* the Times newspaper was devouring its contemporaries; and he assisted in preparing the way for that coming penny-press which is destined to play so great a part in the future of 'Great England.'

In reply to a question by the chairman of the committee with regard to the effect of the duty upon the advertising business, Mr. Greeley replied substantially as follows:

"Your duty is the same on the advertisements in a journal with fifty thousand circulation, as in a journal with one thousand, although the *value* of the article is twenty times as much in the one case as in the other. The duty operates precisely as though you were to lay a tax of one shilling a day on every day's labor that a man were to do; to a man whose labor is worth two shillings a day, it would be destructive; while by a man who earns twenty shillings a day, it would be very lightly felt. An advertisement is worth but a certain amount, and the public soon get to know what it is worth; you put a duty on advertisements and you destroy the value of those coming to new establishments. People who advertise in your well-established journals would afford to pay a price to include the duty; but in a new paper, the adver-

tisements would not be worth the amount of the duty *alone;* and consequently the new concern would have no chance Now, the advertisements are one main source of the income of daily papers, and thousands of business men take them mainly for those advertisements. For instance, at the time when our auctioneers were appointed by law (they were, of course, party politicians), one journal, which was high in the confidence of the party in power, obtained not a law, but an *understanding*, that all the auctioneers appointed should advertise in that journal. Now, though the journal referred to has ceased to be of that party, and the auctioneers are no longer appointed by the State, yet that journal has almost the monopoly of the auctioneers' business to this day. Auctioneers *must* advertise in it because they know that purchasers are looking there ; and purchasers must take the paper, because they know that it contains just the advertisements they want to see ; and this, without regard to the goodness or the principles of the paper. I know men in this town who take one journal mainly for its advertisements, and they *must* take the Times, because everything is advertised in it ; for the same reason, advertisers *must* advertise in the Times. If we had a duty on advertisements, I will not say it would be impossible to build a new concern up in New York against the competition of the older ones ; but I do say, it would be impossible to preserve the weaker papers from being swallowed up by the stronger."

Mr. Cobden. "Do you then consider the fact, that the Times newspaper for the last fifteen years has been increasing so largely in circulation, is to be accounted for mainly by the existence of the advertisement duty?"

Mr. Greeley. "Yes; much more than the stamp. By the operation of the advertisement duty, an advertisement is charged ten times as much in one paper as in another. An advertisement in the Times may be worth five pounds, while in another paper it is only worth one pound; but the duty is the same."

Mr. Rich. "The greater the number of small advertisements in papers, the greater the advantage to their proprietors?"

Mr. Greeley. "Yes. Suppose the cost of a small advertisement to be five shillings, the usual charge in the Times ; if you have to pay a shilling or eighteen pence duty, that advertisement is worth *nothing* in a journal with a fourth part of the circulation of the Times."

Chairman. "Does it not appear to you that the taxes on the press are hostile to one another ; in the first place, lessening the circulation of papers by means of the stamp duty, we diminish the consumption of paper, and therefore lessen the amount of paper duty ; secondly, by diminishing the sale of papers through the stamp, we lessen the number of advertisements, and therefore the receipts of the advertisement duty?"

Mr. Greeley. "I should say that if the government were, simply as a matter of revenue, to fix a duty, say of half a penny per pound, on paper, it would be easily collected, and produce more money ; and then, a law which is equal

in its operation does not require any considerable number of officers to collect the duty, and it would require no particular vigilance; and the duty on paper alone would be most equal and most efficient as a revenue duty."

CHAIRMAN. "It is clear, then, that the effect of the stamp and advertisement duty is to lessen the amount of the receipt from the duty on paper."

Mr. GREELEY. "Enormously. I see that the circulation of daily papers in London is but sixty thousand, against a hundred thousand in New York; while the tendency is more to concentrate on London than on New York. Not a tenth part of our daily papers are printed in New York."

Mr. COBDEN. "Do you consider, that there are upwards of a million papers issued daily from the press in the United States?"

Mr. GREELEY. "I should say about a million: I cannot say upwards. I think there are about two hundred and fifty daily journals published in the United States."

Mr. COBDEN. "At what amount of population does a town in the United States begin to have a daily paper? They first of all begin with a weekly paper, do they not?"

Mr. GREELEY. "Yes. The general rule is, that each county will have one weekly newspaper. In all the Free States, if a county have a population of twenty thousand, it has two papers, one for each party. The general average in the agricultural counties is one local journal to every ten thousand inhabitants. When a town grows to have fifteen thousand inhabitants in and about it, then it has a daily paper; but sometimes that is the case when it has as few as ten thousand: it depends more on the business of a place than its population. But fifteen thousand may be stated as the average at which a daily paper commences; at twenty thousand they have two, and so on. In central towns, like Buffalo, Rochester, Troy, they have from three to five daily journals, each of which prints a semi-weekly or a weekly journal."

Mr. RICH. "Have your papers much circulation outside the towns in which they are published?"

Mr. GREELEY. "The county is the general limit; though some have a judicial district of five or six counties."

Mr. RICH. "Would the New York paper, for instance, have much circulation in Charleston?"

Mr. GREELEY. "The New York Herald, I think, which is considered the journal most friendly to Southern interests, has a considerable circulation there."

CHAIRMAN. "When a person proposes to publish a paper in New York, he is not required to go to any office to register himself, or to give security that he will not insert libels or seditious matter? A newspaper publisher is not subject to any liability more than other persons?"

Mr. GREELEY. "No; no more than a man that starts a blacksmith's shop."

CHAIRMAN. "They do not presume in the United States, that because a man is going to print news in a paper, he is going to libel?"

Mr. GREELEY. "No; nor do they presume that his libeling would be worth much, unless he is a responsible character."

Mr. COBDEN. "From what you have stated with regard to the circulation of the daily papers in New York, it appears that a very large proportion of the adult population must be customers for them?"

Mr. GREELEY. "Yes; I think three-fourths of all the families take a daily paper of some kind."

Mr. COBDEN. "The purchasers of the daily papers must consist of a different class from those in England; mechanics must purchase them?"

Mr. GREELEY. "Every mechanic takes a paper, or nearly every one."

Mr. COBDEN. "Do those people generally get them before they leave home for their work?"

Mr. GREELEY. "Yes; and you are complained of if you do not furnish a man with his newspaper at his breakfast; he wants to read it between six or seven usually."

Mr. COBDEN. "Then a ship-builder, or a cooper, or a joiner, needs his daily paper at his breakfast-time?"

Mr. GREELEY. "Yes; and he may take it with him to read at his dinner between twelve and one; but the rule is, that he wants his paper at his breakfast."

Mr. COBDEN. "After he has finished his breakfast or his dinner, he may be found reading the daily newspaper, just as the people of the upper classes do in England?"

Mr. GREELEY. "Yes; if they do."

Mr. COBDEN. "And that is quite common, is it not?"

Mr. GREELEY. "Almost universal, I think. There is a very low class, a good many foreigners, who do not know how to read; but no native, I think."

Mr. EWART. "Do the agricultural laborers read much?"

Mr. GREELEY. "Yes; they take our weekly papers, which they receive through the post generally."

Mr. COBDEN. "The working people in New York are not in the habit of resorting to public-houses to read the newspapers, are they?"

Mr. GREELEY. "They go to public-houses, but not to read the papers. It is not the general practice; but, still, we have quite a class who do so."

Mr. COBDEN. "The newspapers, then, is not the attraction to the public-house?"

Mr. GREELEY. "No. I think a very small proportion of our reading class go there at all; those that I have seen there are mainly the foreign population, those who do not read."

CHAIRMAN. "Are there any papers published in New York, or in other parts, which may be said to be of an obscene or immoral character?"

Mr. GREELEY. "We call the New York Herald a very bad paper—those who do not like it; but that is not the cheapest."

CHAIRMAN. "Have you heard of a paper called the 'The Town,' published in this country, with pictures of a certain character in it? Have you any publications in the United States of that character?"

Mr. GREELEY. "Not daily papers. There are weekly papers got up from time to time called the 'Scorpion,' the 'Flash,' and so on, whose purpose is to extort money from parties who can be threatened with exposure of immoral practices, or for visiting infamous houses."

Mr. EWART. "They do not last, do they?"

Mr GREELEY. "I do not know of any one being continued for any considerable time. If one dies, another is got up, and that goes down. Our cheap daily papers, the very cheapest, are, as a class, quite as discreet in their conduct and conversation as other journals. They do not embody the same amount of talent; they devote themselves mainly to news. They are not party journals; they are nominally independent; they are not given to harsh language with regard to public men: they are very moderate.

Mr. EWART. "Is scurility or personality common in the publications of the United States?"

Mr. GREELEY. "It is not common; it is much less frequent than it was; but it is not absolutely unknown."

Mr. COBDEN. "What is the circulation of the New York Herald?"

Mr. GREELEY. "Twenty-five thousand, I believe."

Mr. COBDEN. "Is that an influential paper in America?"

Mr. GREELEY. "I think not."

Mr. COBDEN. "It has a higher reputation in Europe probably than at home.'

Mr. GREELEY. "A certain class of journals in this country find it their interest or pleasure to quote it a good deal."

CHAIRMAN. "As the demand is extensive, is the remuneration for the services of the literary men who are employed on the press, good?"

Mr. GREELEY. "The prices of literary labor are more moderate than in this country. The highest salary, I think, that would be commanded by any one connected with the press would be five thousand dollars—the highest that could be thought of. I have not heard of higher than three thousand."

Mr. RICH. "What would be about the ordinary remuneration?"

Mr. GREELEY. "In our own concern it is, besides the principal editor, from fifteen hundred dollars down to five hundred. I think that is the usual range."

CHAIRMAN. "Are your leading men in America, in point of literary ability, employed from time to time upon the press as an occupation?"

Mr GREELEY. "It is beginning to be so, but it has not been the custom There have been leading men connected with the press; but the press has not been usually conducted by the most powerful men. With a few exceptions, the leading political journals are conducted ably, and they are becoming more

so; and, with a wider diffusion of the circulation, the press is more able to pay for it."

Mr. RICH. "Is it a profession apart?"

Mr. GREELEY. "No; usually the men have been brought up to the bar, to the pulpit, and so on; they are literary men."

CHAIRMAN. "I presume that the non-reading class in the United States is a very limited one?"

Mr. GREELEY. "Yes; except in the Slave States."

CHAIRMAN. "Do not you consider that newspaper reading is calculated to keep up a habit of reading?"

Mr. GREELEY. "I think it is worth all the schools in the country. I think it creates a taste for reading in every child's mind, and it increases his interest in his lessons; he is attracted from always seeing a newspaper and hearing it read, I think."

CHAIRMAN. "Supposing that you had your schools as now, but that your newspaper press were reduced within the limits of the press in England, do you not think that the habit of reading acquired at school would be frequently laid aside?"

MR. GREELEY. "I think that the habit would not be acquired, and that paper reading would fall into disuse."

Mr. EWART. "Having observed both countries, can you state whether the press has greater influence on public opinion in the United States than in England, or the reverse?"

Mr. GREELEY. "I think it has more influence with us. I do not know that any class is despotically governed by the press, but its influence is more universal; every one reads and talks about it with us, and more weight is laid upon intelligence than on editorials; the paper which brings the quickest news is the thing looked to."

Mr. EWART. "The leading article has not so much influence as in England?"

Mr. GREELEY. "No; the telegraphic dispatch is the great point."

Mr. COBDEN. "Observing our newspapers and comparing them with the American papers, do you find that we make much less use of the electric telegraph for transmitting news than in America?"

Mr. GREELEY. "Not a hundredth part as much as we do."

Mr. COBDEN. "An impression prevails in this country that our newspaper press incurs a great deal more expense to expedite news than you do in New York. Are you of that opinion?"

Mr. GREELEY. "I do not know what your expense is. I should say that a hundred thousand dollars a year is paid by our association of the six leading daily papers, besides what each gets separately for itself."

Mr. COBDEN. "Twenty thousand pounds a year is paid by your association, consisting of six papers, for what you get in common?"

Mr. GREELEY. "Yes; we telegraph a great deal in the United States. As

suming that a scientific meeting was held at Cincinnati this year, we should telegraph the reports from that place, and I presume other journals would have special reporters to report the proceedings at length. We have a report every day, fifteen hundred miles, from New Orleans daily; from St. Louis too, and other places."

"The Committee then adjourned."

On Saturday morning, the seventh of June, after a residence of seven busy weeks in London, our traveler left that 'magnificent Babel,' for Paris, selecting the dearest and, of course, the quickest route. Dover, quaint and curious Dover, he thought a 'mean old town;' and the steamboat which conveyed him from Dover to Calais was 'one of those long, black, narrow scow-contrivances, about equal to a buttonwood dug-out, which England appears to delight in.' Two hours of deadly sea-sickness, and he stood on the shores of France. At Calais, which he styles 'a queer old town,' he was detained a long hour, obtained an execrable dinner for thirty-seven and a half cents, and changed some sovereigns for French money, 'at a shave which was not atrocious.' Then away to Paris by the swiftest train, arriving at half-past two on Sunday morning, four hours after the time promised in the enticing advertisement of the route. The ordeal of the custom-house he passed with little delay. "I did not," he says, "at first comprehend, that the number on my trunk, standing out fair before me in honest, unequivocal Arabic figures, could possibly mean anything but 'fifty-two;' but a friend cautioned me in season that those figures spelled 'cinquante-deux,' or phonetically 'sank-on-du' to the officer, and I made my first attempt at mouthing French accordingly, and succeeded in making myself intelligible."

About daylight on Sunday morning, he reached the Hotel Choiseul, Rue St. Honore, where he found shelter, but not bed. After breakfast, however, he sallied forth and saw his first sight in Paris, high mass at the Church of the Madeleine; which he thought a gorgeous, but 'inexplicable dumb show.'

Eight days were all that the indefatigable man could afford to a stay in the gay capital; but he improved the time. The obelisk of Luxor, brought from the banks of the Nile, and covered with mysterious inscriptions, that had braved the winds and rains of four thousand years, impressed him more deeply than any object he had

seen in Europe. The Tuileries were to his eye only an irregular mass of buildings with little architectural beauty, and remarkable chiefly for their magnitude. At the French Opera, he saw the musical spectacle of Azael the Prodigal, or rather, three acts of it; for his patience gave way at the end of the third act. "Such a medley of drinking, praying, dancing, idol-worship, and Delilah-craft he had never before encountered." To comprehend an Englishman, he says, follow him to the fireside; a Frenchman, join him at the opera, and contemplate him during the performance of the ballet, of which France is the cradle and the home. "Though no *practitioner*," he adds, "I am yet a lover of the dance;" but the attitudes and contortions of the ballet are disagreeable and tasteless, and the tendency of such a performance as he that night beheld, was earthy, sensual, devilish. Notre Dame he thought not only the finest church, but the most imposing edifice in Paris, infinitely superior, as a place of worship, to the damp, gloomy, dungeon-like Westminster Abbey. The Hotel de Ville, like the New York City Hall, 'lacks another story.' In the Palace of Versailles, he saw fresh proofs of the selfishness of king-craft, the long-suffering patience of nations, and the necessary servility of Art when patronized by royalty. He wandered for hours through its innumerable halls, encrusted with splendor, till the intervention of a naked ante-room was a relief to the eye; and the ruling idea in picture and statue and carving was military glory. "Carriages shattered and overturned, animals transfixed by spear-thrusts and writhing in speechless agony, men riddled by cannon-shot or pierced by musket-balls, and ghastly with coming death; such are the spectacles which the more favored and fortunate of the Gallic youth have been called for generations to admire and enjoy. The whole collection is, in its general effect, delusive and mischievous, the purpose being to exhibit War as always glorious, and France as uniformly triumphant. It is by means like these that the business of shattering knee-joints and multiplying orphans is kept in countenance."

At the Louvre, however, the traveler spent the greater part of two days in rapturous contemplation of its wonderful collection of paintings. Two days out of eight -the fact is significant.

Let no man who has spent but three days in a foreign country venture on prophecy with regard to its future. France, at the time

of Horace Greeley's brief visit, went by the name of Republic, and Louis Napoleon was called President. For a sturdy republican like Mr. Greeley, it was but natural that one of his first inquiries should be, 'Will the Republic stand?' It is amusing, *now*, to read in a letter of his, written on the third day of his residence in Paris, the most confident predictions of its stability. "Alike," he says, "by its own strength and by its enemies' divisions, the safety of the Republic is assured;" and again, "Time is on the popular side, and every hour's endurance adds strength to the Republic." And yet again, "An open attack by the Autocrat would certainly consolidate it; a prolongation of Louis Napoleon's power (*no longer probable*) would have the same effect." "No longer probable." The striking events of history have seldom seemed 'probable' a year before they occurred.

Other impressions made upon the mind of the traveler were more correct. France, which the English press was daily representing as a nation inhabited equally by felons, bankrupts, paupers and lunatics, he found as tranquil and prosperous as England herself. He saw there less plate upon the sideboards of her landlords and bankers, but he observed evidences on all hands of general though unostentatious thrift. The French he thought intelligent, vivacious, courteous, obliging, generous and humane, eager to enjoy, but willing that all the world should enjoy with them; but at the same time, they are impulsive, fickle, sensual and irreverent. Paris, the 'paradise of the senses,' contained tens of thousands who could die fighting for liberty, but no class who could even comprehend the *idea* of the temperance pledge!! The poor of Paris seemed to suffer less than the poor of London; but in London there were ten philanthropic enterprises for one in Paris. In Paris he saw none of that abject servility in the bearing of the poor to the rich which had excited his disgust and commiseration in London. A hundred princes and dukes attract less attention in Paris than one in London; for 'Democracy triumphed in the drawing-rooms of Paris before it had erected its first barricade in the streets;' and once more the traveler "marvels at the *obliquity of vision*, whereby any one is enabled, standing in this metropolis, to anticipate the subversion of the Republic." "And if," he adds, "passing over the mob of generals and politicians-by-trade, the choice of candi-

dates for the next presidential term should fall on some modest and unambitious citizen, who has earned a character by quiet probity and his bread by honest labor, I shall hope to see his name at the head of the poll in spite of the unconstitutional overthrow of Universal Suffrage." Thus he thought that France, fickle, glory-loving France, would do in 1852, what he only hoped America would be capable of some time before the year 1900; that is, 'elect something else than Generals to the presidency.'

Away to Lyons on the sixteenth of June. To an impetuous traveler like Horace Greeley, the tedious formalities of the European railroads were sufficiently irritating; but the "passport nuisance" was disgusting almost beyond endurance. One of the very few anecdotes which he found time to tell in his letters to the Tribune, occurs in connection with his remarks upon this subject. "Every one in Paris who lodges a stranger must see forthwith that he has a passport in good condition, in default of which said host is liable to a penalty. Now, two Americans, when applied to, produced passports in due form, but the professions set forth therein were not transparent to the landlord's apprehension. One of them was duly designated in his passport as a '*loafer*,' the other as a '*rowdy*,' and they informed him, on application, that though these professions were highly popular in America and extensively followed, they knew no French synonyms into which they could be translated. The landlord, not content with the sign manual of Daniel Webster, affirming that all was right, applied to an American friend for a translation of the inexplicable professions, but I am not sure that he has even yet been fully enlightened with regard to them." He thought that three days' endurance of the passport system as it exists on the continent of Europe would send any American citizen home with his love of liberty and country kindled to a blaze of enthusiasm.

On the long railroad ride to Lyons, the traveler was half stifled with the tobacco smoke in the cars. His companions were all Frenchmen and all smokers, who "kept puff-puffing, through the day; first all of them, then three, two, and at all events one, till they all got out at Dijon near nightfall; when, before I had time to congratulate myself on the atmospheric improvement, another Frenchman got in, lit his cigar, and went at it. All this was in direct and flagrant violation of the rules posted up in the car:

but when did a smoker ever care for law or decency?" However he flattened his nose diligently against the car windows, and spied what he could of the crops, the culture, the houses and the people of the country. He discovered that a Yankee could mow twice as much grass in a day as a Frenchman, but not get as much from each acre; that the women did more than half the work of the farms; that the agricultural implements were primitive and rude, the hay-carts "wretchedly small;" that the farm-houses were low small, steep-roofed, huddled together, and not worth a hundred dollars each; that fruit-trees were deplorably scarce; and that the stalls and stables for the cattle were 'visible only to the eye of faith.' He reached Chalons on the Saone, at nine in the evening; and Lyons per steamboat in the afternoon of the next day. Lyons, the capital of the silk-trade, furnished him, as might have been anticipated, with an excellent text for a letter on Protection, in which he endeavored to prove that it is not best for mankind that one hundred thousand silk-workers should be clustered on any square mile or two of earth.

The traveler's next ride was across the Alps to Turin. The letter which describes it contains, besides the usual remarks upon wheat, grass, fruit-trees and bad farming, one slight addition to our stock of personal anecdotes. The diligence had stopped at Chambery, the capital of Savoy, for breakfast.

"There was enough," he writes, "and good enough to eat, wine in abundance without charge, but tea, coffee, or chocolate, must be ordered and paid for extra. Yet I was unable to obtain a cup of chocolate, the excuse being that there was not time to make it. I did not understand, therefore, why I was charged more than others for breakfast; but to talk English against French or Italian is to get a mile behind in no time, so I pocketed the change offered me and came away. On the coach, however, with an Englishman near me who had traveled this way before and spoke French and Italian, I ventured to expose my ignorance as follows:

"'Neighbor, why was I charged three francs for breakfast, and the rest of you but two and a half?'

"'Don't know—perhaps you had tea or coffee.'

"'No, sir—don't drink either.'

"'Then perhaps you washed your face and hands.'

"'Well, it would be just like me.'

"'O, then, that's it! The half franc was for the basin and towel.'

"'Ah *oui, oui.*' So the milk in *that* cocoanut was accounted for."

Anecdotes are precious for biographical purposes. This is a little story, but the reader may infer from it something respecting Horace Greeley's manners, habits, and character. The morning of June the twentieth found the diligence rumbling over the beautiful plain of Piedmont towards Turin. Horace Greeley was in Italy. One of the first observations which he made in that enchanting country was, that he had never seen a region where *a few sub-soil plows*, with men qualified to use and explain them, were so much wanted! Refreshing remark! The sky of Italy had been overdone. At length, a traveler crossed the Alps who had an eye for the necessities of the soil.

Mr. Greeley spent twenty-one days in Italy, paying flying visits to Turin, Genoa, Pisa, Florence, Padua, Bologna, Venice, Milan, and passing about a week in Rome. At Genoa, he remarked that the kingdom of Sardinia, which contains a population of only four millions, maintains sixty thousand priests, but not five thousand teachers of elementary knowledge; and that, while the churches of Genoa are worth four millions of dollars, the school-houses would not bring fifty thousand. "The black-coated gentry fairly overshadow the land with their shovel-hats, so that corn has no chance of sunshine." Pisa, too, could afford to spend a hundred thousand dollars in fireworks to celebrate the anniversary of its patron saint; but can spare nothing for popular education. At Florence, the traveler passed some agreeable hours with Hiram Powers, felt that his Greek Slave and Fisher Boy were not the loftiest achievements of that artist, defied antiquity to surpass his Proserpine and Psyche, and predicted that Powers, unlike Alexander, has realms still to conquer, and will fulfill his destiny. At Bologna the most notable thing he saw was an awning spread over the center of the main street for a distance of half a mile, and he thought the idea might be worth borrowing. On entering Venice his carpet-bags were searched for tobacco; and he remarks, that when any tide-waiter finds more of that noxious weed about him than the chronic ill-breeding of smokers compels him to carry in his clothes, he is welcome to confiscate all his worldly possessions. Before reaching Venice, another diligence-incident occurred, which the traveler may be permitted himself to relate

"As midnight drew on," he writes, "I grew weary of gazing at the same endless diversity of grain-fields, vineyards, rows of trees, &c., though the bright moon was now shining; and, shutting out the chill night-air, I disposed myself on my old great-coat and softest carpet-bag for a drowse, having ample room at my command if I could but have brought it into a straight line. But the road was hard, the coach a little the uneasiest I ever hardened my bones upon, and my slumber was of a disturbed and dubious character, a dim sense of physical discomfort shaping and coloring my incoherent and fitful visions For a time I fancied myself held down on my back while some malevolent wretch drenched the floor (and me) with filthy water; then I was in a rude scuffle, and came out third or fourth best, with my clothes badly torn; anon I had lost my hat in a strange place, and could not begin to find it; and at last my clothes were full of grasshoppers and spiders, who were beguiling their leisure by biting and stinging me. The misery at last became unbearable and I awoke. But where? I was plainly in a tight, dark box that needed more air; I soon recollected that it was a stage-coach, wherein I had been making my way from Ferrara to Padua. I threw open the door and looked out. Horses, postilions, and guard were all gone; the moon, the fields, the road were gone: I was in a close court-yard, alone with Night and Silence; but where? A church clock struck three; but it was only promised that we should reach Padua by four, and I, making the usual discount on such promises, had set down five as the probable hour of our arrival. I got out to take a more deliberate survey, and the tall form and bright bayonet of an Austrian sentinel, standing guard over the egress of the court-yard, were before me. To talk German was beyond the sweep of my dizziest ambition, but an Italian runner or porter instantly presented himself. From him I made out that I was in Padua of ancient and learned renown (Italian *Padova*), and that the first train for Venice would not start for three hours yet. I followed him into a convenient *café*, which was all open and well lighted, where I ordered a cup of chocolate, and proceeded leisurely to discuss it. When I had finished, the other guests had all gone out, but daylight was coming in, and I began to feel more at home. The *café* tender was asleep in his chair; the porter had gone off; the sentinel alone kept awake on his post. Soon the welcome face of the coach-guard, whom I had borne company from Bologna, appeared; I hailed him, obtained my baggage, hired a porter, and, having nothing more to wait for, started at a little past four for the Railroad station, nearly a mile distant; taking observations as I went. Arrived at the dépôt, I discharged my porter, sat down and waited for the place to open, with ample leisure for reflection. At six o'clock I felt once more the welcome motion of a railroad car, and at eight was in Venice."

At Venice, amid a thousand signs of decay, he saw one, and only one, indication of progress. It was a gondola with the word Om

NIBUS written upon it; and the omnibus, he remarks, typifies ASSOCIATION, the simple but grandly fruitful idea which is destined to renovate the world of industry and production, substituting abundance and comfort for penury and misery. For Man, he thought this quickening word is yet seasonable; for Venice, it is too late.

Rome our hurrying traveler reached through much tribulation Even *his* patience gave way when the petty and numberless exactions of passport officials, hotel runners, postilions, and porters, had wrung the last copper from his pocket. After he and his fellow-passengers had paid every conceivable demand, when they supposed they had bought off every enemy, and had nothing to do but drive quietly into the city, "our postilion," says the indignant traveler, "came down upon us for more money for taking us to a hotel; and as we could do no better, we agreed to give him four francs to set down four of us (all the Americans and English he had) at one hotel. He drove by the Diligence Office, however, and there three or four rough customers jumped unbidden on the vehicle, and, when we reached our hotel, made themselves busy with our little luggage, which we would have thanked them to let alone. Having obtained it, we settled with the postilion, who grumbled and scolded, though we paid him more than his four francs. Then came the leader of our volunteer aids, to be paid for taking down the luggage. I had not a penny of change left, but others of our company scraped their pockets of a handful of coppers, which the '*facchini*' rejected with scorn, throwing them after us up stairs (I hope they did not pick them up afterwards), and I heard their imprecations until I had reached my room, but a blessed ignorance of Italian shielded me from any insult in the premises. Soon my two light carpet-bags, which I was not allowed to carry, came up with a fresh demand for porterage. 'Don't you belong to the hotel?' 'Yes.' 'Then vanish instantly!' I shut the door in his face, and let him growl to his heart's content; and thus closed my first day in the more especial dominions of His Holiness Pius IX."

But he was in Rome, and Rome impressed him deeply; for, in the nature of Horace Greeley, the poetical element exists as undeniably as the practical. He has an eye for a picture and a prospect, as well as for a potato-field and a sub-soil plough.

The greater part of his week in Rome was spent in the galleries

of art; and while feasting his eyes with their manifold glories, practical suggestions for the *diffusion* of all that wealth of beauty occur to his mind. It is well, he thought, that there should be somewhere in the world an Emporium of the Fine Arts; but not well that the heart should absorb all the blood and leave the limbs destitute; and, "if Rome would but consider herself under a moral responsibility to impart as well as receive, and would liberally dispose of so many of her master-pieces as would not at all impoverish her, buying in return such as could be spared her from abroad, and would thus enrich her collections by diversifying them, she would render the cause of Art a signal service, and earn the gratitude of mankind, without the least prejudice to her own permanent well-being."

Among the Sights of Rome, the Coliseum seems to have made the most lasting impression upon the mind of the traveler. He was fortunate in the hour of his visit. As he slowly made the circuit of the gigantic ruin, a body of French cavalry were exercising their horses along the eastern side, while in a neighboring grove the rattle of the kettle-drum revealed the presence of infantry. At length the horsemen rode slowly away, and the attention of the visitors was attracted to some groups of Italians in the interior, who were slowly marching and chanting.

"We entered," says Mr. Greeley, "and were witnesses of a strange, impressive ceremony. It is among the traditions of Rome that a great number of the early Christians were compelled by their heathen persecutors to fight and die here as gladiators, as a punishment for their contumacious, treasonable resistance to the 'lower law' then in the ascendant, which the high priests and circuit judges of that day were wont in their sermons and charges to demonstrate that every one was bound as a law-abiding citizen to obey, no matter what might be his private, personal convictions with regard to it. Since the Coliseum has been cleared of rubbish, fourteen little oratories or places of prayer have been cheaply constructed around its inner circumference, and here at certain seasons prayers are offered for the eternal bliss of the martyred Christians of the Coliseum. These prayers were being offered on this occasion. Twenty or thirty men (priests or monks I inferred), partly bareheaded, but as many with their heads completely covered by hooded cloaks, which left only two small holes for the eyes, accompanied by a large number of women, marched slowly and sadly to one oratory, chanting a prayer by the way, setting up their lighted tapers by its semblance of an altar, kneeling and

praying for some minutes, then rising and proceeding to the next oratory, and so on until they had repeated the service before every one. They all seemed to be of the poorer class, and I presume the ceremony is often repeated or the participators would have been much more numerous. The praying was fervent and I trust excellent,—as the music decidedly was not; but the whole scene, with the setting sun shining redly through the shattered arches and upon the ruined wall, with a few French soldiers standing heedlessly by, was strangely picturesque, and to me affecting. I came away before it concluded, to avoid the damp night-air; but many checkered years and scenes of stirring interest must intervene to efface from my memory that sun-set and those strange prayers in the Coliseum."

St. Peter's, he styles the Niagara of edifices; and, like Niagara, the first view of it is disappointing. In the Sistine chapel, he observed a picture of the Death of Admiral Coligny at the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, and if the placing of that picture there was not intended to express approbation of the Massacre, he wanted to know what it *was* intended to express.

The tenth of July was the traveler's last day in Italy. A swift journey through Switzerland, Germany, Belgium, and North Eastern France brought him once more to England. In Switzerland, he saw everywhere the signs of frugal thrift and homely content. He was assailed by no beggar, cheated by no official; though, as he truly remarks, he was '*very palpably* a stranger.' A more 'upright, kindly, truly religious people' than the Catholic Swiss, he had never seen; and he thought their superiority to the Italians attributable to their republican institutions!! He liked the Germans. Their good humor, their kind-heartedness, their deference to each other's wishes, their quiet, unostentatious manner, their self-respect, won his particular regard. In the main cabins of German steamboats, he was gratified to see "well-dressed young ladies take out their home-prepared dinner and eat it at their own good time without seeking the company and countenance of others, or troubling themselves to see who was observing. A Lowell factory girl would consider this entirely out of character, and a New York milliner would be shocked at the idea of it."

Nowhere, he here remarks, had he found Aristocracy a chronic disease, except in England.

"Your Paris boot-black will make you a low bow in acknowledgment of a franc, but he has not a trace of the abjectness of a

London waiter, and would evidently decline the honor of being kicked by a Duke. In Italy, there is little manhood but no class-worship; her millions of beggars will not abase themselves one whit lower before a Prince than before any one else from whom they hope to worm a copper. The Swiss are freemen, and wear the fact unconsciously but palpably on their brows and beaming from their eyes. The Germans submit passively to arbitrary power which they see not how successfully to resist, but they render to rank or dignity no more homage than is necessary—their souls are still free, and their manners evince a simplicity and frankness which might shame, or at least instruct America."

On the twenty-first of July, Horace Greeley was again in London. One incident of his journey from the court to the metropolis was sufficiently ludicrous. There were three Frenchmen and two French women in the car, going up to see the Exhibition. "*London Stout*,' displayed in tall letters across the front of a tavern, attracted the attention of the party. '*Stoot? Stoot?*' queried one of them; but the rest were as much in the dark as he, and the American was as deficient in French as they in English. The befogged one pulled out his dictionary and read over and over all the French synonyms of 'Stout,' but this only increased his perplexity. 'Stout' signified 'robust,' 'hearty,' 'vigorous,' 'resolute,' &c., but what then could '*London* Stout' be? He closed his book at length in despair and resumed his observations."

The remaining sixteen days of Mr. Greeley's three months in Europe were busy ones indeed. The great Peace Convention was in session in London; but, as he was not a delegate, he took no part in its proceedings. If he *had* been a delegate, he tells us, that he should have offered a resolution which would have *affirmed*, not denied, the right of a nation, wantonly invaded by a foreign army or intolerably oppressed by its own rulers, to resist force by force; a proposition which he thought might perhaps have marred the 'harmony and happiness' of the Convention.

A few days after his return to London, he had the very great gratification of witnessing the triumph of M'Cormick's Reaping Machine, which, as it stood in the Crystal Palace, had excited general derision, and been styled 'a cross between an Astley chariot, a flying machine, and a tread-mill.' It came into the field, therefore, to

confront a tribunal prepared for its condemnation. "Before it stood John Bull, burly, dogged, and determined not to be humbugged—his judgment made up and his sentence ready to be recorded. Nothing disconcerted, the brown, rough, homespun Yankee in charge jumped on the box, starting the team at a smart walk, setting the blades of the machine in lively operation, and commenced raking off the grain in sheaf-piles ready for binding,—cutting a breadth of nine or ten feet cleanly and carefully as fast as a span of horses could comfortably step. There was a moment, and but a moment of suspense; human prejudice could hold out no longer; and burst after burst of involuntary cheers from the whole crowd proclaimed the triumph of the Yankee 'treadmill.'"

A rapid tour through the north of England, Scotland, and Ireland absorbed the last week of Mr. Greeley's stay in Europe. The grand old town of Edinburgh 'surpassed his expectations,' and he was amused at the passion of the Edinburghers for erecting public monuments to eminent men. Glasgow looked to him more like an American city than any other he had seen in Europe; it was half Pittsburgh, half Philadelphia. Ireland seemed more desolate, more wretched, even in its best parts, than he had expected to find it. As an additional proof of his instinctive sense of means and ends, take this suggestion for Ireland's deliverance from the pall of ignorance that overspreads it:—"Let the Catholic Bishops unite in an earnest and potential call for teachers, and they can summon thousands and tens of thousands of capable and qualified persons from convents, from seminaries, from cloisters, from drawing-rooms, even from foreign lands if need be, to devote their time and efforts to the work without earthly recompense or any stipulation save for a bare subsistence, which the less needy Catholics, or even the more liberal Protestants, in every parish, would gladly proffer them."

Perfectly practicable—perfectly impossible! The following is the only incident of his Irish tour that space can be found for here:—"Walking with a friend through one of the back streets of Galway beside the outlet of the Lakes, I came where a girl of ten years old was breaking up hard brook pebbles into suitable fragments to mend roads with. We halted, and M. asked her how much she received for that labor. She answered, 'Sixpence a car-load.' 'How long will it take you to break a car-load?' '*About a fortnight.*'"

He concluded his brief sketch of this country with the words, "Alas! unhappy Ireland." Yet, on a calmer and fuller survey of Ireland's case, and after an enumeration of the various measures for her relief and regeneration which were slowly but surely operating, he exclaims, "There shall yet be an Ireland to which her sons in distant lands may turn their eyes with a pride unmingled with sadness; but who can say how soon!"

Mr. Greeley, though he did not 'wholly like those grave and tately English,' appreciated highly and commends frankly their many good qualities. He praised their industry, their method, their economy, their sense of the practical; sparing not, however, their conceit and arrogance. An English duchess, he remarks, does not hesitate to say, 'I cannot afford' a proposed outlay—an avowal rarety and reluctantly made by an American, even in moderate circumstances. The English he thought a most *un-ideal* people, even in their 'obstreperous loyalty'; and when the portly and well-to-do Briton exclaims, 'God save the Queen,' with intense enthusiasm, he means, 'God save my estates, my rents, my shares, my consols, my expectations.' He liked the amiable women of England, so excellent at the fireside, so tame in the drawing-room; but he doubted whether they could so much as *comprehend* the 'ideas which underlie the woman's-rights movement.' The English have a sharp eye to business, he thought; particularly the Free Traders. Our champion of Protection on this subject remarks:—"The French widow who appended to the high-wrought eulogium engraved on her husband's tombstone, that 'His disconsolate widow still keeps the shop No. 16 Rue St. Denis,' had not a keener eye to business than these apostles of the Economic faith. No consideration of time or place is regarded; in festive meetings, peace conventions, or gatherings of any kind, where men of various lands and views are notoriously congregated, and where no reply could be made without disturbing the harmony and distracting the attention of the assemblage, the disciples of Cobden are sure to interlard their harangues with advice to foreigners substantially thus—'N. B. Protection is a great humbug and a great waste. Better abolish your tariffs, stop your factories, and buy at our shops. We're the boys to give you thirteen pence for every shilling.' I cannot say how this affected others, but to me it seemed hardly more ill-mannered than impolitic."

Yet, the better qualities of the British decidedly preponderate; and he adds, that the quiet comfort and heartfelt warmth of an English fireside must be felt to be appreciated.

On Wednesday, the sixth of August, Horace Greeley was once more on board the steamship Baltic, homeward bound.

"I rejoice," he wrote on the morning of his departure, "I rejoice to feel that every hour, henceforth, must lessen the distance which divides me from my country, whose advantages and blessings this four months' absence has taught me to appreciate more dearly and to prize more deeply than before. With a glow of unwonted rapture I see our stately vessel's prow turned toward the setting sun, and strive to realize that only some ten days separate me from those I know and love best on earth. Hark! the last gun announces that the mail-boat has left us, and that we are fairly afloat on our ocean journey; the shores of Europe recede from our vision; the watery waste is all around us; and now, with God above and Death below, our gallant bark and her clustered company together brave the dangers of the mighty deep. May Infinite Mercy watch over our onward path and bring us safely to our several homes; for to die away from home and kindred seems one of the saddest calamities that could befall me. This mortal tenement would rest uneasily in an ocean shroud; this spirit reluctantly resign that tenement to the chill and pitiless brine: these eyes close regretfully on the stranger skies and bleak inhospitality of the sullen and stormy main. No! let me see once more the scenes so well remembered and beloved; let me grasp, if but once again, the hand of Friendship, and hear the thrilling accents of proved Affection, and when sooner or later the hour of mortal agony shall come, let my last gaze be fixed on eyes that will not forget me when I am gone, and let my ashes repose in that congenial soil which, however I may there be esteemed or hated, is still 'My own green land forever!'"

Neptune was more gracious to the voyager on his homeward than he had been on his outward passage. The skies were clearer, the winds more favorable and gentler. A few days, not intolerably disagreeable, landed him on the shores of Manhattan. The ship reached the wharf about six o'clock in the morning, cheating the expectant morning papers of their foreign news, which the editor of the Tribune had already 'made up' for publication on board the steamer. However, he had no sooner got on shore than he rushed away to the office, bent on getting out an 'extra' in advance of all contemporaries. The compositors were all absent, of course; but boys were forthwith dispatched to summon them from bed and breakfast. Mean-

while, the impetuous Editor-in-Chief proceeded *with his own hands* to set the matter in type, and continued to assist till the form was ready to be lowered away to the press-room in the basement. In an hour or two the streets resounded with the cry, "Extra Tribune; 'yival of the Bal*tic*." *Then*, but not till then, Horace Greeley might have been seen in a corner of an omnibus, going slowly up town, towards his residence in Nineteenth street.

CHAPTER XXV.

RECENTLY.

Deliverance from Party—A Private Platform—Last Interview with Henry Clay—Horace Greeley a Farmer—He irrigates and drains—His Advice to a Young Man—The Daily Times—A costly Mistake—The Isms of the Tribune—The Tribune gets Glory—The Tribune in Parliament—Proposed Nomination for Governor—His Life written—A Judge's Daughter for Sale.

During the first eight or nine volumes of the Tribune, the history of that newspaper and the life of Horace Greeley were one and the same thing. But the time has passed, and passed forever, when a New York morning paper can be the vehicle of a single mind. Since the year 1850, when the Tribune came upon the town as a double sheet nearly twice its original size, its affairs have had a metropolitan complexity and extensiveness, and Horace Greeley has run through it only as the original stream courses its way through a river swollen and expanded by many tributaries. The quaffing traveler cannot tell, as he rises from the shore refreshed, whether he has been drinking Hudson, or Mohawk, or Moodna, or two of them mingled, or one of the hundred rivulets that trickle into the ample stream upon which fleets and 'palaces' securely ride. Some wayfarers *think* they can, but they cannot; and their erroneous guesses are among the amusements of the tributary corps. Occasionally, however, the original Greeley flavor is recognizable to the dullest palate.

The most important recent event in the history of the Tribune

occurred in November, 1852, when, on the defeat of General Scott and the annihilation of the Whig party, it ceased to be a party paper, and its editor ceased to be a party man. And this blessed emancipation, with its effect upon the press of the country, was worth that disaster. We never had great newspapers in this country while our leading papers gave allegiance to party, and never could have had. A great newspaper must be above everything and everybody. Its independence must be absolute, and then its power will be as nearly so as it ought to be.

It was fit that the last triumph of party should be its greatest, and that triumph was secured when it enlisted such a man as Horace Greeley as the special and head champion of a man like General Scott. But as a *partisan*, what other choice had he? To use his own language, he supported Scott and Graham, because,

"1. They can be *elected*, and the others *can't*.

"2. They are openly and thoroughly for PROTECTION TO HOME INDUSTRY, while the others, (judged by their supporters,) lean to Free Trade.

"3. Scott and Graham are backed by the general support of those who hold with us, that government may and should do much *positive good*."

At the same time he 'spat upon the (Baltimore compromise, profugitive law) platform,' and in its place, gave one of his own. As this private platform is the most condensed and characteristic statement of Horace Greeley's political opinions that I have seen, it may properly be printed here.

OUR PLATFORM.

"I. As to *the Tariff*:—Duties on Imports—specific so far as practicable, affording ample protection to undeveloped or peculiarly exposed branches of our National Industry, and adequate revenue for the support of the government and the payment of its debts. Low duties, as a general rule, on rude, bulky staples, whereof the cost of transportation is of itself equivalent to a heavy impost, and high duties on such fabrics, wares, &c., as come into depressing competition with our own depressed infantile or endangered pursuits.

"II. As to *National Works*:—Liberal appropriations yearly for the improvement of rivers and harbors, and such eminently national enterprises as the Saut St. Marie canal and the Pacific railroad from the Mississippi. Cut down the expenditures for forts, ships, troops and warlike enginery of all kinds, and add largely to those for works which do not 'perish in the using,' but will re-

main for ages to benefit our people, strengthen the Union, and contribute far more to the national defense than the costly machinery of war ever could.

"III. As to *Foreign Policy*:—'Do unto others [the weak and oppressed as well as the powerful and mighty] as we would have them do unto us.' No shuffling, no evasion of duties nor shirking responsibilities, but a firm front to despots, a prompt rebuke to every outrage on the law of Nations, and a generous, active sympathy with the victims of tyranny and usurpation.

"IV. As to *Slavery*:—No interference by Congress with its existence in any slave State, but a firm and vigilant resistance to its legalization in any national Territory, or the acquisition of any foreign Territory wherein slavery may exist. A perpetual protest against the hunting of fugitive slaves in free States as an irresistible cause of agitation, ill feeling and alienation between the North and the South. A firm, earnest, inflexible testimony, in common with the whole non-slaveholding Christian world, that human slavery, though legally protected, is morally wrong, and ought to be speedily terminated.

"V. As to *State rights*:—More regard for and less cant about them.

"VI. One Presidential Term, and no man a candidate for any office while wielding the vast patronage of the national executive.

"VII. Reform in Congress:—Payment by the session, with a rigorous deduction for each day's absence, and a reduction and straightening of mileage. We would suggest $2,000 compensation for the first (or long), and $1,000 for the second (or short) session; with ten cents per mile for traveling (by a beeline) to and from Washington."

The Tribune fought gallantly for Scott, and made no wry faces at the 'brogue,' or any other of the peculiarities of the candidate's stump efforts. When the sorry fight was over, the Tribune submitted with its usual good humor, spoke jocularly of the '*late* whig party,' declared its independence of party organizations for the future, and avowed its continued adhesion to all the principles which it had hoped to promote by battling with the whigs. It would still war with the aggressions of the slave power, still strive for free homesteads, still denounce the fillibusters, and still argue for the Maine Law.

"'Doctor,' said a querulous, suffering invalid who had paid a good deal of money for physic to little apparent purpose, "you don't seem to reach the seat of my disease. Why don't you strike at the seat of my disorder?"

"'Well, I will," was the prompt reply, "if you insist on it;" and, lifting his cane, he smashed the brandy bottle on the sideboard.'"

And thus ended the long connection of the New York Tribune with the whig party

In the summer of 1852, Horace Greeley performed the melancholy duty of finishing Sargent's Life of Henry Clay. He added little, however, to Mr. Sargent's narrative, except the proceedings of Congress on the occasion of Mr. Clay's death and funeral. One paragraph, descriptive of the last interview between the dying statesman and the editor of the Tribune, claims insertion:

"Learning from others," says Mr. Greeley, "how ill and feeble he was, I had not intended to call upon him, and remained two days under the same roof without asking permission to do so. Meantime, however, he was casually informed of my being in Washington, and sent me a request to call at his room. I did so, and enjoyed a half hour's free and friendly conversation with him, the saddest and the last! His state was even worse than I feared; he was already emaciated, a prey to a severe and distressing cough, and complained of spells of difficult breathing. I think no physician could have judged him likely to live two months longer. Yet his mind was unclouded and brilliant as ever, his aspirations for his country's welfare as ardent; and, though all personal ambition had long been banished, his interest in the events and impulses of the day was nowise diminished. He listened attentively to all I had to say of the repulsive aspects and revolting features of the Fugitive Slave Law and the necessary tendency of its operation to excite hostility and alienation on the part of our Northern people, unaccustomed to Slavery, and seeing it exemplified only in the brutal arrest and imprisonment of some humble and inoffensive negro whom they had learned to regard as a neighbor. I think I may without impropriety say that Mr. Clay regretted that more care had not been taken in its passage to divest this act of features needlessly repulsive to Northern sentiment, though he did not deem any change in its provisions now practicable."

A strange, but not inexplicable, fondness existed in the bosom of Horace Greeley for the aspiring chieftain of the Whig party. Very masculine men, men of complete physical development, the gallant, the graceful, the daring, often enjoy the sincere homage of souls superior to their own; because such are apt to place an extravagant value upon the shining qualities which they do not possess. From Webster, the great over-Praised, the false god of cold New Eng-

and, Horace Greeley seems ever to have shrunk with an instinctive aversion.

As he lost his interest in party politics, his mind reverted to the soil. He yearned for the repose and the calm delights of country life.

"As for me," he said, at the conclusion of an address before the Indiana State Agricultural Society, delivered in October, 1853, "as for me, long-tossed on the stormiest waves of doubtful conflict and arduous endeavor, I have begun to feel, since the shades of forty years fell upon me, the weary, tempest-driven voyager's longing for land, the wanderer's yearning for the hamlet where in childhood he nestled by his mother's knee, and was soothed to sleep on her breast. The sober down-hill of life dispels many illusions, while it develops or strengthens within us the attachment, perhaps long smothered or overlaid, for 'that dear hut, our home.' And so I, in the sober afternoon of life, when its sun, if not high, is still warm, have bought a few acres of land in the broad, still country, and, bearing thither my household treasures, have resolved to steal from the City's labors and anxieties at least one day in each week, wherein to revive as a farmer the memories of my childhood's humble home. And already I realize that the experiment cannot cost so much as it is worth. Already I find in that day's quiet an antidote and a solace for the feverish, festering cares of the weeks which environ it. Already my brook murmurs a soothing even-song to my burning, throbbing brain; and my trees, gently stirred by the fresh breezes, whisper to my spirit something of their own quiet strength and patient trust in God. And thus do I faintly realize, though but for a brief and flitting day, the serene joy which shall irradiate the Farmer's vocation, when a fuller and truer Education shall have refined and chastened his animal cravings, and when Science shall have endowed him with her treasures, redeeming Labor from drudgery while quadrupling its efficiency, and crowning with beauty and plenty our bounteous, beneficent Earth."

The portion of the 'broad, still country' alluded to in this eloquent passage, is a farm of fifty acres in Westchester county, near Newcastle, close to the Harlem railroad, thirty-four miles from the city of New York. Thither the tired editor repairs every Saturday morning by an early train, and there he remains directing and as

sisting in the labors of the farm for that single day only, returning early enough on Sunday to hear the flowing rhetoric of Mr. Chapin's morning sermon. From church—to the office and to work.

This farm has seen marvelous things done on it during the three years of Mr. Greeley's ownership. What it was when he bought it may be partly inferred from another passage of the same address: "I once went to look at a farm of fifty acres that I thought of buying for a summer home, some forty miles from the city of New York. The owner had been born on it, as I believe had his father before him; but it yielded only a meager subsistence for his family, and he thought of selling and going West. I went over it with him late in June, passing through a well-filled barn-yard which had not been disturbed that season, and stepping thence into a corn-field of five acres, with a like field of potatoes just beyond it. 'Why, neighbor!' asked I, in astonishment, 'how *could* you leave all this manure so handy to your plowed land, and plant ten acres without any?' 'O, I was sick a good part of the spring, and so hurried that I could not find time to haul it out.' 'Why, suppose you had planted but five acres in all, and emptied your barn-yard on those five, leaving the residue untouched, don't you think you would have harvested a larger crop?' 'Well, perhaps I should,' was the poor farmer's response. It seemed never before to have occurred to him that he *could* let alone a part of his land. Had he progressed so far, he might have ventured thence to the conclusion that it is less expensive and more profitable to raise a full crop on five acres than half a crop on ten. I am sorry to say we have a good many such farmers still left at the East." But, he might have added, Horace Greeley is not one of them. He did not, however, and the deficiency shall here be supplied.

The farm is at present a practical commentary upon the oft-repeated recommendations of the Tribune with regard to 'high farming.' It consisted, three years ago, of grove, bog, and exhausted upland, in nearly equal proportions. In the grove, which is a fine growth of hickory, hemlock, iron-wood and oak, a small white cottage is concealed, built by Mr. Greeley, at a cost of a few hundred dollars. The farm-buildings, far more costly and expensive, are at the foot of the hill on which the house stands, and around them are the gardens. The marshy land, which was formerly very

wet, very boggy, and quite useless, has been drained by a system of ditches and tiles; the bogs have been pared off and burnt, the land plowed and planted, and made exceedingly productive. The upland has been prepared for irrigation, the water being supplied by a brook, which tumbled down the hill through a deep glen. Its course was arrested by a dam, and from the reservoir thus formed, pipes are laid to the different fields, which can be inundated by the turning of a cock. The experiment of irrigation, however, has been suspended. Last spring the brook, swollen with rage at the loss of its ancient liberty, burst through the dam, and scattered four thousand dollars' worth of solid masonry in the space of a minute and a half. This year a new attempt will be made to reduce it to submission, and conduct its waters in peaceful and fertilizing rivulets down the rows of corn and potatoes. Then Mr. Greeley can take down his weather-cock, and smile in the midst of drought, water his crops with less trouble than he can water his horses, and sow turnips in July, regardless of the clouds. If a crop is well put in the ground, and well cared for as it progresses, its perfect success depends upon two things, water and sunshine. Science has enabled the farmer partly to regulate the supply of the latter, and perfectly to regulate the supply of the former. The slant of the hills, the reflection of walls, glass covers, trees, awnings, and other contrivances, may be made to concentrate or ward off the rays of the sun. Irrigation and drainage go far to complete the farmer's independence of the wayward weather. In all the operations of his little farm, Mr. Greeley takes the liveliest interest, and he means to astonish his neighbors with some wonderful crops, by-and-by, when he has everything in training. Indeed, he may have done so already; as, in the list of prizes awarded at our last Agricultural State Fair, held in New York, October, 1854, we read, under the head of 'vegetables,' these two items:—"Turnips, H. Greeley, Chappaqua, Westchester Co., Two Dollars," (the second prize); "Twelve second-best ears of White Seed Corn, H. Greeley, Two Dollars." Looking down over the reclaimed swamp, all bright now with waving flax, he said one day, "All else that I have done may be of no avail; but what I have done here is *done;* it will last."

A private letter, written about this time, appeared in the country papers, and still emerges occasionally. A young man wrote to Mr

Greeley, requesting his advice upon a project of going to college and studying law. The reply was as follows:

"My Dear Sir,—Had you asked me whether I would advise you to desert agriculture for law, I should have answered no! very decidedly. There is already a superabundance of lawyers, coupled with a great scarcity of good farmers. Why carry your coals to Newcastle?

"As to a collegiate education, my own lack of it probably disqualifies me to appreciate it fully; but I think you might better be learning to fiddle. And if you are without means, I would advise you to hire ten acres of good land, work ten hours a day on it, for five days each week, and devote all your spare hours to reading and study, especially to the study of agricultural science, and thus 'owe no man anything,' while you receive a thorough practical education. Such is not the advice you seek; nevertheless, I remain yours, Horace Greeley."

This letter may serve as a specimen of hundreds of similar ones. Probably there never lived a man to whom so many perplexed individuals applied for advice and aid, as to Horace Greeley. He might with great advantage have taken a hint from the practice of Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington, who, it is said, had forms of reply printed, which he filled up and dispatched to anxious correspondents, with commendable promptitude. From facts which I have observed, and from others of which I have heard, I think it safe to say, that Horace Greeley receives, on an average, five applications daily for advice and assistance. His advice he gives very freely, but the wealth of Astor would not suffice to answer all his begging letters in the way the writers of them desire.

In the fall of 1852, the Daily Times was started by Mr. H. J. Raymond, an event which gave an impetus to the daily press of the city. The success of the Times was signal and immediate, for three reasons: 1, it was conducted with tact, industry and prudence; 2, it was not the Herald; 3, it was not the Tribune. Before the Times appeared, the Tribune and Herald shared the cream of the daily paper business between them; but there was a large class who disliked the Tribune's principles and the Herald's want of principle. The majority of people take a daily paper solely to ascertain what is going on in the world. They are averse to profligacy and time-serving, and yet are offended at the independent avowal of ideas in advance of their own. And though Horace

Greeley is not the least conservative of men, yet, from his practice of giving every new thought and every new man a hearing in the columns of his paper, unthinking persons received the impression that he was an *advocate* of every new idea, and a *champion* of every new man. They thought the Tribune was an unsafe, disorganizing paper. "An excellent paper," said they, "and honest, but then it 's so full of *isms !*" The Times stepped in with a complaisant bow, and won over twenty thousand of the ism-hating class in a single year, and yet without reducing the circulation of either of its elder rivals. Where those twenty thousand subscribers came from is one of the mysteries of journalism.

In the spring of 1853 the Tribune signalized its 'entrance into its teens' by making a very costly mistake. It enlarged its borders to such an extent that the price of subscription did not quite cover the cost of the white paper upon which it was printed, thus throwing the burden of its support upon the advertiser. And this, too, in the face of the fact that the Tribune, though the best vehicle of advertising then in existence, was in least favor among the class whose advertising is the most profitable. Yet it was natural for Horace Greeley to commit an error of this kind. Years ago he had written, "Better a dinner of herbs with a large circulation than a stalled ox with a small one." And, in announcing the enlargement, he said, "We are confessedly ambitious to make the Tribune the leading journal of America, and have dared and done somewhat to that end."

How much he 'dared' in the case of this enlargement may be inferred from the fact that it involved an addition of $1,044 to the weekly, $54,329 to the annual, expenses of the concern. Yet he 'dared' not add a cent to the price of the paper, which it is thought he might have done with perfect safety, because those who like the Tribune like it very much, and will have it at any price. Men have been heard to talk of their Bible, their Shakspeare, and their Tribune, as the three necessities of their spiritual life; while those who dislike it, dislike it excessively, and are wont to protest that they should deem their houses defiled by its presence. The Tribune, however, stepped bravely out under its self-imposed load of white paper. In one year the circulation of the Daily increased from 17,640 to 26,880, the Semi-Weekly from 3,120 to 11,400, the Week-

ly from 51,000 to 103,680, the California Tribune from 2,800 to 3,500, and the receipts of the office increased $70,900. The profits, however, were inadequate to reward suitably the exertions of its proprietors, and recently the paper was slightly reduced in size.

The enlargement called public attention to the career and the merits of the Tribune in a remarkable manner. The press generally applauded its spirit, ability and courage, but deplored its isms, which gave rise to a set article in the Tribune on the subject of isms. This is the substance of the Tribune's opinions of isms and ismists. It is worth considering:

"A very natural division of mankind is that which contemplates them in two classes—those who think for themselves, and those who have their thinking done by others, dead or living. With the former class, the paramount consideration is—'What is *right?*' With the latter, the first inquiry is—'What do the majority, or the great, or the pious, or the fashionable think about it? How did our fathers regard it? What will Mrs. Grundy say?'

* * * * * * * *

"And truly, if the life were *not* more than meat—if its chief ends were wealth, station and luxury—then the smooth and plausible gentlemen who assent to whatever is popular without inquiring or caring whether it is essentially true or false, are the Solomons of their generation.

"Yet in a world so full as this is of wrong and suffering, of oppression and degradation, there must be radical causes for so many and so vast practical evils. It cannot be that the ideas, beliefs, institutions, usages, prejudices, whereof such gigantic miseries are born—wherewith at least they co-exist—transcend criticism and rightfully refuse scrutiny. It cannot be that the springs are pure whence flow such turbid and poisonous currents.

"Now the Reformer—the man who thinks for himself and acts as his own judgment and conscience dictate—is very likely to form erroneous opinions. * * * But Time will confirm and establish his good works and gently amend his mistakes. The detected error dies; the misconceived and rejected truth is but temporarily obscured and soon vindicates its claim to general acceptance and regard.

"'The world *does* move,' and its motive power, under God, is the fearless thought and speech of those who dare be in advance of their time—who are sneered at and shunned through their days of struggle and of trial as lunatics, dreamers, impracticables and visionaries—men of crotchets, of vagaries or of 'isms.' These are the masts and sails of the ship, to which Conservatism answers as ballast. The ballast is important—at times indispensable—but it would be of no account if the ship were not bound to go ahead."

Many papers, however, gave the Tribune its full due of appreciation and praise. Two notices which appeared at the time are worth copying, at least in part. The Newark Mercury gave it this unequaled and deserved commendation :—" *We never knew a man of illiberal sentiments, one unjust to his workmen, and groveling in his aspirations, who liked the Tribune;* and it is rare to find one with liberal views who does not admit its claims upon the public regard."

The St. Joseph Valley Register, a paper published at South Bend, Indiana, held the following language :

" The influence of the Tribune upon public opinion is greater even than its conductors claim for it. Its Isms, with scarce an exception, though the people may reject them at first, yet ripen into strength insensibly. A few years since the Tribune commenced the advocacy of the principle of Free Lands for the Landless. The first bill upon that subject, presented by Mr. Greeley to Congress, was hooted out of that body. But who doubts what the result would be, if the people of the whole nation had the right to vote upon the question to-day? It struck the first blow in earnest at the corruptions of the Mileage system, and in return, Congressmen of all parties heaped opprobrium upon it, and calumny upon its Editor. A corrupt Congress may postpone its Reform, but is there any doubt of what nine-tenths of the whole people would accomplish on this subject if direct legislation were in their hands? It has inveighed in severe language against the flimsy penalties which the American legislatures have imposed for offenses upon female virtue. And how many States, our own among the number, have tightened up their legislation upon that subject within the last half-dozen years. The blows that it directs against Intemperance have more power than the combined attacks of half the distinctive Temperance Journals in the land. It has contended for some plan by which the people should choose their Presidents rather than National Conventions; and he must be a careless observer of the progress of events who does not see that the Election of 1856 is more likely to be won by a Western Statesman, pledged solely to the Pacific Railroad and Honest Government, than by any political nominee? And, to conclude, the numerous Industrial Associations of Workers to manufacture Iron, Boots and Shoes, Hats, &c., on their own account, with the Joint Stock Family Blocks of Buildings, so popular now in New York, Model Wash-houses, &c., &c., seem like a faint recognition at least of the main principles of Fourierism (whose *details* we like as little as any one), Opportunity for Work for all, and Economy in the Expenses and Labor of the Family."

From across the Atlantic, also, came compliments for the Tribune In one of the debates in the House of Commons upon the

abolition of the advertisement duty, Mr. Bright used a copy of the Tribune, as Burke once did a French Republican dagger, for the purposes of his argument. Mr. Bright said:

"He had a newspaper there (the New York Tribune), which he was bound to say, was as good as any published in England this week. [The Hon. Member here opened out a copy of the New York Tribune, and exhibited it to the House.] It was printed with a finer type than any London daily paper. It was exceedingly good as a journal, quite sufficient for all the purposes of a newspaper. [Spreading it out before the House, the honorable gentleman detailed its contents, commencing with very numerous advertisements.] It contained various articles, amongst others, one against public dinners, in which he thought honorable members would fully agree—one criticising our Chancellor of the Exchequer's budget, in part justly—and one upon the Manchester school; but he must say, as far as the Manchester school went, it did not do them justice at all. [Laughter.] He ventured to say that there was not a better paper than this in London. Moreover, it especially wrote in favor of Temperance and Anti-Slavery, and though honorable members were not all members of the Temperance Society perhaps, they yet, he was sure, all admitted the advantages of Temperance, while not a voice could be lifted there in favor of Slavery. Here, then, was a newspaper advocating great principles, and conducted in all respects with the greatest propriety—a newspaper in which he found not a syllable that he might not put on his table and allow his wife and daughter to read with satisfaction. And this was placed on the table every morning for 1*d*. [Hear, hear.] What he wanted, then, to ask the Government, was this—How comes it, and for what good end, and by what contrivance of fiscal oppression—for it can be nothing else—was it, that while the workman of New York could have such a paper on his breakfast table every morning for 1*d*., the workman of London must go without or pay fivepence for the accommodation? [Hear, hear.] How was it possible that the latter could keep up with his transatlantic competitor in the race, if one had daily intelligence of everything that was stirring in the world, while the other was kept completely in ignorance? [Hear, hear.] Were they not running a race, in the face of the world, with the people of America? Were not the Collins and Cunard lines calculating their voyages to within sixteen minutes of time? And if, while such a race was going on, the one artisan paid fivepence for the daily intelligence which the other obtained for a penny, how was it possible that the former could keep his place in the international rivalry? [Hear, hear.]"

This visible, tangible, and unanswerable argument had its effect. The advertisement duty has been abolished, and now only the stamp duty intervenes between the English workingman and his penny

paper—the future Tribune of the English people, which is to expound their duties and defend their rights.

In the summer of 1854, Mr. Greeley was frequently spoken of in the papers in connection with the office of Governor of the State of New York. A very little of the usual maneuvering on his part would have secured his nomination, and if he had been nominated, he would have been elected by a majority that would have surprised politicians by trade.

In 1854, his life was written by a young and unknown scribbler for the press, who had observed his career with much interest, and who knew enough of the story of his life to be aware, that, if simply told, that story would be read with pleasure and do good. This volume is the result of his labors.

Here, this chapter had ended, and it was about to be consigned to the hands of the printer. But an event transpires which, it is urgently suggested, ought to have notice. It is nothing more than a new and peculiarly characteristic editorial repartee, or rather, a public reply by Mr. Greeley to a private letter. And though the force of the reply was greatly, and quite unnecessarily, diminished by the publication of the correspondent's name and address, contrary to his request, yet the correspondence seems too interesting to be omitted:

THE LETTER.

"———— County, Miss., Sept. 1854.

"Hon. Horace Greeley, New York City:

"My object in addressing you these lines is this: I own a negro girl named Catharine, a bright mulatto, aged between twenty-eight and thirty years, who is intelligent and beautiful. The girl wishes to obtain her freedom, and reside in either Ohio or New York State; and, to gratify her desire, I am willing to take the sum of $1,000, which the friends of liberty will no doubt make up. Catharine, as she tells me, was born near Savannah, Ga., and was a daughter of a Judge Hopkins, and, at the age of seven years, accompanied her young mistress (who was a legitimate daughter of the Judge's) on a visit to New Orleans, where she (the legitimate) died. Catharine was then seized and sold by the Sheriff of New Orleans, under attachment, to pay the debts contracted in the city by her young mistress, and was purchased by a Dutchman named Shinoski. Shinoski, being pleased with the young girl's looks, placed her in a quadroon school, and gave her a good education. The girl can

read and write as well or better than myself, and speaks the Dutch and French languages almost to perfection. When the girl attained the age of eighteen, Shinoski died, and she was again sold, and fell into a trader's hands, by the name of John Valentine, a native of your State. Valentine brought her up to ———, where I purchased her in 1844, for the sum of $1,150 Catharine is considered the best seamstress and cook in this county, and I could to-morrow sell her for $1,600, but I prefer letting her go for $1,000, so that she may obtain her freedom. She has had opportunities to get to a free State, and obtain her freedom; but she says that she will never run away to do it. Her father, she says, promised to free her, and so did Shinoski. If I was able, I would free her without any compensation, but losing $15,000 on the last presidential election has taken very near my all.

"Mr. Geo. D. Prentice, editor of the Louisville (Ky.) Journal, knows me very well by character, to whom (if you wish to make any inquiries regarding this matter) you are at liberty to refer.

"If you should make any publication in your paper in relation to this matter, you will please not mention my name in connection with it, nor the place whence this letter was written. Catharine is honest; and, for the ten years that I have owned her, I never struck her a lick, about her work or anything else.

"If it was not that I intend to emigrate to California, money could not buy her.

"I have given you a complete and accurate statement concerning this girl, and am willing that she shall be examined here, or in Louisville, Ky., before the bargain is closed.

"Very respectfully.

[Name in full.]

REPLY.

"Mr. ———, I have carried your letter of the 28th ult. in my hat for several days, awaiting an opportunity to answer it I now seize the first opportune moment, and, as yours is one of a class with which I am frequently favored, I will send you my reply through the Tribune, wishing it regarded as a general answer to all such applications.

"Let me begin by frankly stating that I am not engaged in the slave trade, and do not now contemplate embarking in that business; but no man can say confidently what he may or may not become; and, if I ever *should* engage in the traffic you suggest, it will be but fair to remember you as among my prompters to undertake it. Yet even then I must decline any such examination as you proffer of the property you wish to dispose of. Your biography is so full and precise, so frank and straight-forward, that I prefer to rest satisfied with your assurance in the premises.

"You will see that I have disregarded your request that your name and residence should be suppressed by me. That request seems to me inspired by

a modesty and self-sacrifice unsuited to the Age of Brass we live in. Are you not seeking to do a humane and generous act? Are you not proposing to tax yourself $600 in order to raise an intelligent, capable, deserving woman from slavery to freedom? Are you not proposing to do this in a manner perfectly lawful and unobjectionable, involving no surrender or compromise of 'Southern Rights'? My dear sir! such virtue must not be allowed to 'blush unseen.' Our age needs the inspiration of heroic examples, and those who would 'do good by stealth, and blush to find it Fame,' must—by gentle violence, if need be—stand revealed to an amazed, admiring world. True, it might (and might not) have been still more astounding but for your unlucky gambling on the late presidential election, wherein it is hard to tell whether you who lost your money or those who won their president were most unfortunate I affectionately advise you both never to do so again.

"And now as to this daughter of the late Judge Hopkins of Savannah, Georgia, whom you propose to sell me:

"I cannot now remember that I have ever heard Slavery justified on any ground which did not assert or imply that *it is the best condition for the negro.* The blacks, we are daily told, cannot take care of themselves, but sink into idleness, debauchery, squalid poverty and utter brutality, the moment the master's sustaining rule and care are withdrawn. If this is true, how dare you turn this poor dependent, for whose well-being you are responsible, over to me, who neither would nor could exert a master's control over her? If this slave ought not to be set at liberty, why do you ask me to bribe you with $1,000 to do her that wrong? If she ought to be, why should I pay you $1,000 for doing your duty in the premises? *You* hold a peculiar and responsible relation to her, through your own voluntary act, but *I* am only related to her through Adam, the same as to every Esquimaux, Patagonian, or New-Zealander. Whatever may be *your* duty in the premises, why should I be called on to help you discharge it?

"Full as your account of this girl is, you say nothing of her children, though such she undoubtedly has, whether they be also those of her several masters, as she was, or their fathers wore her fellow-slaves. If she is liberated and comes North, what is to become of them? How is she to be reconciled to leaving them in slavery? How can we be assured that the masters who own or to whom you will sell them before leaving for California, will prove as humane and liberal as you are?

"You inform me that 'the friends of Liberty' in New York or hereabout 'will no doubt make up' the $1,000 you demand, in order to give this daughter of a Georgia Judge her freedom. I think and trust you misapprehend them. For though they have, to my certain knowledge, under the impulse of special appeals to their sympathies, and in view of peculiar dangers or hardships, paid a great deal more money than they could comfortably spare (few of them being rich) to buy individual slaves out of bondage, yet their judg-

ment has never approved such payment of tribute to man-thieves and every day's *earnest* consideration causes it to be regarded with less and less favor. For it is not the snatching of here and there a person from Slavery, at the possible rate of one for every thousand increase of our slave population, that they desire, but the overthrow and extermination of *the slave-holding system;* and this end, they realize, is rather hindered than helped by their buying here and there a slave into freedom. If by so buying ten thousand a year, at a cost of Ten Millions of Dollars, they should confirm you and other slave-holders in the misconception that Slavery is regarded without abhorrence by intelligent Christian freemen at the North, they would be doing great harm to their cause and injury to their fellow-Christians in bondage. You may have heard, perhaps, of the sentiment proclaimed by Decatur to the slave-holders of the Barbary Coast—'Millions for defense—not a cent for tribute!' —and perhaps also of its counterpart in the Scotch ballad—

Instead of broad pieces, we'll pay them broadswords;'—

but 'the friends of Liberty' in this quarter will fight her battle neither with lead nor steel—much less with gold. Their trust is in the might of Opinion—in the resistless power of Truth where Discussion is untrammeled and Commercial Intercourse constant—in the growing Humanity of our age—in the deepening sense of Common Brotherhood—in the swelling hiss of Christendom and the just benignity of God. In the earnest faith that these must soon eradicate a wrong so gigantic and so palpable as Christian Slavery, they serenely await the auspicious hour which must surely come.

"Requesting you, Mr. ———, *not* to suppress my name in case you see fit to reply to this, and to be assured that I write no letter that I am ashamed of, I remain, Yours, so-so,

"HORACE GREELEY."

And here, closing the last volume of the Tribune, the reader is invited to a survey of the place whence it was issued, to glance at the routine of the daily press, to witness the scene in which our hero has labored so long. The Tribune building remains to be exhibited.

CHAPTER XXVI.

DAY AND NIGHT IN THE TRIBUNE OFFICE.

The streets before daybreak—Waking the newsboys—Morning scene in the press-room—The Compositor's room—The four Phalanxes—The Tribune Directory—A lull in the Tribune office—A glance at the paper—The advertisements—Telegraphic marvels—Marine Intelligence—New Publications—Letters from the people—Editorial articles—The editorial Rooms—The Sanctum Sanctorum—Solon Robinson—Bayard Taylor—William Henry Fry—George Ripley—Charles A. Dana—F. J. Otarson—George M. Snow—Enter Horace Greeley—His Preliminary botheration—The composing-room in the evening—The editors at work—Mr. Greeley's manner of writing—Midnight—Three o'clock in the morning—The carriers.

We are in the streets, walking from the regions where money is spent towards those narrow and crooked places wherein it is earned. The day is about to dawn, but the street lights are still burning, and the greater part of the million people who live within sight of the City Hall's illuminated dial, are lying horizontal and unconscious, in the morning's last slumber. The streets are neither silent nor deserted—the streets of New York never are. The earliest milkmen have begun their morning crow, squeak, whoop, and yell. The first omnibus has not yet come down town, but the butcher's carts, heaped with horrid flesh, with men sitting upon it reeking with a night's carnage, are rattling along Broadway at the furious pace for which the butcher's carts of all nations are noted. The earliest workmen are abroad, dinner-kettle in hand; carriers with their bundles of newspapers slung across their backs by a strap, are emerging from Nassau street, and making their way across the Park—towards all the ferries—up Broadway—up Chatham street—to wherever their district of distribution begins. The hotels have just opened their doors and lighted up their offices; and drowsy waiters are perambulating the interminable passages, knocking up passengers for the early trains, and waking up everybody else. In unnumbered kitchens the breakfast fire is kindling, but not yet, in any except the market restaurants, is a cup of coffee attainable. The very groggeries—strange to see—are closed. Apparently, the

last drunkard has toppled home, and the last debauchee has skulked like a thieving hound to his own bed; for the wickedness of the night has been done, and the work of the day is beginning. There is something in the aspect of the city at this hour—the stars glittering over-head—the long lines of gas-lights that stretch away in every direction—the few wayfarers stealing in and out among them in silence, like spirits—the myriad sign-boards so staring now, and useless—the houses all magnified in the imperfect light—so many evidences of intense life around, and yet so little of life visibly present—which, to one who sees it for the first time (and few of us have ever seen it), is strangely impressive.

The Tribune building is before us. It looks as we never saw it look before. The office is closed, and a gas-light dimly burning shows that no one is in it. The dismal inky aperture in Spruce street by which the upper regions of the Tribune den are usually reached is shut, and the door is locked. That glare of light which on all previous nocturnal walks we have seen illuminating the windows of the third and fourth stories, revealing the bobbing compositor in his paper cap, and the bustling night-editor making up his news, shines not at this hour; and those windows are undistinguished from the lustreless ones of the houses adjacent. Coiled up on the steps, stretched out on the pavement, are half a dozen sleeping newsboys. Two or three others are awake and up, of whom one is devising and putting into practice various modes of suddenly waking the sleepers. He rolls one off the step to the pavement, the shock of which is very effectual. He deals another who lies temptingly exposed, a 'loud-resounding' slap, which brings the slumberer to his feet, and to his fists, in an instant. Into the ear of a third he yells the magic word *Fire*, a word which the New York newsboy never hears with indifference; the sleeper starts up, but perceiving the trick, growls a curse or two, and addresses himself again to sleep. In a few minutes all the boys are awake, and taking their morning exercise of scuffling. The basement of the building, we observe, is all a-glow with light, though the clanking of the press is silent. The carrier's entrance is open, and we descend into the fiery bowels of the street.

We are in the Tribune's press-room. It is a large, low, cellar-like apartment, unceiled, white-washed, inky, and unclean, with a vast

folding table in the middle, tall heaps of dampened paper all about, a quietly-running steam engine of nine-horse power on one side, twenty-five inky men and boys variously employed, and the whole brilliantly lighted up by jets of gas, numerous and flaring. On one side is a kind of desk or pulpit, with a table before it, and the whole separated from the rest of the apartment by a rail. In the pulpit, the night-clerk stands, counts and serves out the papers, with a nonchalant and graceful rapidity, that must be seen to be appreciated. The regular carriers were all served an hour ago; they have folded their papers and gone their several ways; and early risers, two miles off, have already read the news of the day. The later newsboys, now, keep dropping in, singly, or in squads of three or four, each with his money ready in his hand. Usually, no words pass between them and the clerk; he either knows how many papers they have come for, or they show him by exhibiting their money; and in three seconds after his eye lights upon a newly-arrived dirty face, he has counted the requisite number of papers, counted the money for them, and thrown the papers in a heap into the boy's arms, who slings them over his shoulder and hurries off for his supply of *Times* and *Heralds*. Occasionally a woman comes in for a few papers, or a little girl, or a boy so small that he cannot see over the low rail in front of the clerk, and is obliged to announce his presence and his desires by holding above it his little cash capital in his little black paw. In another part of the press-room, a dozen or fifteen boys are folding papers for the early mails, and folding them at the average rate of thirty a minute. A boy *has* folded sixty papers a minute in that press-room. Each paper has to be folded six times, and then laid evenly on the pile; and the velocity of movement required for the performance of such a minute's work, the reader can have no idea of till he sees it done. As a feat, nothing known to the sporting world approaches it. The huge presses, that shed six printed leaves at a stroke, are in deep vaults adjoining the press-room. They are motionless now, but the gas that has lighted them during their morning's work still spurts out in flame all over them, and men with blue shirts and black faces are hoisting out the 'forms' that have stamped their story on thirty thousand sheets. The vaults are oily, inky, and warm. Let us ascend.

The day has dawned. As we approach the stairs that lead to the upper stories, we get a peep into a small, paved yard, where a group of pressmen, blue-overalled, ink-smeared, and pale, are washing themselves and the ink-rollers; and looking, in the dim light of the morning, like writhing devils. The stairs of the Tribune building are supposed to be the dirtiest in the world. By their assistance, however, we wind our upward way, past the editorial rooms in the third story, which are locked, to the composing-room in the fourth, which are open, and in which the labor of transposing the news of the morning to the form of the weekly paper is in progress. Only two men are present, the foreman, Mr. Rooker, and one of his assistants. Neither of them wish to be spoken to, as their minds are occupied with a task that requires care; but we are at liberty to look around.

The composing-room of the Tribune is, I believe, the most convenient, complete, and agreeable one in the country. It is very spacious, nearly square, lighted by windows on two sides, and by sky-lights from above. It presents an ample expanse of type-fonts, gas-jets with large brown-paper shades above them, long tables covered with columns of bright, copper-faced type, either 'dead' or waiting its turn for publication; and whatever else appertains to the printing of a newspaper. Stuffed into corners and interstices are aprons and slippers in curious variety. Pasted on the walls, lamp-shades, and doors, we observe a number of printed notices, from the perusal of which, aided by an occasional word from the obliging foreman, we are enabled to penetrate the mystery, and comprehend the routine, of the place.

Here, for example, near the middle of the apartment, are a row of hooks, labeled respectively, 'Leaded Brevier;' 'Solid Brevier;' 'Minion;' 'Proofs to revise;' 'Compositors' Proofs—let no profane hand touch them except Smith's;' 'Bogus minion—when there is no other copy to be given out, then take from this hook.' Upon these hooks, the foreman hangs the 'copy' as he receives it from below, and the men take it in turn, requiring no further direction as to the kind of type into which it is to be set. The 'bogus-minion' hook contains matter not intended to be used; it is designed merely to keep the men constantly employed, so as to obviate the necessity of their making petty charges for lost time, and thus com-

plicating their accounts. Below the 'bogus-hook,' there appears this 'Particular Notice:' 'This copy must be set, and the Takes emptied, with the same care as the rest.' From which we may infer, that a man is inclined to slight work that he knows to be useless, even though it be paid for at the usual price per thousand.

Another printed paper lets us into another secret. It is a list of the compositors employed in the office, divided into four "Phalanxes" of about ten men each, a highly advantageous arrangement, devised by Mr. Rooker. At night, when the copy begins to "slack up," *i. e.* when the work of the night approaches completion, one phalanx is dismissed; then another; then another; then the last; and the phalanx which leaves first at night comes first in the morning, and so on. The men who left work at eleven o'clock at night must be again in the office at nine, to distribute type and set up news for the evening edition of the paper. The second phalanx begins work at two, the third at five; and at seven the whole company must be at their posts; for, at seven, the business of the night begins in earnest. Printers *will* have their joke—as appears from this list. It is set in double columns, and as the number of men happened to be an uneven one, one name was obliged to occupy a line by itself, and it appears thus—"Baker, (the teat-pig.)"

The following notice deserves attention from the *word* with which it begins: "Gentlemen desiring to wash and soak their distributing matter will please use hereafter the metal galleys I had cast for the purpose, as it is ruinous to galleys having wooden sides to keep wet type in them locked up. Thos. N. Rooker." It took the world an unknown number of thousand years to arrive at that word 'GENTLEMEN.' Indeed, the *world* has not arrived at it; but there it is, in the composing-room of the New York Tribune, legible to all visitors.

Passing by other notices, such as "Attend to the gas-meter on Wednesdays and Saturdays, and to the clock on Monday morning," we may spend a minute or two in looking over a long printed catalogue, posted on the door, entitled, "Tribune Directory. Corrected May 10, 1854. A list of Editors, Reporters, Publishers, Clerks, Compositors, Proof-Readers, Pressmen, &c., employed on the New York Tribune."

From this Directory one may learn that the Editor of the Tribune is Horace Greeley, the Managing-Editor Charles A. Dana, the Asso-

ciate-Editors, James S. Pike, William H. Fry, George Ripley, George M. Snow, Bayard Taylor, F. J. Ottarson, William Newman, B. Brock way, Solon Robinson, and Donald C. Henderson. We perceive also that Mr. Ottarson is the City Editor, and that his assistants are in number fourteen. One of these keeps an eye on the Police, chronicles arrests, walks the hospitals in search of dreadful accidents, and keeps the public advised of the state of its health. Three report lectures and speeches. Another gathers items of intelligence in Jersey City, Newark, and parts adjacent. Others do the same in Brooklyn and Williamsburgh. One gentleman devotes himself to the reporting of fires, and the movements of the military. Two examine and translate from the New York papers which are published in the German, French, Italian and Spanish languages. Then, there is a Law Reporter, a Police Court Reporter, and a Collector of Marine Intelligence. Proceeding down the formidable catalogue, we discover that the 'Marine Bureau' (in common with the Associated Press) is under the charge of Commodore John T. Hall, who is assisted by twelve agents and reporters. Besides these, the Tribune has a special 'Ship News Editor.' The 'Telegraphic Bureau' (also in common with the Associated Press) employs one general agent and two subordinates, (one at Liverpool and one at Halifax,) and fifty reporters in various parts of the country. The number of regular and paid correspondents is thirty-eight—eighteen foreign, twenty home. The remaining force of the Tribune, as we are informed by the Directory, is, Thos. M'Elrath, chief of the department of publication, assisted by eight clerks; Thos. N. Rooker, foreman of the composing-room, with eight assistant-foremen (three by day, five by night), thirty-eight regular compositors, and twenty-five substitutes; George Hall, foreman of the press-room, with three assistants, sixteen feeders, twenty-five folders, three wrapper-writers, and three boys. Besides these, there are four proof-readers, and a number of miscellaneous individuals. It thus appears that the whole number of persons employed upon the paper is about two hundred and twenty, of whom about one hundred and thirty devote to it their whole time. The Directory further informs us that the proprietors of the establishment are sixteen in number—namely, seven editors, the publisher, four clerks, the foreman of the compos-

ing-room, the foreman of the press-room, one compositor and one press-man.

Except for a few hours on Saturday afternoon and Sunday morning, the work of a daily paper never entirely ceases; but, at this hour of the day, between six and seven o'clock, it does nearly cease. The editors are still, it is to be hoped, asleep. The compositors have been in bed for two hours or more. The pressmen of the night are going home, and those of the day have not arrived. The carriers have gone their rounds. The youngest clerks have not yet appeared in the office. All but the slowest of the newsboys have got their supply of papers, and are making the streets and ferries vocal, or vociferous, with their well-known names. There is a general lull; and while that lull continues, we shall lose nothing by going to breakfast.

Part of which is the New York Tribune; and we may linger over it a little longer than usual this morning.

It does not look like it, but it is a fact, as any one moderately endowed with arithmetic can easily ascertain, that one number of the Tribune, if it were printed in the form of a book, with liberal type and spacing, would make a duodecimo volume of four hundred pages—a volume, in fact, not much less in magnitude than the one which the reader has, at this moment, the singular happiness of perusing. Each number is the result of, at least, two hundred days' work, or the work of two hundred men for one day; and it is sold (to carriers and newsboys) for one cent and a half. Lucifer matches, at forty-four cents for a hundred and forty-four boxes, are supposed, and justly, to be a miracle of cheapness. Pins are cheap, considering; and so are steel pens. But the cheapest thing yet realized under the sun is the New York Tribune.

The number for this morning contains six hundred and forty-one separate articles—from two-line advertisements to two-column essays—of which five hundred and ten are advertisements, the remainder, one hundred and thirty-one, belonging to the various departments of reading matter. The reading matter, however, occupies about one half of the whole space—nearly four of the eight broad pages, nearly twenty-four of the forty-eight columns. The articles and paragraphs which must have been written for this number yesterday, or very recently, in the office or at the editors' resi-

dences, fill thirteen columns, equal to a hundred pages of foolscap, or eighty such pages as this. There are five columns of telegraphic intelligence, which is, perhaps, two columns above the average. There are twelve letters from 'our own' and voluntary correspondents, of which five are from foreign countries There have been as many as thirty letters in one number of the Tribune; there are seldom less than ten.

What has the Tribune of this morning to say to us? Let us see.

It is often asked, who reads advertisements? and the question is often inconsiderately answered, 'Nobody.' But, idle reader, if you were in search of a boarding-house this morning, these two columns of advertisements, headed 'Board and Rooms,' would be read by you with the liveliest interest; and so, in other circumstances, would those which reveal a hundred and fifty 'Wants,' twenty-two places of amusement, twenty-seven new publications, forty-two schools, and thirteen establishments where the best pianos in existence are made. If you had come into the possession of a fortune yesterday, this column of bank-dividend announcements would not be passed by with indifference. And if *you* were the middle-aged gentleman who advertises his desire to open a correspondence with a young lady (all communications post-paid and the strictest secresy observed), you might peruse with anxiety these seven advertisements of hair-dye, each of which is either infallible, unapproachable, or the acknowledged best. And the eye of the 'young lady' who addresses you a post-paid communication in reply, informing you where an interview may be had, would perhaps rest for a moment upon the description of the new Baby-Walker, with some complacency. If the negotiation were successful, it were difficult to say what column of advertisements would *not*, in its turn, become of the highest interest to one or the other, or both of you. In truth, every one reads the advertisements which concern them.

The wonders of the telegraph are not novel, and, therefore, they seem wonderful no longer. We glance up and down the columns of telegraphic intelligence, and read without the slightest emotion, dispatches from Michigan, Halifax, Washington, Baltimore, Cincinnati, Boston, Cleveland, St. Louis, New Orleans, and a dozen places nearer the city, some of which give us news of events that had not occurred when we went to bed last night. The telegraphic news of

this morning has run along four thousand seven hundred and fifty miles of wire, and its transmission, at the published rates, must have cost between two and three hundred dollars. On one occasion, recently, the steamer arrived at Halifax at half-past eleven in the evening, and the substance of her news was contained in the New York papers the next morning, and probably in the papers of New Orleans. A debate which concludes in Washington at midnight, is read in Fiftieth street, New York, six hours after. But these are stale marvels, and they are received by us entirely as a matter of course.

The City department of the paper, conducted with uncommon efficiency by Mr. Ottarson, gives us this morning, in sufficient detail, the proceedings of a 'Demonstration' at Tammany Hall—of a meeting of the Bible Union—a session of the committee investigating the affairs of Columbia college—a meeting to devise measures for the improvement of the colored population—a temperance 'Demonstration'—a session of the Board of Aldermen—a meeting of the commissioners of emigration—and one of the commissioners of excise. A trial for murder is reported; the particulars of seven fires are stated; the performance of the opera is noticed; the progress of the 'State Fair' is chronicled, and there are thirteen 'city items.' And what is most surprising is, that seven-tenths of the city matter must have been prepared in the evening, for most of the events narrated did not occur till after dark.

The Law Intelligence includes brief notices of the transactions of five courts. The Commercial Intelligence gives minute information respecting the demand for, the supply of, the price, and the recent sales, of twenty-one leading articles of trade. The Marine Journal takes note of the sailing and arrival of two hundred and seven vessels, with the name of the captain, owners and consignees. This is, in truth, the most astonishing department of a daily paper. Arranged under the heads of "Cleared," "Arrived," "Disasters," "To mariners," "Spoken," "Whalers," "Foreign Ports," "Domestic Ports," "Passengers sailed," "Passengers arrived," it presents daily a mass and a variety of facts, which do not astound us, only because we see the wonder daily repeated. Nor is the shipping intelligence a mere catalogue of names, places and figures. Witness these sentences cut almost at random from the dense columns of small type in which the affairs of the sea are printed:

"Bark Gen. Jones, (of Boston,) Hodgden, London 47 days, chalk to E. S Belknap & Sons. Aug. 14, lat. 50° 11′, lon. 9° 20′, spoke ship Merensa, of Boston, 19 days from Eastport for London. Aug. 19, signalized a ship showing Nos. 55, 31, steering E. Aug. 20, signalized ship Isaac Allerton, of New York. Sept. 1, spoke Br. Emerald, and supplied her with some provisions. Sept. 13, lat. 43° 36′, lon. 49° 54′, passed a number of empty barrels and broken pieces of oars. Sept. 13, lat 43°, long 50° 40′, while lying to in a gale, passed a vessel's spars and broken pieces of bulwarks, painted black and white; supposed the spars to be a ship's topmasts. Sept. 19, lat. 41° 14′, lon. 56°, signalized a bark showing a red signal with a white spot in center."

As no one not interested in marine affairs ever bestows a glance upon this part of his daily paper, these condensed tragedies of the sea will be novel to the general reader. To compile the ship-news of this single morning, the log-books of twenty-seven vessels must have been examined, and information obtained by letter, telegraph, or exchange papers, from ninety-three sea-port towns, of which thirty-one are in foreign countries. Copied here, it would fill thirty-five pages, and every line of it was procured yesterday.

The money article of the Tribune, to those who have any money, is highly interesting. It chronicles, to-day, the sales of stocks, the price of exchange and freight, the arrivals and departures of gold, the condition of the sub-treasury, the state of the coal-trade and other mining interests, and ends with gossip and argument about the Schuyler frauds. There is a vast amount of labor condensed in the two columns which the money article usually occupies.

The Tribune, from the beginning of its career, has kept a vigilant eye upon passing literature. Its judgments have great weight with the reading public. They are always pronounced with, at least, an air of deliberation. They are always able, generally just, occasionally cruel, more frequently too kind. In this department, taking into account the quantity of information given—both of home and foreign literature, of books published and of books to be published—and the talent and knowledge displayed in its notices and reviews, the superiority of the Tribune to any existing daily paper is simply undeniable. Articles occasionally appear in the London journals, written *after* every other paper has expressed its judgment, written at ample leisure and by men pre-eminent in the one branch of letters to which the reviewed book belongs, which are superior to the reviews of the Tribune. It is the literary *department* of the paper

for which superiority is here asserted. To-day, it happens that the paper contains nothing literary. In a daily paper, news has the precedence of everything, and a review of an epic greater than Paradise Lost might be crowded out by the report of an election brawl in the Sixth Ward. Thus, a poor author is often kept in trembling suspense for days, or even weeks, waiting for the review which he erroneously thinks will make or mar him.

Like People, like Priest, says the old maxim; which we may amend by saying, Like Editor, like Correspondent. From these 'Letters from the People,' we infer, that when a man has something to say to the public, of a reformatory or humanitary nature, he is prone to indite an epistle 'to the Editor of the New York Tribune,' who, on his part, in tenderness to the public, is exceedingly prone to consign it to the basket of oblivion. A good many of these letters, however, escape into print—to-day, four, on some days a dozen. The London letters of the Tribune are written in London, the Paris letters in Paris, the Timbuctoo letters in Timbuctoo. This is strange, but true.

In its editorial department, the Tribune has two advantages over most of its contemporaries. In the first place, it has an object of attack, the slave power; and secondly, by a long course of warfare, it has won the conceded privilege of being sincere. Any one who has had to do with the press, is aware, that articles in newspapers are of two kinds, namely, those which are written *for a purpose* not avowed, and those which are written spontaneously, from the impulse and convictions of the writer's own mind. And any one who has written articles of both descriptions is aware, further, that a man who is writing with perfect sincerity, writing with a pure desire to move, interest, or convince, writes *better*, than when the necessities of his vocation compel him to *grind the axe* for a party, or an individual. There is more or less of axe-grinding done in every newspaper office in the world; and a perfectly independent newspaper never existed. Take, for example, the London Times, which is claimed to be the most incorruptible of journals. The writers for the Times are trammeled, first, by the immense *position* of the paper, which gives to its leading articles a possible influence upon the affairs of the world. The aim of the writer is to express, not himself, but ENGLAND; as the Times is, in other countries, the

recognized voice of the British Empire; and it is this which renders much of the writing in the Times as safe, as vague, and as pointless, as a diplomatist's dispatch. The Times is further trammeled by the business necessity of keeping on terms with those who have it in their power to give and withhold important intelligence. And, still further, by the fact, that *general England*, whom it addresses, is not up to the liberality of the age—in which the leading minds alone fully participate. Thus, it happens, that the articles in a paper like The Leader, which reaches only the liberal class, are often more pointed, more vigorous, more interesting, than those of the Times, though the resources of the Leader are extremely limited, and the Times can have its pick of the wit, talent, and learning of the empire. When a man writes with perfect freedom, then, and only then, he writes his *best*. Without claiming for the Tribune a perfect innocence of axe-grinding, it may with truth be said, that the power of its leading editorial articles is vastly increased by the fact, that those who write them, do so with as near an approach to perfect freedom, *i. e.* sincerity, as the nature of newspaper-writing, at present, admits of. What it gains, too, in spirit and interest by having the preposterous inaptitude of the Southern press to ridicule, and the horrors of Southern brutality to denounce, is sufficiently known.

But it is time we returned to the office. It is ten o'clock in the morning. The clerks in the office are at their posts, receiving advertisements, recording them, entering the names of new subscribers received by the morning's mail, of which on some mornings of the year there are hundreds. It is a busy scene.

Up the dismal stairs to a dingy door in the third story, upon which we read, "Editorial Rooms of the New York Tribune. H. Greeley." We ought not to be allowed to enter, but we are, and we do; no one hinders us, or even notices our entrance. First, a narrow passage, with two small rooms on the left, whence, later in the day, the rapid hum of proof-reading issues unceasingly, one man reading the 'copy' aloud, another having his eyes fixed upon the slip of proof. One may insert his visage into the square aperture in the doors of these minute apartments, and gaze upon the performance with persistent impertinence; but the proof-reading goes on, like a machine. At this hour, however, these rooms contain no one. A

few steps, and the principal Editorial Room is before us. It is a long, narrow apartment, with desks for the principal editors along the sides, with shelves well-loaded with books and manuscripts, a great heap of exchange papers in the midst, and a file of the Tribune on a broad desk, slanting from the wall. Everything is in real order, but apparent confusion, and the whole is 'blended in a common element of dust.' Nothing particular appears to be going on. Two or three gentlemen are looking over the papers; but the desks are all vacant, and each has upon its lid a pile of letters and papers awaiting the arrival of him to whose department they belong. One desk presents an array of new publications that might well appal the most industrious critic—twenty-four new books, seven magazines, nine pamphlets, and two new papers, all expecting a 'first-rate notice.' At the right, we observe another and smaller room, with a green carpet, two desks, a sofa, and a large book-case, filled with books of reference. This is the sanctum sanctorum. The desk near the window, that looks out upon the green Park, the white City Hall in the midst thereof, and the lines of moving life that bound the same, is the desk of the Editor-in-Chief. It presents confusion merely. The shelves are heaped with manuscripts, books, and pamphlets; its lid is covered with clippings from newspapers, each containing something supposed by the assiduous exchange-reader to be of special interest to the Editor; and over all, on the highest shelf, near the ceiling, stands a large bronze bust of Henry Clay, wearing a crown of dust. The other desk, near the door, belongs to the second in command. It is in perfect order A heap of foreign letters, covered with stamps and post-marks, awaits his coming. The row of huge, musty volumes along the floor against one of the walls of the room, is a complete file of the Tribune, with some odd volumes of the New Yorker and Log Cabin.

An hour later. One by one the editors arrive. Solon Robinson, looking, with his flowing white beard and healthy countenance, like a good-humored Prophet Isaiah, or a High Priest in undress, has dropped into his corner, and is compiling, from letters and newspapers, a column of paragraphs touching the effect of the drouth upon the potato crop. Bayard Taylor is reading a paper in the American attitude. His countenance has quite lost the Nubian

bronze with which it darkened on the banks of the White Nile, as well as the Japanning which his last excursion gave it. Pale, delicate-featured, with a curling beard and subdued moustache, slight in figure, and dressed with care, he has as little the aspect of an adventurous traveler, and as much the air of a nice young gentleman, as can be imagined. He may read in peace, for he is not now one of the 'hack-horses' of the daily press. The tall, pale, intense-looking gentleman who is slowly pacing the carpet of the inner sanctum is Mr. William H Fry, the composer of Leonora. At this moment he is thinking out thunder for to-morrow's Tribune. William Henry Fry is one of the noblest fellows alive—a hater of meanness and wrong, a lover of man and right, with a power of expression equal to the intensity of his hate and the enthusiasm of his love. There is more merit in his little finger than in a whole mass-meeting of Douglass-senators; and from any but a grog-ruled city he would have been sent to Congress long ago; but perhaps, as Othello remarks, 'it is better as it is.' Mr. Ripley, who came in a few minutes ago, and sat down before that marshaled array of books and magazines, might be described in the language of Mr. Weller the elder, as 'a stout gentleman of eight and forty.' He is in for a long day's work apparently, and has taken off his coat. Luckily for authors, Mr. Ripley is a gentleman of sound digestion and indomitable good humor, who enjoys life and helps others enjoy it, and believes that anger and hatred are seldom proper, and never 'pay.' He examines each book, we observe, with care. Without ever being in a hurry, he gets through an amazing quantity of work; and all he does shows the touch and finish of the practical hand. Mr. Dana enters with a quick, decided step, goes straight to his desk in the green-carpeted sanctum sanctorum, and is soon lost in the perusal of 'Karl Marx,' or 'An American Woman in Paris.' In figure, face, and flowing beard, he looks enough like Louis Kossuth to be his cousin, if not his brother. Mr. Dana, as befits his place, is a gentleman of peremptory habits. It is his office to *decide;* and, as he is called upon to perform the act of decision a hundred times a day, he has acquired the power both of deciding with despatch and of announcing his decision with civil brevity, If you desire a plain answer to a plain question, Charles A. Dana is the gentleman who can accommodate you. He is an

ble and, in description, a brilliant writer; a good speaker; fond and proud of his profession; indefatigable in the discharge of its duties; when out of harness, agreeable as a companion; in harness, a man not to be interrupted. Mr. Ottarson, the city editor, has not yet made his appearance; he did not leave the office last night till three hours after midnight. Before he left, however, he prepared a list of things to be reported and described to-day, writing opposite each expected occurrence the name of the man whom he wished to attend to it. The reporters come to the office in the morning, and from this list ascertain what special duty is expected of them. Mr. Ottarson rose from the ranks. He has been everything in a newspaper office, from devil to editor. He is one of the busiest of men, and fills the most difficult post in the establishment with great ability. That elegant and rather *distingué* gentleman with the small, black, Albert moustache, who is writing at the desk over there in the corner, is the commercial editor, the writer of the money article—Mr. George M. Snow. We should have taken him for anything but a commercial gentlemen. Mr. Pike, the 'J. S. P.' of former Washington correspondence, now a writer on political subjects, is not present; nor are other members of the corps.

Between twelve and one, Mr. Greeley comes in, with his pockets full of papers, and a bundle under his arm. His first act is to dispatch his special aid-de-sanctum on various errands, such as to deliver notes, letters and messages, to procure seeds or implements for the farm, et cetera. Then, perhaps, he will comment on the morning's paper, dwelling with pertinacious emphasis upon its defects, hard to be convinced that an alleged fault was unavoidable. After two or three amusing colloquies of this nature, he makes his way to the sanctum, where, usually, several people are waiting to see him. He takes his seat at his desk and begins to examine the heap of notes, letters, newspapers and clippings, with which it is covered, while one after another of his visitors states his business. One is an exile who wants advice, or a loan, or an advertisement inserted gratis; he does not get the loan, for Mr. Greeley long ago shut down the door upon miscellaneous borrowers and beggars. Another visitor has an invention which he wishes paragraphed into celebrity. Another is one of the lecture-committee of a country Lyceum, and wants our editor to 'come out and give

us a lecture this winter.' Another is a country clergyman who has called to say how much he likes the semi-weekly Tribune, and to gratify his curiosity by speaking with the editor face to face. Gradually the throng diminishes and the pile of papers is reduced. By three or four o'clock, this preliminary botheration is disposed of, and Mr. Greeley goes to dinner.

Meanwhile, all the departments of the establishment have been in a state of activity. It is Thursday, the day of the Weekly Tribune, the inside of which began to be printed at seven in the morning. Before the day closes, the whole edition, one hundred and sixteen thousand, forty-eight cart-loads, will have been printed, folded, wrapped, bundled, bagged, and carried to the post-office. The press-room on Thursdays does its utmost, and presents a scene of bustle and movement 'easier imagined than described.' No small amount of work, too, is done in the office of publication. To-day, as we ascertain, two hundred and thirteen business letters were received, containing, among other things less interesting, eleven hundred and seventy-two dollars, and four hundred and ten new or renewed subscriptions, each of which has been recorded and placed upon the wrapper-writer's books. The largest sum ever received by one mail was eighteen hundred dollars. The weekly expenditures of the concern average about six thousand two hundred dollars, of which sum four thousand is for paper. During the six dull months of the year, the receipts and expenditures are about equal; in the active months the receipts exceed the expenditures.

It is nine o'clock in the evening. Gas has resumed. The clank of the press has ceased, and the basement is dimly lighted. The clerks, who have been so busy all day, have gone home, and the night-clerk, whom we saw this morning in his press-room pulpit, is now behind the counter of the office receiving advertisements. Night-work agrees with him, apparently, for he is robust, ruddy and smiling. Aloft in the composing room, thirty-eight men are setting type, silently and fast. No sound is heard but the click of the type, or the voice, now and then, of a foreman, or the noise of of the copy-box rattling up the wooden pipe from the editor's room below, or a muffled grunt from the tin tube by which the different rooms hold converse with one another, or the bell which calls for

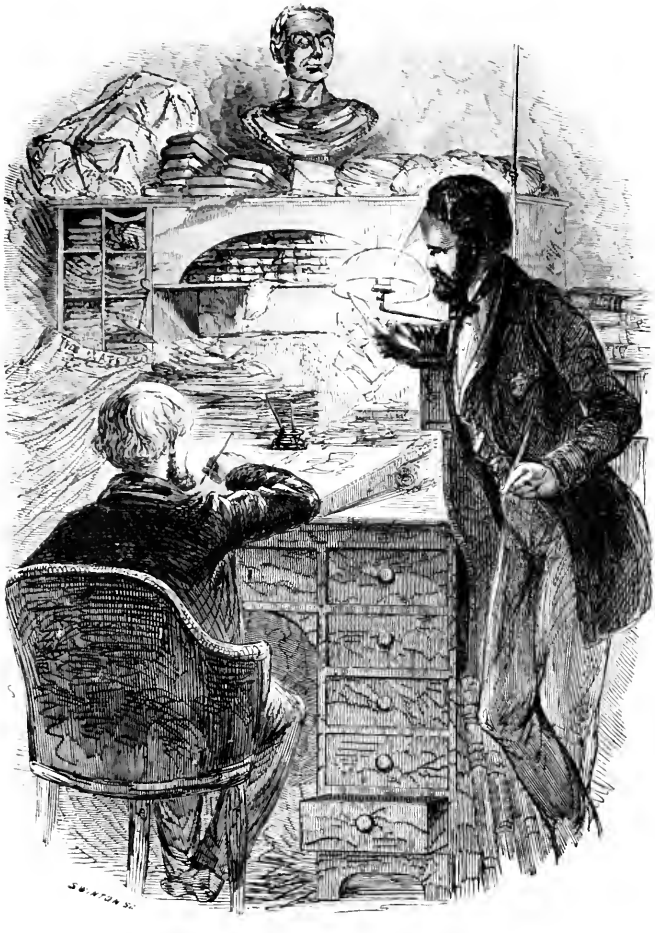
the application of an ear to the mouth of that tube. The place is warm, close, light, and still. Whether it is *necessarily* detrimental to a compositor's health to work from eight to ten hours every night in such an atmosphere, in such a light, is still, it appears, a question. Mr. Greeley thinks it is not. The compositors think it is, and seldom feel able to work more than four nights a week, filling their places on the other nights from the list of substitutes, or in printer's language 'subs.' Compositors say, that sleep in the day time is a very different thing from sleep at night, particularly in summer, when to create an artificial night is to exclude the needful air. They say that they never get perfectly used to the reversion of nature's order; and often, after a night of drowsiness so extreme that they would give the world if they could sink down upon the floor and sleep, they go to bed at length, and find that offended Morpheus has taken his flight, and left their eye-lids glued to their brows; and they cannot close them before the inexorable hour arrives that summons them to work again In the middle of the room the principal night-foreman is already 'making up' the outside forms of to-morrow's paper, four in number, each a section of a cylinder, with rims of polished iron, and type of copper face. It is slow work, and a moment's inattention might produce results more ridiculous than cross-readings.

The editorial rooms, too, have become intense. Seven desks are occupied with silent writers, most of them in the Tribune uniform—shirt-sleeves and moustache. The night-reader is looking over the papers last arrived, with scissors ready for any paragraph of news that catches his eye. An editor occasionally goes to the copy-box, places in it a page or two of the article he is writing, and rings the bell; the box slides up to the composing-room, and the pages are in type and corrected before the article is finished. Such articles are those which are prompted by the event of the hour; others are more deliberately written; some are weeks in preparation; and of some the keel is laid months before they are launched upon the public mind. The Editor-in-Chief is at his desk writing in a singular attitude, the desk on a level with his nose, and the writer sitting bolt upright. He writes rapidly, with scarcely a pause for thought, and not once in a page makes an erasure. The foolscap leaves fly from under his pen at the rate of one in fifteen minutes. He does

most of the *thinking* before he begins to write, and produces matter about as fast as a swift copyist can copy. Yet he leaves nothing for the compositor to guess at, and if he makes an alteration in the proof, he is careful to do it in such a way that the printer loses no time in 'overrunning;' that is, he inserts as many words as he erases. Not unfrequently he bounds up into the composing-room, and makes a correction or adds a sentence with his own hand. He is not patient under the infliction of an error; and he expects men to understand his wishes by intuition; and when they do *not*, but interpret his half-expressed orders in a way exactly contrary to his intention, a scene is likely to ensue.

And so they write and read in the editorial rooms of the Tribune for some hours. Occasionally a City Reporter comes in with his budget of intelligence, or his short-hand notes, and sits down at a desk to arrange or write them out. Telegraphic messages arrive from the agent of the Associated Press, or from 'our own correspondent.' Mr. Dana glances over them, sends them aloft, and, if they are important, indites a paragraph calling attention to the fact. That omnipresent creature, the down-town apple-woman, whom no labyrinth puzzles, no extent of stairs fatigues, no presence overawes, enters, and thrusts her basket in deliberate succession under each editorial nose. Some of the corps, deep in the affairs of the nation, pause in their writing, gaze at the woman in utter abstraction, slowly come to a sense of her errand, shake their heads, and resume their work. Others hurriedly buy an apple, and taking one prodigious bite, lay it aside and forget it. A band of music is heard in the street; it is a target-excursion returning late from Hoboken; it passes the office and gives it three cheers; the city men go to the windows; the rest write on unconscious of the honor that has been done them; the Tribune returns the salute by a paragraph.

Midnight. The strain is off. Mr. Greeley finished his work about eleven, chatted a while with Mr. Dana, and went home. Mr. Dana has received from the foreman the list of the articles in type, the articles now in hand, and the articles expected; he has designated those which *must* go in; those which it is highly desirable *should* go in, and those which will 'keep.' He has also marked the order in which the articles are to appear; and, having performed this last duty, he returns the list to the compositor, puts on his coat and de-



parts. Mr. Fry is on the last page of his critique of this evening's Grisi, which he executes with steam-engine rapidity, and sends up without reading. He lingers awhile, and then strolls off up town. Mr. Ottarson is still busy, as reporters continually arrive with items of news, which he hastily examines, and consigns either to the basket under his desk, or to the copy-box. The first phalanx of compositors is dismissed, and they come thundering down the dark stairs, putting on their coats as they descend. The foreman is absorbed in making up the inside forms, as he has just sent those of the outside below, and the distant clanking of the press announces that they have begun to be printed. We descend, and find the sheets coming off the press at the rate of a hundred and sixty a minute. The engine-man is commodiously seated on an inverted basket, under a gas-jet, reading the outside of the morning's paper, and the chief of the press-room is scanning a sheet to see if the impression is perfect. The gigantic press has six mouths, and six men are feeding him with white paper, slipping in the sheets with the easy knack acquired by long practice. It looks a simple matter, this 'feeding;' but if a new hand were to attempt it, the iron maw of the monster would be instantly choked, and his whole system disarranged. For he is as delicate as he is strong; the little finger of a child can start and stop him, moderate his pace, or quicken it to the snapping of his sinews.

Three o'clock in the morning Mr. Ottarson is in trouble. The outside of the paper is printed, the inside forms are ready to be lowered away to the basement, and the press-men are impatiently waiting the signal to receive it. The pulpit of the night clerk is ready for his reception, the spacious folding-table is cleared, and two carriers have already arrived. All the compositors except the last phalanx have gone home; and they have corrected the last proof, and desire nothing so much as to be allowed to depart. But an English steamer is overdue, and a telegraphic dispatch from the agent of the Associated Press at Sandy Hook, who has been all night in his yacht cruising for the news, is anxiously expected. It does not come. The steamer (as we afterwards ascertain) has arrived, but the captain churlishly refused to throw on board the yacht the customary newspaper. Mr. Ottarson fancies he hears a gun. A moment after he is positive he hears another. He has five men of

his corps within call, and he sends them flying! One goes to the Astor House to see if *they* have heard of the steamer's arrival; another to the offices of the Times and Herald, on the same errand; others to Jersey City, to be ready in case the steamer reaches her wharf in time. It is ascertained, about half-past three, that the steamer is coming up the bay, and that her news cannot possibly be procured before five; and so, Mr. Ottarson, having first ascertained that the other morning papers have given up the hope of the news for their first editions, goes to press in despair, and home in ill humor. In a few minutes, the forms are lowered to the basement, wheeled to the side of the press, and hoisted to their places on the press by a crank. The feeders take their stands, the foreman causes the press to make one revolution, examines a sheet, pronounces it all right, sets the press in motion at a rattling rate, and nothing remains to be done except to print off thirty thousand copies and distribute them.

The last scene of all is a busy one indeed. The press-room is all alive with carriers, news-men and folding-boys, each of whom is in a fever of hurry. Four or five boys are carrying the papers in backloads from the press to the clerk, and to the mailing tables. The carriers receive their papers in the order of the comparative distance of their districts from the office. No money passes between them and the clerk. They come to the office every afternoon, examine the book of subscribers, note the changes ordered in their respective routes, pay for the number of papers they will require on the following morning, and receive a ticket entitling them to receive the designated number. The number of papers distributed by one carrier varies from two hundred and fifty to five hundred. Some of the carriers, however, are assisted by boys As a carrier gains a weekly profit of three cents on each subscriber, one who delivers ve hundred papers has an income of fifteen dollars a week; and it .s well earned. Most of the small news-men in town, country, and railroad-car, are supplied with their papers by a wholesale firm, who deliver them at a slight increase of price over the first cost. The firm alluded to purchases from four to five thousand copies of the Tribune every morning.

By five o'clock, usually, the morning edition has been printed off, the carriers supplied, the early mail dispatched, and the bundles

for adjacent towns made up. Again there is a lull in the activity of the Tribune building, and, sleepily, we bend our steps homeward.

There is something extremely pleasing in the spectacle afforded by a large number of strong men co-operating in cheerful activity by which they at once secure their own career, and render an important service to the public. Such a spectacle the Tribune building presents. At present men show to best advantage when they are at work; we have not yet learned to sport with grace and unmixed benefit; and still further are we from that stage of development where work and play become one. But the Tribune building is a very cheerful place. No one is oppressed or degraded; and, by the minute subdivision of labor in all departments, there is seldom any occasion for hurry or excessive exertion. The distinctions which there exist between one man and another, are not artificial, but natural and necessary; foreman and editor, office-boy and head clerk, if they converse together at all, converse as friends and equals; and the posts of honor *are* posts of honor, only because they are posts of difficulty. In a word, the republicanism of the Continent has come to a focus at the corner of Nassau and Spruce-streets. There it has its nearest approach to practical realization; thence proceeds its strongest expression.

CHAPTER XXVII.

HORACE GREELEY IN A FRENCH PRISON.

Voyage to Europe—Visit to the exhibition—At the tomb of Napoleon—Two days in the debtors' prison—In London again—Comments of the editor on men and things.

In the year 1855, which was that of the first Paris Exhibition, Mr. Greeley again enjoyed a few weeks' holiday in Europe. The voyage, however, was anything but enjoyment. "I have expressed," he says, "my own opinion of the sea and its behavior before, and do not care to reiterate it. I suffered far less intensely this time, and gratefully acknowledge the kind Providence which preserved us from the perils and afflictions by which others have been visited But to me 'a life on the ocean wave' is still surcharged with misery, and a steamship on rocking billows the most intolerable prison wherewith man's follies or sins are visited. I think I could just endure the compound stench of grease and steam which 'ascendeth for ever and ever' on board these fire-ships; I might even bear the addition to my agonies which the damp, chilly breeze (when it happens not to be a gale) never fails to induce; I might come in time to grapple with and throttle the demon Sea-sickness, remorseless as he is; but when to these are added the fumes arising from the incessant cookery required for three or four hundred human beings, all huddled within a space two hundred feet long by some twenty-five wide, I am compelled to surrender. There certainly can be fabricated nowhere else on earth a jumble of smells so intolerably nauseous and sickening."

In his first letter to the Tribune, from which the above is taken, he gives some particulars of the voyage which are interesting: —

THE ROUTINE ON SHIPBOARD.

"The day opens at this season about sunrise with a concert of scrubbing implements on the decks, and the first passengers who rise find the sailors still intent on the purifying process. Occasionally brass hand-railings, &c., are rubbed, and no pains spared gen-

erally to keep the vessel as clean as possible. One by one, the passengers stumble up from their state-rooms, and gather for warmth around the great smoke-pipe amidships, or begin walking back and forth the hurricane or quarter-deck. When the wind is very high, or the spray particularly searching, this is abandoned for one or both of the open passages on the main deck, on either side of the dining-room; when the rain pours fiercely, all out-door walking is forborne, or only prosecuted by the stubborn under the protection of an umbrella. A loud bell at eight summons the sluggish to prepare for breakfast, which is served half an hour later; from one third to two thirds of the passengers, according to the state of the weather and the waves, entering an appearance at the breakfast-table. Some of the residue are served in their berths; some have a plate on deck; other some are too sick to eat at all.

"From breakfast, the active adjourn to the decks, there to resume the monotonous tramp, tramp, or gather in knots around the great chimney, where heat is ever abundant; many go forward to smoke, and some, alas! smoke without going forward, to the aggravated discomposure of uneasy stomachs; for the sick are crouching in corners, or lounging on settees, or propped up by the railing in front of cushions, or trying to walk by the help of a friendly arm, or attempting any other dodge which promises alleviation, if not temporary oblivion, of their woes. A few try to read; still fewer to write; but neither of these employments can be recommended to the sick, and they do not seem to recommend themselves very strongly to the great body of the well. As soon as the tables are partly cleared, some of the more inveterate card-players recommence their various games; two or three pairs sit down to chess, drafts, or backgammon. Noon brings luncheon, which accommodates a class who do not rise in season for breakfast; four o'clock summons to dinner, over which the comfortable manage to kill an hour or more, not ineffectively; next follows the more general parade and promenade on the upper deck, which the quality now condescend to honor by their patronage and co-operation; and at half past seven the bell sounds for tea, and thus the evening is fairly begun.

Tea being speedily despatched and the tables cleared, a goodly company gather in the dining-saloon, and sit down to cheerful

conversation, to the various sedentary games, to reading, &c. The number of whist-players is very much larger than by day, for the salt spray and damp night-winds on decks are neither pleasant nor wholesome. Thus acquaintances are formed or ripened, sympathies developed, and day after day sees the ice which had separated the company of recent strangers gradually dissolving and disappearing. By nine o'clock the more hardy or reckless begin to order supper, — usually a Welsh rabbit (melted cheese on toasted bread), eggs, and toast, a grilled fowl, pickled salmon, or something of the kind. Lest such a refection late at night might over-tax the stomach, it is usual to wash it down with a tumbler of hot whiskey punch, a glass of cherry bounce, brandy and water, a tumbler or two of champagne, a bottle of ale, or something of the sort. I was a little surprised to see delicate ladies, who had clung to their berths through the first two or three days of the voyage, soon after take their places at the evening table and partake freely of the edibles and potables above named. When they appeared next day, — which was not till long after breakfast had vanished, — I inquired anxiously the state of their health respectively, and was assured that it had been sensibly improved by the rabbits and punches aforesaid. On the third morning of my inquiries, however, I was informed by a candid male friend, who had freely indulged with the rest, that he had not slept well the last night; 'The rabbit kicked me,' was his way of stating the fact and hinting the cause. Others were not all so candid; but suppers and grog were not half so popular toward the end of the voyage as they were at the beginning."

SUNDAY AT SEA.

"I liked to hear the bell ring for worship on Sunday morning, and all the seamen not on duty thereupon march in, in their clean, smart blue jackets, prayer-book in hand, and take their seats in the dining-saloon. Soon the passengers also were assembled, and the captain read appropriately the morning service of the Church of England, a majority of the assemblage uniting in the responses audibly, and nearly all, I presume, in spirit. Then a Presbyterian clergyman, who was one of the passengers, preached an off-hand sermon with great energy and zeal, commencing and closing with prayer. I think a liturgy never commends itself more forcibly

than on such occasions as this; and I would suggest that each denomination should provide itself with complete forms of worship, with a view to their use by gatherings of lay members when no clergyman or other extempore leader of worship may be present.

"The next evening we were favored with a discourse by (I should rather say *through*) a lady passenger, somewhat famous among Spiritualists as a 'medium' for this sort of communications. I feel much obliged to her for so readily and freely enabling us to listen to this sort of teaching; but my gratitude by no means extends to the 'spirits,' who gave us a poor, rambling, incoherent discourse, which seemed to me but a dilution of some of the poorest platitudes of Jackson Davis, — a weak sherry-cobbler, compounded from 'The Vestiges of Creation,' 'Nature's Divine Revelations,' and the most rarefied yet non-luminous fog of modern Pantheism. Withal, the manner was that of our very worst Fourth-of-July orators, — which I do intensely abominate, — and the diction full of forty-eight-pounders mounted on very rickety pig-pens. I am sure the lady would have done much better if she had exorcised the spirits, and just given us a discourse in her own natural manner, and out of her own head. If she ever consents to speak again, I hope she will profit by this suggestion."

MR. GREELEY IS SHAVED.

"I got one extra glimpse of sea-life by reason of the lack of a barber on the Asia in common with all the Cunarders. Unschooled in the art tonsorial, I had gone unshaved more than a week, and met the remonstrances of friends with a simple averment that what they urged was impossible. In this I was at length overheard by a seaman on deck, who interpleaded that if I would follow him I should be speedily and satisfactorily rendered beardless. I could hardly back out; so I followed him into the ship's forecastle, took my seat on a rough bench without a back, whereupon a rougher tar, with an instrument which he seems to have mistaken for a razor, performed the operation required, and pocketed a quarter therefor without grumbling. I did not offer him more, for my face was smarting at the time; but the sights and smells of that forecastle were richly worth a dollar. When we consider that there, in a space not cubically larger than two average prison-cells, some thirty or forty men live and sleep, without a crevice for ventilation,

and in a reek of foul effluvia so dense as to defy description, how can we wonder that sailors often act like beasts on shore if they are forced to live so like beasts on water? Ah, Messrs. Merchant Princes of New York! before you waste one more dollar on attempts to improve the moral and religious condition of seamen, be entreated to secure them a chance to breathe pure air on board your own vessels, — to sleep at least as healthfully and decently as your hogs! Until you do this, preaching to them, scattering tracts and Bibles among them, and even building sailors' homes for them on land, — though all excellent in their time and place, — will be just so much cash and effort thrown away."

Upon his arrival in Paris he entered upon the laborious duty of sight-seeing with his usual vigor, and daily related his experiences to the readers of the Tribune with characteristic comments. One or two passages from his letters may detain the reader for a moment. The following remarks are almost as applicable to the present moment as they were to the state of things in 1855: —

WILL THE EMPIRE LAST?

"I meet no one who believes it will survive the present Emperor, but very many who think it will last as long as he does. While no one speaks of his patriotism or disinterestedness, even by way of joke, there is a very general trust in his ability and confidence in his indefatigable energy. He is probably the most active, untiring ruler now living, and in this respect at least reminds the French of 'Napoleon le Grand.' He has, besides, the undoubted courage, inscrutable purpose, and unwavering faith in his 'star,' which befit the heir of the first Bonaparte. He is, moreover, the only focus around which all the anti-Republican forces and interests in France can for the present be rallied. The priests do not imagine him devout nor sincerely attached to their fortunes, but they say, 'What matter, so long as he does our work?' The Legitimists and Orleanists (the former comprising nearly all the remains of the wool or land-owning aristocracy, the latter including many of the master manufacturers, contractors, thrifty traders, stock-jobbers, and lucky parvenues generally) say: 'This cannot last; but while it *does* last, it protects us from Jacobinism, from Socialism, from turbulence, anarchy, and the guillotine; so let it last so long as it will

The more intelligent workmen, the skilful artificers, the thinkers, the teachers, the observing, aspiring youth, who are almost to a man Republicans, say: 'This evidently cannot last; then why plunge the nation into intestine convulsion and bloodshed, when it is already groaning under the load of a distant, expensive, and sanguinary foreign war?' And thus the general conviction that the empire is but a state of transition serves to protect it from present assault and immediate danger."

THE EXHIBITION.

"I bid adieu to the World's Exhibition of 1855 in the conviction that I have not half seen it, and that nine tenths of its visitors are even more ignorant of its contents than I am. Its immensity tends to confuse and bewilder; the eye glances rapidly from one brilliant object to another, while the mind fixes steadily upon none; so that he who wanders, fitfully gazing from court to court, from gallery to gallery, may carry away nothing positive but a headache. You will see hundreds jostling and crowding for a peep at the Imperial diamonds, crowns, &c., which are said to have cost several millions of dollars, (by whom earned? how taken from them?) where a dozen can with difficulty be collected to witness the operation of a new machine calculated to confer signal benefits on the whole civilized world. Who looks at the self-adjusting windmill, which was first exhibited in our country last year? Yet that, if it prove what it promises, will do mankind more service than all the diamonds ever diverted from their legitimate office of glass-cutting to lend a false, deceitful glitter to the brows of Tyranny and Crime. Here is a poor French artisan with a very simple contrivance for taking the long, coarse hairs from rabbit-skins, leaving the fine, soft fur to be removed by itself, — the machine possibly costing twenty francs, and the dressing therewith of each skin hardly a cent, while the value of the fur is thereby doubled. This is a very small matter, which hardly any one regards; yet it is probably worth to Europe more than the annual cost of either of its royal families, or twenty times the value of them all."

HORACE GREELEY AT THE TOMB OF NAPOLEON.

"The Invalides is a great establishment, erected in the southwest quarter of Paris by Louis XIV., as a hospital or home for maimed

disabled, or worn-out soldiers, — the surviving victims of the bloody phantom, Glory. It has accommodations for some five thousand, though I believe a smaller number are now quartered there, — some three thousand only; but the war with Russia will doubtless create a speedy demand for all its accommodations, as in the days of Napoleon I. Here the still surviving wrecks and relics of bygone wars doze out their remnant of existence, being frugally fed and lodged at the expense of the nation for whose supposed safety, interest, or honor they have risked their lives, shed their blood, and often lost their limbs. The arrangements for their subsistence and comfort are very systematic and thorough; their food and lodging are of better quality and better ordered than those of the peasantry in their humble homes; they have a fine church in one end of the great quadrangular building which forms their 'hotel,' with no lack of priestly ministrations. Their church is decorated rather than enriched with many pictures; yet there is one painting on glass representing the Dead Christ which may not be approved by critics, but which fixed my attention more than any other work of art I have seen in Paris. Though you know what it is, you cannot dispel the impression that you are looking *through* a glass case or coffin, and gazing on an actual corpse or waxen model of it lying cold and stark therein. The illusion is so perfect as to be painful, and therein, if anywhere, is its fault.

"Opposite the entrance of this church (which is still hung with foreign flags, the trophies of French victories, though the twenty-five hundred such which formerly decorated it were burnt by Joseph Bonaparte's order the night before the capture of Paris by the Allies in 1814) rises the grand altar, resplendent in gold, and lighted by side-windows with such art that, even in a dark, rainy day, the whole seems to bask and blaze in the richest sunlight; and behind this, in what would seem to be an extension of the church, is the Tomb of Napoleon I. Though you are within a few feet of this structure when near the grand altar in the church, you are compelled to go half a mile around to enter it; and I am not quite sure that the journey is repaid to those whose admiration of military or other despots is not stronger than mine. Here marble and porphyry, painting and sculpture, gilding and mosaic, have been lavished without stint, and some two millions of dollars

wrested from the scanty earnings of an overtaxed peasantry to honor the bones of him who while living was so prodigal alike of their treasure and their blood. The author of this squandering idolatry was Louis Philippe, who thought he was ingratiating himself with the French people by pandering to the worship of the military Juggernaut, and whose family now live, as he himself died, in exile and humiliation, while the vast estates he left them have been seized and confiscated by the nephew and heir of the Corsican he thus helped to deify. Who can pity the schemer thus caught in his own snare? Who can marvel that France, not yet fully cured of that passion for glory which exults over a victory because *our side* has won, and not because the universal sway of justice and equity has been brought nearer thereby, should find herself ground under the heel of a fresh despot, who tears her youth from their beloved homes and useful labors to swell the unripe harvest of death on the battle-field? I forget the name of the French Democrat who observed that his country could never enjoy true liberty until the ashes of Napoleon shall be torn from this costly mausoleum and thrown into the Seine, but I fully concur in his opinion."

THE FRENCH SUNDAY.

"I am no formalist, and would not have Sunday kept absolutely sacred from labor and recreations with all the strictness enjoined in the Mosaic ritual; I believe the cramped and weary toiler through six days of each week may better walk or ride out with his children and breathe fresh, pure air on Sunday than not at all; yet this French use of the Christian Sabbath as a mere fête day, or holiday, impresses me very unfavorably. Half the stores are open on that day; men are cutting stone and doing all manner of work as on other days; the journals are published, offices open, business transacted; only there is more hilarity, more dancing, more drinking, more theatre-going, more dissipation, than on any other day of the week. I suspect that Labor gets no more pay in the long run for seven days' work per week than it would for six, and that Morality suffers, and Philanthropy is more languid than it would be if one day in each week were generally welcomed as a day of rest and worship."

FRENCH AGRICULTURE.

"A Yankee here lately said to a Frenchman: 'I am amazed that your people continue to cut grass with that short, clumsy, wide-bladed, straight-handled, eleventh-century implement, when we in America have scythes scarcely dearer which cut twice as fast.' 'Why, you see,' responded Monsieur, 'while you have *less* labor than you need, we have far *more;* so that while it is your study to economize human exertion, it is ours to find employment for our surplus. We have probably twice as many laborers as we need.' 'Then,' persisted Jonathan, 'your true course would seem to be to break your scythes in two and work them at half their present length, thus adjusting your implements to your work, since you are confessedly unable to find work enough for your laborers, even with the wretched implements you now use.' Monsieur did not see the matter in this light, and the stream of conversation flowed into another channel.

"Now, while otherwise sensible Frenchmen actually believe that labor is here in excess, there is at this hour a pressing need of all the surplus labor of France for the next forty years to be absorbed in the proper drainage of her soil alone. For want of this, whole districts are submerged or turned to marsh for three or four months between November and April, obstructing labor, loading the air with unwholesome humidity, and subjecting the peasantry to fevers and other diseases. Thorough draining alone would immensely increase the annual product, the wealth, and ultimately, by promoting health and diffusing plenty, even the population of France.

"So with regard to ploughing. It is not quite so bad here as in Spain, where a friend this season saw peasants ploughing with an implement composed of two clumsy sticks of wood, one of which (the horizontal) worked its way through the earth after the manner of a hog's snout, while the other, inserted in the former at a convenient angle, served as a handle, being guided by the ploughman's left hand, while he managed the team with his right. With this relic of the good old days the peasant may have annoyed and irritated a rood of ground per day to the depth of three inches; and, as care is taken not to afflict in this fashion any field that cannot be irrigated, he may possibly, by the conjunction of good luck

with laborious culture, obtain half a crop. It is a safe guess that this cultivator, living the year round on black bread moistened with weak vinegar or rancid oil, because unable to live better, cherishes a supreme contempt for all such quackery and humbug as book-farming.

"France has naturally a magnificent soil. I prefer it, all things considered, to that of our own Western States. We have much land that is richer at the outset, but very little that will hold its own in defiance of maltreatment so well as this does. Lime abounds here in every form, — the railroads are often cut through hills of loose chalk, — and very much of the subsoil in this vicinity appears to be a rotten limestone or gypsum, but is said to be a marine deposit, proved such by the infinity of shells therein imbedded. There is not a particle of stone in the surface soil; the rotten gypsum is, for the most part, easily traversed by the plough, though at a depth of ten to twenty feet the same original formation may be found hard enough to quarry into building-stone. To re-enforce such a soil, after the exhaustion produced by a hundred grain-crops in succession, it is only requisite to run the plough two inches deeper than it has hither gone, — a process urgently desirable on other grounds than this. I never before observed land so thoroughly fortified against the destructive tendencies of human ignorance, indolence, and folly. Then the summer of France, as compared with ours, is cool and humid, exposing grain-crops to fewer dangers of smut, rust, &c., and breeding far fewer insects than does ours. (O that there were some power in America adequate and resolved to protect those best friends of farmers — the birds — against the murderous instincts of every young ruffian who can shoulder a musket!) I have seldom seen finer wheat than grows profusely around Paris, and I think this region ought to average more bushels to the acre, in the course of a century, than any part of the United States.

"But French genius and talent do not tend to the soil. I must have already observed that the 'Imperial School of Agriculture' at Grignon, though twenty-eight years old, with 1,100 acres of capital land, a choice stock, and well-adapted buildings, enters on its twenty-eighth year with barely *seventy* pupils. A kindred testimony is wafted from a 'Reform School' in the western part of the country. To this school young reprobates are sent from the

adjacent cities, and made adepts in agriculture as a just punishment for their sins; and its last official report boasts that the school has been conducted with such wisdom and success that *over half of its graduates have enlisted in the army!* There 's a climax for you!"

While he was engaged in visiting the interesting objects of the French metropolis, he had the novel experience of being arrested for debt, and a debt which he had never contracted. Mr. Greeley has related this adventure at length, and in his own way. The following is his narrative: —

THE ARREST.

"I had been looking *at* things if not *into* them for a good many years prior to yesterday. I had climbed mountains and descended into mines, had groped in caves and scaled precipices, seen Venice and Cincinnati, Dublin and Mineral Point, Niagara and St. Gothard, and really supposed I was approximating a middling outside knowledge of things in general. I had been chosen defendant in several libel suits, and been flattered with the information that my censures were deemed of more consequence than those of other people, and should be paid for accordingly. I had been through twenty of our States, yet never in a jail outside of New York, and over half Europe, yet never looked into one. Here I had been seeing Paris for the last six weeks, visiting this sight, then that, till there seemed little remaining worth looking at or after, — yet I had never once thought of looking into a debtors' prison. I should probably have gone away next week, as ignorant in that regard as I came, when circumstances favored me most unexpectedly with an inside view of this famous 'Maison de Détention,' or Prison for Debtors, 70 Rue de Clichy. I think what I have seen here, fairly told, must be instructive and interesting, and I suppose others will tell the story if I do not, — and I don't know any one whose opportunities will enable him to tell it so accurately as I can. So here goes.

"But first let me explain and insist on the important distinction between inside and outside views of a prison. People fancy they have been in a prison where they have by courtesy been inside of the gates; but that is properly an outside view, — at best, the view accorded to an outsider. It gives you no proper idea of the place at all, — no access to its *penetralia*. The difference even between this outside and the proper inside view is very broad indeed. The greenness of those who don't know how the world looks from the wrong side of the gratings is pitiable. Yet how many reflect on the disdain with which the lion must regard the bumpkin who perverts his goadstick to the ignoble use of stirring said lion up! or how many suspect that the grin wherewith the baboon contemplates the human ape who with umbrella at arm'

.ength is poking Jocko for his doxy's delectation, is one of contempt rather than complacency! Rely on it, the world seen here behind the gratings is very different in aspect from that same world otherwise inspected. Others may think so, — I *know* it. And this is how.

"I had been down at the Palace of Industry and returned to my lodgings, when, a little before four o'clock yesterday afternoon, four strangers called for me. By the help of my courier, I soon learned that they had a writ of arrest for me at the suit or one Mons. Lechesne, sculptor, affirming that he sent a statue to the New York Crystal Palace Exhibition, at or on the way to which it had been broken, so that it could not be (at all events it had not been) restored to him; wherefore he asked of me, as a director and representative of the Crystal Palace Association, to pay him 'donze mille francs,' or $2,500. Not happening to have the change, and no idea of paying this demand if I had it, I could only signify those facts; whereupon they told me that I was under arrest, and must go along, which I readily did. We drove circuitously to the sculptor's residence at the other end of Paris, waited his convenience for a long half-hour, and then went to the President Judge who had issued the writ. I briefly explained to him my side of the case, when he asked me if I wished to give bail. I told him I would give good bail for my appearance at court at any time, but that I knew no man in Paris whom I felt willing to ask to become my security for the payment of so large a sum as $2,500. After a little parley I named Judge Piatt, United States Secretary of Legation, as one who, I felt confident, would recognize for my appearance when wanted, and this suggestion met with universal assent. Twice over I carefully explained that I preferred going to prison to asking any friend to give bail for the payment in any case of this claim, and knew I was fully understood. So we all, except the judge, drove off together to the Legation.

"There we found Judge P., who readily agreed to recognize as I required; but now the plaintiff and his lawyer refused to accept him as security in any way, alleging that he was privileged from arrest by his office. He offered to give his check on Greene & Co., bankers, for the 12,000 francs in dispute as security for my appearance; but they would not have him in any shape. While we were chaffering, Mr. Maunsell B. Field, United States Commissioner in the French Exposition, came along, and offered to join Mr. Piatt in the recognizance; but nothing would do. Mr. Field then offered to raise the money demanded; but I said, No, if the agreement before the judge was not adhered to by the other side, I would give no bail whatever, but go to prison. High words ensued, and the beginning of a scuffle, in the midst of which I, half unconsciously, descended from the carriage. Of course I was ordered back *instanter*, and obeyed so soon as I understood the order, but we were all by this time losing temper. As putting me in jail would simply secure my forthcoming when wanted, and as I was ready to give any amount of security for this, which the other side had once agreed to take, I thought they were rather crowding matters in the course they were taking. So, as I was making my friends too late for a pleasant dinner-party at *Trois Frères*, where I had expected to join them, I closed the discussion by insisting that we should drive off.

"Crossing the Avenue Champs Elysées the next moment, our horses struck another horse, took fright, and ran until reined up against a tree, disabling the concern. My cortége of officers got out; I attempted to follow, but was thrust back very roughly and held in with superfluous energy, since they had had abundant opportunity to see that I had no idea of getting away from them. I had in fact evinced ample determination to enjoy their delightful society to the utmost. At last, they had to transfer me to another carriage, but they made such a parade of it, and insisted on taking hold of me so numerously and so fussily (this being just the most thronged and conspicuous locality in Paris), that I came near losing my temper again. We got along, however and in due time arrived at this spacious, substantial, secure establishment No. 70 Rue de Clichy.

"I was brought in through three or four heavy iron doors to the office of the Governor, where I was properly received. Here I was told I must stay till nine o'clock, since the President Judge had allowed me till that hour to find bail. In vain I urged that I had refused to give bail, would give none, and wanted to be shown to my cell, — I must stay here till nine o'clock. So I ordered something for dinner, and amused myself by looking at the ball play, &c., of the prisoners in the yard, to whose immunities I was not yet eligible, but I had the privilege of looking in through the barred windows. The yard is one of the best I have ever seen anywhere, has a good many trees and some flowers, and, as the wall is at least fifteen feet high, and another of twenty surrounding it, with guards with loaded muskets always pacing between, I should judge the danger of burglary or other annoyances from without very moderate.

"My first visitor was Judge Mason, U. S. Embassador, accompanied by Mr. Kirby, one of the attachés of the Embassy. Judge M. had heard of my luck from the Legation, and was willing to serve me to any extent, and in any manner. I was reminded by my position of the case of the prying Yankee who undertook to fish out a gratuitous opinion on a knotty point in a lawsuit in which he was involved. 'Supposing,' said he to an eminent counsellor, you were involved in such and such a difficulty, what would you do?' 'Sir,' said the counsellor with becoming gravity, 'I should take the very best legal advice I could obtain.' I told Judge M. that I wanted neither money nor bail, but a first-rate French lawyer, who could understand my statements in English, at the very earliest moment. Judge M. left to call on Mr. James Munroe, banker, and send me a lawyer as soon as could be. This was done, but it was eight o'clock on Saturday night, before which hour at this season most eminent Parisians have left for their country residences; and no lawyer of the proper stamp and standing could then be or has yet been found.

THE INCARCERATION.

"At the designated hour I was duly installed and admitted to all the privileges of Clichy. By ten o'clock each of us lodgers had retired to our several apartments (about eight feet by five), and an obliging functionary came around

and locked out all rascally intruders. I don't think I ever before slept in a place so perfectly secure. At six this morning this extra protection was withdrawn, and each of us was thenceforth obliged to keep watch over his own valuables. We uniformly keep good hours here in Clichy, which is what not many large hotels in Paris can boast of.

"The bedroom appointments are not of a high order, as is reasonable, since we are only charged for them four sous (cents) per night, washing extra. The sheets are rather of a hickory order (mine were given me clean); the bed is indifferent, but I have slept on worse; the window lacks a curtain or blinds, but in its stead there are four strong upright iron bars, which are a perfect safeguard against getting up in the night and pitching or falling out so as to break your neck, as any one who went out would certainly do. (I am in the fifth or highest story.) Perhaps one of my predecessors was a somnambulist. I have two chairs (one less than I am entitled to), two little tables (probably one of them extra, by some mistake), and a cupboard which may once have been clean. The pint washbowl and half-pint pitcher, candles &c., I have ordered and pay for. I am a little ashamed to own that my repose has been indifferent; but then I never *do* sleep well in a strange place.

"Descending to the common room on the lower floor this morning, I find there an American (from Boston), who has met me often and knew me at once, though I could not have called him by name. He seemed rather amazed to meet me here (I believe he last before saw me at the Astor House), but greeted me very cordially, and we ordered breakfast for both in my room. It was not a sumptuous meal, but we enjoyed it. Next he made me acquainted with some other of our best fellow-lodgers, and four of us agreed to dine together after business hours. Before breakfast, a friend from the outer world (M. Vattemare) had found access to me, though the rules of the prison allow no visitors till ten o'clock. I needed first of all lawyers, not yet procurable; next law-books (American), which Mr. Vattemare knew just where to lay his hands on. I had them all on hand and my citations looked up long before I had any help to use them. But let my own affairs wait a little till I dispense some of my gleanings in Clichy.

"This is perhaps the only large dwelling-house in Paris where no one ever suffers from hunger. Each person incarcerated is allowed a franc per day to live on; if this is not forthcoming from his creditor, he is at once turned out to pick up a living as he can. While he remains here he must have his franc per day, paid every third day. From this is deducted four sous per day for his bedding, and one sou for his fire (in the kitchen), leaving him fifteen sous net and cooking fire paid for. This will keep him in bread any how. But there exists among the prisoners, and is always maintained, a 'Philanthropic Society,' which, by cooking altogether and dividing into messes, is enabled to give every subscriber to its articles a very fair dinner for sixteen sous (eleven cents), and a scantier one for barely *nine* sous. He who has no friends but the inevitable franc per day may still have a nine-sous dinner almost every day and a sixteen-sous feast on Sunday, by living on bread and water

or being so sick as not to need anything for a couple of days each week. I regret to say that the high price of food of late has cramped the resources of the 'Philanthropic Society,' so that it has been obliged to appeal to the public for aid. I trust it will not appeal in vain. It is an example of the advantage of association, whose benefits no one will dispute.

"I never met a more friendly and social people than the inmates of Clichy. Before I had been up two hours this morning, though most of them speak only French and I but English, the outlines of my case were generally known, my character and standing canvassed and dilated on, and I had a dozen fast friends in another hour; had I been able to speak French, they would have been a hundred. Of course, we are not all saints here, and make no pretensions to be; some of us are incorrigible spendthrifts, — desperately fast men, hurried to ruin by association with still faster women, — probably some unlucky rogues among us, and very likely a fool or two; though as a class I am sure my associates will compare favorably in intelligence and intellect with so many of the next men you meet on the Boulevards or in Broadway. Several of them are men of decided ability and energy, — the temporary victims of other men's rascality or their own over-sanguine enterprise, — sometimes of shipwreck, fire, or other unavoidable misfortune. A more hearty and kindly set of men I never met in my life than are those who can speak English; I have acquired important help from three or four of them in copying and translating papers; and never was I more zealously nor effectively aided than by these acquaintances of to-day, to not one of whom would I dare to offer money for the service. Where could I match this out of Clichy?

"Let me be entirely candid. I say nothing of 'Liberty,' save to caution outsiders in France to be equally modest, but 'Equality and Fraternity' I have found prevailing here more thoroughly than elsewhere in Europe. Still, we have not realized the Social Millennium, even in Clichy. Some of us were born to gain our living by the hardest and most meagrely rewarded labor, others to live idly and sumptuously on the earnings of others. Of course, these vices of an irrational and decaying social state are not instantly eradicated by our abrupt removal to this mansion. Some of us cook, while others only know how to eat, and so require assistance in the preparation of our food, as none is cooked or even provided for us, and our intercourse with the outer world is subject to limitations. Those of us who lived generously aforetime, and are in for gentlemanly sums, are very apt to have money which the luckless chaps who are in for a beggarly hundred francs or so, and have no fixed income beyond the franc per day, are very glad to earn by doing us acts of kindness. One of these attached himself to me immediately on my taking possession of my apartment, and proceeded to make my bed, bring me basin and pitcher of water, matches, lights, &c., for which I expect to pay him, — these articles being reckoned superfluities in Clichy. But no such aristocratic distinction as master, no such degrading appellation as servant, is tolerated in this community; this philanthropic fellow-boarder is known to all as my auxiliary.' Where has the stupid world outside known how to drape the hard realities of life with fig-leaf so graceful as this?

"So of all titular distinctions. We pretend to have abjured titles of honor in America, and the only consequence is that everybody has a title, — either Honorable, or General, or Colonel, or Reverend, or at the very least Esquire. But here in Clichy all such empty and absurd prefixes are absolutely unknown, — even names, Christian or family, are discarded as useless, antiquated lumber. Every lodger is known by the number of his room only; mine is 139; and whenever a friend calls, a 'Commissionaire' comes in from the outer apartments to the great hall sacred to our common use, and begins calling out, 'Cent-trente-neuf' (phonetically 'sent-tran-nuf'), at the top of his voice, and goes on yelling as he climbs, in the hope of finding or calling me short of ascending to my fifth-story sanctuary. To nine tenths of my comrades I am only known as 'san-tran-nuf.' My auxiliary is No. 54, and when I need his aid I go singing 'Sankan-cat,' after the same fashion. Equality being thus rigidly preserved, in spite of slight diversities of fortune, the jealousies, rivalries, and heart-burnings which keep most of mankind in a ferment are here absolutely unknown. I never before talked so much with so many people intimately acquainted with each other without hearing something said or insinuated to one another's prejudice; here there is nothing of the sort. Some folks outside are here fitted with characters which they would hardly consider flattering, — some laws and usages get the blessings they richly deserve, — but among ourselves all is harmony and good-will. How would Meurice's, the Hotel de Ville, or even the Tuileries, like to compare notes with us on this head?

"Our social intercourse with outsiders is under most enlightened regulations. A person calls who wishes to see one of us, and is therenpon admitted through two or three doors, but not within several locks of us. Here he gives his card and pays two sous to a Commissionaire to take it to No. —, of whom the interview is solicited. No. — being found, takes the card, scrutinizes it, and, if he chooses to see the expected visitor, writes a request for his admission. This is taken to a functionary, who grants the request, and the visitor is then brought into a sort of neutral reception-room, outside of the prison proper, but a good way inside of the hall wherein the visitor has hitherto tarried. But let the lodger say No, and the visitor must instantly walk out with a very tall flea in his ear. So perfect an arrangement for keeping duns, bores (writ-servers even), and all such enemies of human happiness at a distance is found scarcely anywhere else, — at all events not in editors' rooms, I am sure of that. But yesterday an old resident here, who ought to have been up to the trap, was told that a man wished to see him a moment at the nearest grate, and, being completely off his guard, he went immediately down, without observing or requiring the proper formalities, and was instantly served with a fresh writ. 'Sir,' said he, with proper indignation, to the sneak of an officer (who had doubtless made his way in here by favor or bribery), 'if you ever serve me that trick again, you will go out of here half killed.' However, he had mainly his own folly to blame; he should have stood upon his reserved rights, and bade the outsider send up his card like a gentleman if he aspired to a gentleman's society.

"And this brings me to the visiting-room, where I have seen very many friends during the day, including two United States Ministers, beside almost every one belonging to our Legation here, three bankers, and nearly all the Americans I know in Paris, but not one French lawyer of the standing required, for it seems impossible to find one in Paris to-day. This room can hardly be called a parlor, all things considered; but it has been crowded all day (ten to six) with wives and female friends visiting one or other of us insiders, — perhaps it may be most accurately characterized as the kissing-room. I should like to speak of the phases of life here from hour to hour presented, — of the demonstrations of fervent affection, the anxious consolations, the confidential whisperings, and the universal desire of each hasty *tête-à-tête* to respect the sacredness of others' confidence, so that fifteen or twenty couples converse here by the hour within a space thirty feet by twenty, yet no one knows, because no one wishes to know, what any other couple are saying. But I must hurry over all this, or my letter will never have an end.

"Formerly, Clichy was in bad repute on account of the facility wherewith all manner of females called upon and mingled with the male lodgers in the inner sanctum. All this, however, has been corrected; and no woman is now admitted beyond the public kissing-room except on an express order from the Prefecture of Police, which is only granted to the well-authenticated wife or child of an inmate. (The female prison is in an entirely separate wing of the building.) The enforcement of this rule is most rigid; and, while I am not inclined to be vainglorious, and do not doubt that other large domiciles in Paris are models of propriety and virtue, yet this I *do* say, that the domestic morals of Clichy may safely challenge a comparison with those of Paris generally. I might put the case more strongly, but it is best to keep within the truth.

"So with regard to liquor. They keep saying there is no Prohibitory Law in France; but they mistake, if Clichy is in France. No ardent spirits are brought into this well-regulated establishment, unless for medical use, except in express violation of law; and the search and seizure clauses here are a great deal more rigorous and better enforced than in Maine. I know a little is smuggled in notwithstanding, mainly by officials, for money goes a great way in France; but no woman comes in without being felt all over (by a woman) for concealed bottles of liquor. There was a small flask on our (private) dinner-table to-day of what was called brandy, and smelt like a compound of spirits of turpentine and diluted aqua-fortis (for adulteration is a vice which prevails even here); but not a glass is now smuggled in where a gallon used to come in boldly under the protection of law. Wine, being here esteemed a necessary, is allowed in moderation; no inmate to have more than one bottle per day either of ten-sous or twenty-sous wine, according to his taste or means, — no better and no more. I don't defend the consistency of these regulations; we do some things better in America than even in Clichy; but here drunkenness is absolutely prevented and riotous living suppressed by a sumptuary law far more stringent than any of our States ever

tried. And, mind you, this is no criminal prison, but simply a house of detention for those who happen to have less money than others would like to extract from their pockets, many of whom do not pay simply because they do not owe. So, if any one tells you again that Liquor Prohibition is a Yankee novelty, just ask him what he knows of Clichy.

"I know that cookery is a point of honor with the French, and rightly, for they approach it with the inspiration of genius. Sad am I to say that I find no proof of this eminence in Clichy, and am forced to the conclusion that to be in debt and unable to pay does not qualify even a Frenchman in the culinary art. My auxiliary doubtless does his best, but his resources are limited, and fifty fellows dancing round one range, with only a few pots and kettles among them, probably confuses him. Even our dinner to-day (four of us — two Yankees, an English merchant, and an Italian banker — dined *en famille* in No. 98), on what we ordered from an out-door restaurant (such are the prejudices of education and habit), and paid fifty sous each for, did not seem to be the thing. The gathering of knives, forks, spoons, bottles, &c., from Nos. 82, 63, and 139, to set the common table, was the freshest feature of the spread.

"The sitting was nevertheless a pleasant one, and an Englishman joined us after the cloth was (figuratively) removed, who was much the cleverest man of the party. This man's case is so instructive that I must make room for it. He has been everywhere and knows everything, but is especially strong in Chemistry and Metallurgy. A few weeks ago he was a coke-burner at Rouen, doing an immense and profitable business, till a heavy debtor failed, which frightened his partner into running off with all the cash of the concern, and my friend was compelled to stop payment. He called together the creditors, eighty in number (their banker alone was in for forty-five thousand francs), and said, 'Here is my case; appoint your own receiver, conduct the business wisely, and all will be paid.' Every man at once assented, and the concern was at once put in train of liquidation. But a discharged employee of the concern, at this moment owing it fifteen thousand francs now in judgment, said, 'Here is my chance for revenge'; so he had my friend arrested and put here as a foreign debtor, though he has been for years in most extensive business in France, and was, up to the date of his bankruptcy, paying the government fifteen hundred francs for annual license for the privilege of employing several hundred Frenchmen in transforming valueless peat into coke. He will get out by and by, and may prosecute his persecutor, but the latter is utterly irresponsible; and meantime a most extensive business is being wound up at Rouen by a receiver, with the only man qualified to oversee and direct the affair in close jail at Paris. This is but one case among many such. I always hated and condemned imprisonment for debt untainted by fraud, — above all, for suspicion of debt, — but I never so well knew *why* I hated it as now.

"There are other cases and classes very different from this, — gay lads, who are working out debts which they never would have paid otherwise; for here in Clichy every man actually adjudged guilty of indebtedness is sen-

tenced to stay a certain term, in the discretion of the court, never more than ten years. The creditors of some would like to coax them out to-morrow, but they are not so soft as to go until the debt is worked out, — so far, that is, that they can never again be imprisoned for it. The first question asked of a new-comer is, 'Have you ever been here before?' and if he answers, 'Yes,' the books are consulted; and if this debt was charged against him, then he is remorselessly turned into the street. No price would procure such a man a night's lodging in Clichy. Some are here who say their lives were so tormented by duns and writs, that they had a friendly creditor put them here for safety from annoyance. And some of our humbler brethren, I am assured, having been once here, and earned four or five francs a day as auxiliaries, with cheap lodgings and a chance to forage off the plates of those they serve, actually get themselves put in because they can do so well nowhere else. A few days since, an auxiliary, who had aided and trusted a hard-up Englishman forty-eight francs on honor (all debts contracted here are debts of honor purely, and therefore are always paid), received a present of five hundred francs from the grateful obligee, when, a few days after, he received ample funds from his distant resources, paid everything, and went out with flying colors.

"To return to my own matter: I have been all day convincing one party of friends after another as they called, that I do not yet need their generously proffered money or names, — that I will put up no security, and take no step whatever, until I can consult a good French lawyer, see where I stand, and get a judicial hearing if possible. I know the Judge did not mean nor expect that I should be sent here, when I left his presence last evening; I want to be brought before him forthwith on a plea of urgency, which cannot so well be made if I am at liberty. If he says that I am properly held in duress, then bailing out will do little good; for forty others all about me either have or think they have claims against the Crystal Palace for the damage or non-return of articles exhibited: if I am personally liable to these, all France becomes a prison to me. When I have proper legal advice I shall know what to do; until then it is safest to do nothing. Even at the worst, I hate to have any one put up 12,000 francs for me, as several are willing to do, until I am sure there is no alternative. I have seen so much mischief from going security, that I dread to ask it when I can possibly do without. 'Help one another' is a good rule, but abominably abused. A man in trouble is too apt to fly at once to his friends; hence half a dozen get in where there need have been but one. There is no greater device for multiplying misery than misused sympathy Better first see if you cannot shoulder your own pack.

"Out of Clichy, Monday eve, June 4, 1855.

"Things have worked to-day very much as I had hoped and calculated. Friends had been active in quest of such lawyers as I needed, and two of the right sort were with me at a seasonable hour this morning. At three o'clock they had a hearing before the Judge, and we were all ready for it, thanks to friends inside of the gratings as well as out. Judge Piatt's official certificate

as to the laws of our State governing the liability of corporators has been of vital service to me; and when my lawyers asked, 'Where is your evidence that the effects of the New York Association are now in the hands of a receiver?' I answered, 'The gentleman who was talking with me in the visitors' room when you came in and took me away knows that perfectly; perhaps he is still there.' I was at once sent for him, and found him there. Thus all things conspired for good; and at four o'clock my lawyers and friends came to Clichy to bid me walk out, without troubling my friends for any security or deposit whatever. So I guess my last chance of ever learning French is gone by the board.

"Possibly I have given too much prominence to the brighter side of life in Clichy, for that seemed most to need a discoverer; let me put a little shading into the picture at the finish. There is a fair barber's shop in one cell in Clichy which was yesterday in full operation; so, expecting to be called personally before the Judge, and knowing that I must meet many friends, I walked down stairs to be shaved, and was taken rather aback by the information that the barber had been set at liberty last evening, and there was not a man left in this whole concourse of practical ability to take his place. So there are imperfections in the social machinery even in Clichy. Fourier was right; it will take 1,728 persons (the cube of 12) to form a perfect Social Phalanx; hence all attempts to do it with two hundred or less fail and must fail. We had about 144 in Clichy this morning,—men of more than average capacity; still there are hitches, as we have seen. I think I have learned more there than in any two previous days of my life; I never was busier; and yet I should feel that all over a week spent there would be a waste of time.

"Let me close by stating that arrangements were made at once for the liberation of the only American I found or left there; the first, I believe, who had been seen inside of the middle grating for months. For this he will be mainly indebted to the generosity of Messrs. Greene & Co., bankers, but others are willing to co-operate. I fear he might have stayed some time, had not my position brought him into contact with men whom his pride would not permit him to apply to, yet who will not let him stay there. I am well assured that he comes out to-night."

This event, as the reader may infer from Mr. Greeley's narrative, threw the Americans in Paris into a high degree of excitement, and there was manifested by all of them the utmost willingness to contribute both money and service for his liberation. It was at first supposed that the debt was only a pretext, and that the real motive was political. This, however, was not the case. Mr. Greeley received particular attention from persons connected with the government with whom he came in contact.

"I left Paris," he says, "with a feeling that I had had quite enough of it. Paris is a pleasant city for those to whom pleasure is the

end of life; but I, if exiled for five years to Europe, should be apt to give two of them to the British Isles, one each to Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, and hardly a month to France, her capital included. Life is here too superficial, too material, too egotistic. I could not be content in a great city which neither has nor feels the need of a Tabernacle or Exeter Hall. Vevay's and the Trois Frères are well in their way, but no substitute for those. Paris is the Paradise of Frenchmen, but my nature is not French, and never can be. I found friends in the gay metropolis, and trust I did not alienate any; but I could make or strengthen attachments faster almost anywhere else. And so, with some pleasant and other less agreeable remembrances of the two months I had spent there, and with grateful regard to those who had there proved themselves friends indeed, it was with a real sense of relief that I saw Paris fade behind and the broad, green country open before me, in the direction of Rouen, Dieppe, and the English Channel."

He felt far more at home in London. "London," he remarked, "deepens its impression upon me with each visit; nay, I rarely spend a day within its vast circumference without increasing wonder and admiration. It is the capital, if not of the civilized, certainly of the commercial world, civilized and otherwise. To her wharves the raw produce of all climes and countries, to her vaults the gold of California and Australia, to her cabinets the gems of Golconda and Brazil, insensibly gravitate. From this mighty heart radiate the main arteries of the world's trade; a great crash here brings down leading and long-established houses in the South Pacific or the Yellow Sea. I dropped in to-day on an old friend whom I had known ten or fifteen years ago as a philosophic radical and social reformer in America. I found him in a great sugar-house under the shadow of the Bank, correcting a Price Current which he edits, having just made up a telegraphic despatch for his house's correspondents in Bombay. I found him calm and wise as ever; more practical, some would say, but still hopeful of the good time coming; he had been several years with that house, and he told me his income was quite satisfactory, and that his eldest son was doing very well in Australia. I came over from America with an intelligent and excellent English family that had been several years in Mexico, the husband and father managing a mine. They were on a visit to their native land to say good by to a son and brother

in the army, who was ordered to the Crimea. By this time they are probably on their return to Mexico for another four years' sojourn. Their many heavy trunks were inscribed 'Maj. F——, London.' And so the great city is constantly sending forth her thousands to every corner of the globe where goods may be sold, mines profitably worked, products gathered up, settlements planted or railroads constructed, — some of them to return after a season with riches, or distinction, or competence, — others to fill unmarked graves on far-off, lonely shores, — but all to contribute to the wealth and power of the world's commercial emporium. Among our passengers out was Capt. B——, a civil engineer, who had been surveying for a railroad, somewhere down in Spanish Amer-.ca, and was returning with the result to his London employers. 'Capt. B——,' asked a friend, casually, 'do you remain in England some time? or are you going off again?' 'I am going again,' was his quiet reply; 'but I don't know till I reach London whether I shall be employed in Brazil or in Asia Minor.' There is much mistaken pride and false dignity in England; but if a Briton insists on being proud of London, I shall not quarrel with him on that head."

Of the House of Commons he said: "On the whole, I judged that the better order of speaking in the House of Commons surpasses that which may be heard in our House of Representatives, — is more direct, substantial, and to the point, while the average ability evinced in the speaking here is quite below that manifested in Congress. I had been misled into the notion that decided bores are regularly coughed down when they undertake to enlighten the House; but I saw and heard half a dozen of them try it, and the remedy was never once applied. Yet I cannot realize that the provocation could well be greater."

The celebrated Cremorne Gardens appear to have rather puzzled the American editor, as well they might. "I looked in," he says, "with a friend one evening, and found some three thousand people there, as many as six or eight hundred of them dancing at once under the open sky, on a slightly raised floor surrounding the tall stand or tower in which the musicians were seated. There were not far from a thousand women present, most of them quite young, and the majority manifestly already lost to virtue if not quite dead to shame. What struck me with surprise was the fact that many

obviously respectable and undepraved girls mingled and danced in the throng, including mere children of ten or twelve years, who could not fail speedily to comprehend the errand on which the lost ones come hither. I had heard much of the decorous depravity of the Parisian dancing-gardens, though I never visited them; here the decorum was dubious and the depravity unmistakable. The English are not skilful in varnishing vice, — at least, I have seen no evidence of their tact in that line. I endured the spectacle of men dancing with women when rather beery, and smoking; but at last the sight of a dark and by no means elegant mulatto waltzing with a decent-looking white girl, while puffing away at a rather bad cigar, proved too much for my Yankee prejudice and I started. In fact, it was about time, since it wanted but a quarter to eleven, and my lodgings, though this side of the middle of London, were some six miles distant. (The cabman charged for seven.) Cremorne, however, appeared to be just warming up to its evening's delectation."

Two days after this adventure he was at Liverpool, preparing to embark for his native land, which he reached in safety after an absence of about three months.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ASSAULTED IN WASHINGTON BY A MEMBER OF CONGRESS.

The provocation—The assault—Why Mr. Greeley did not prosecute—The Tribune indicted in Virginia—Correspondence on slavery—Slavery *ex* labor.

During the administrations of Franklin Pierce and James Buchanan, when the controversy respecting slavery was approaching a crisis, Mr. Greeley spent much of his time in Washington, commenting for the Tribune upon the proceedings of Congress. While performing this duty in January, 1856, he incurred the resentment of Albert Rust, a member of Congress from Arkansas, by the following remarks upon the course of that member during the contest for the Speakership which resulted in the election of Mr. N. P. Banks. The following were the offensive words: —

"I have had some acquaintance with human degradation; yet it did seem to me to-day that Rust's resolution in the House was a more discreditable proposition than I had ever known gravely submitted to a legislative body. Just consider the facts: Mr. Banks has for more than six weeks received the votes of a very large plurality of the House, — never polling more than ten short of a majority, usually only six or seven, and sometimes coming within two or three. He has repeatedly tendered his declination to his friends, and they have uniformly refused it, and placed him again in nomination. Last evening they held another caucus, resolved to support him to the end, and resolved to hold no more caucuses, lest their adversaries might be encouraged to hope that they would change their candidate. Yet, in the face of this demonstration, the two hostile minorities come into the house this morning and seriously attempt to invite Mr. Banks to decline! for that is just what Rust's resolution amounts to. It could not affect Mr. Banks's rights nor those of his supporters; but it would seem to be an indignity, and might be expected to wound his sensibilities. But Mr. Banks will never take counsel with his bitter enemies as to the propriety of his withdrawal from the canvass."

This appeared in the Tribune of January 26, 1856. A few hours after the arrival of the paper in Washington Mr. Rust manifested his indignation in the manner related by Mr. Greeley in the following letter: —

"I have heard since I came here a good deal of the personal violence to which I was exposed, but only one man has offered to attack me until to-day, and he was so drunk that he made a poor fist of it. In fact, I do not remember that any man ever seriously attacked me till now.

"I was conversing with two gentlemen on my way down from the Capitol, after the adjournment of the House this afternoon, when a stranger requested a word with me. I stopped, and my friends went on. The stranger, who appeared in the prime of life, six feet high, and who must weigh over two hundred, thus began: —

"'Is your name Greeley?'

"'Yes.'

"'Are you a non-combatant?'

"'That is according to circumstances.'

"The words were hardly out of my mouth when he struck me a stunning blow on the right side of my head, and followed it by two or three more, as rapidly as possible. My hands were still in my great-coat pockets, for I had no idea that he was about to strike. He staggered me against the fence of the walk from the Capitol to the Avenue, but did not get me down. I rallied as soon as possible, and saw him standing several feet from me, with several persons standing or rushing in between us. I asked, 'Who is this man? I don't know him,' and understood him to answer, with an imprecation, 'You 'll know me soon enough,' or 'You 'll know me hereafter,' when he turned and went down toward the street. No one answered my inquiry directly, but some friends soon came up, who told me that my assailant was Albert Rust, M. C. from Arkansas. He gave no hint of any cause or pretext he may have had for this assault, but I must infer that it is to be found in my strictures in Monday's Tribune (letter of Thursday evening last) on his attempt to drive Mr. Banks out of the field as a candidate for Speaker, by passing a resolution inviting all the present candidates to withdraw. I thought that a mean trick, and said so most decidedly; I certainly think no better of it, now that I have made the acquaintance of its author.

"The bully turned and walked down along; I followed, conversing with two friends. Crossing Four-and-a-half Street, they dropped behind to speak to acquaintances, and I, walking along toward the

National Hotel, soon found myself in the midst of a huddle of strangers. One of these turned short upon me — I saw it was my former assailant — and said, 'Do you know me now?' I answered, 'Yes; you are Rust of Arkansas.' He said something of what he would do if I were a combatant, and I replied that I claimed no exemption on that account. He now drew a heavy cane, which I had not seen before, and struck a pretty heavy blow at my head, which I caught on my left arm, with no other damage than a rather severe bruise. He was trying to strike again, and I was endeavoring to close with him, when several persons rushed between and separated us. I did not strike him at all, nor lay a finger on him; but it certainly would have been a pleasure to me, had I been able to perform the public duty of knocking him down. I cannot mistake the movement of his hand on the Avenue, and am sure it must have been toward a pistol in his belt. And the crowd which surrounded us was nearly all Southern, as he doubtless knew before he renewed his attack on me. . . . .

"I presume this is not the last outrage to which I am to be subjected. I came here with a clear understanding that it was about an even chance whether I should or should not be allowed to go home alive; for my business here is to unmask hypocrisy, defeat treachery, and rebuke meanness, and these are not dainty employments even in smoother times than ours. But I shall stay here just so long as I think proper, using great plainness of speech, but endeavoring to treat all men justly and faithfully. I may often judge harshly, and even be mistaken as to facts, but I shall always be ready to correct my mistakes and to amend my judgments. I shall carry no weapons and engage in no brawls; but if ruffians waylay and assail me, I shall certainly not run, and, so far as able, I shall defend myself."

The editor of the Tribune, though severely bruised, was not incapacitated from continuing his editorial labors. Gentlemen who called upon him that evening found him writing at his table as usual, though with wet cloths bound round his head and arm. The assault called forth indignant comments from the press; but no one so well expressed the sense of the country with regard to it as the editor of the Albany Knickerbocker, who said: "The fellow who would strike Horace Greeley would strike his mother."

Mr. Greeley was censured by a portion of the public for not prosecuting the drunken ruffian who committed this atrocity. He gave his reasons for not seeking redress from the law.

"1. I do not know this Mr. Rust. I had not the remotest idea of his personal appearance up to the moment of his assault on me. If he were in court, I think I could identify the man who assaulted me beyond doubt; but if I were asked before a grand jury, 'How do you know that the man who struck you was Albert Rust, M. C. from Arkansas?' I could only answer, 'I was so informed by those who witnessed the assault,'—and this of itself would not be conclusive. I never saw my assailant in the House so as to identify him, and he was never but once pointed out to me elsewhere, and then he was walking from me.

"2. The complaint against Mr. Rust did not originate with the citizens or authorities of Washington. No witness of the assault saw fit to make any. Nothing was done until, some two or three weeks after the occurrence, a lawyer of this State went to Washington and made it. Had I appeared on this complaint as the principal, if not sole witness in its support, I should have been suspected of having instigated it. I did not choose to rest under that imputation. When I see fit to complain of an attack upon me, I shall seek no screen.

"3. I do not choose to be beaten for money, even though the public is to pocket it; and I know the sentiment of our Federal metropolis too well to believe that an anti-slavery editor has any chance of substantial justice there, in a prosecution against a Southern member of Congress. If the price to be paid for beating me is ever to be legally fixed, I choose to have it assessed by a Northern jury.

"4. I have chosen to treat my assailant throughout in such manner as to make him ashamed of his assault on me. In this I think I have succeeded. For the credit of human nature, I will so believe."

In the same year, 1856, the Tribune had the honor to be indicted in the State of Virginia, for advising negroes, as it was alleged, to rise in rebellion against their masters. As a curious relic of that bad time, I place this affair on record. In September, 1856, the following letters were received at the Tribune office:—

"SHINNSTON, VA., Sept. 26, 1856.

MESSRS. GREELEY & MCELRATH:—

"I regret to inform you that I am indicted for getting up a club for the Tribune. Great God! has it come to this, that a man must be sent to the penitentiary for reading a newspaper? The grand jury had one of the subscribers brought before them with an armful of copies of the Tribune, and they were distributed among them. They examined them a long time, and were about giving it up that it would have to pass, when, lo and behold! one of them discovered an extract from the Pittsburg Dispatch, which gave an account of the great negro hunt of Ross & Co., and on that they pronounced it an Abolition document. The court ordered the jury to meet on Monday next, to indict the postmaster at Shinnston.

"I discover that the law of Virginia makes my case felony. I may have to flee, or serve a time in the Richmond Penitentiary. I would like to hear from you, whether it is not legal for your paper to circulate in this State. I have notified the court that, if they would show some lenity in my case if they should decide the said paper to be illegal, I would discontinue my club.

"W. P. HALL."

"*To the Editor of the N. Y. Tribune.*

"SIR: — The grand jury for this county this week presented Horace Greeley of New York, Mr. Hall of Shinnston, and myself of this place, for circulating the Tribune. You may make any use of this information you may desire.

"Yours very truly,

"IRA HART.

"Clarksburg, Harrison County, Va., Oct. 2, 1856."

The subsequent proceedings were thus related in the Tribune: —

"Immediately upon the receipt of these letters answers were addressed to the writers, expressing the readiness of the conductors of the Tribune to do their part toward testing the law of the case, and desiring copies of the indictments. To the letter addressed to Mr. Hall no answer has arrived, and perhaps he never received it. We are informed from another quarter that, shortly after the finding of the indictment, being greatly alarmed at it, he left home. In the mean while, however, it was discovered that the grand jury by which the bills were found was illegal, one of its members being disqualified to sit as a grand juror. As soon as this discovery was made another jury was impanelled, which returned the indictment, which we shall presently give, against Horace Greeley, but omitted to find any against the two citizens of the county who had been previously indicted. This, however, does

not appear to have been through any disposition to give over the persecution of the readers of the Tribune, as will appear from the following letter of Mr. Hall, addressed to us after his return home: —

"SHINNSTON, VA., 20th Oct., 1856.

"'MESSRS. GREELEY & MCELRATH: —

"'Since I returned home, I find the storm raging as bad as ever against me. They say I shall stop the Tribune club, or they will bring my case up at the next Grand Jury Court, and put me clear through.

"'I therefore request you to stop the club.

"'WM. P. HALL.

"'This from a friend.'

"So much for Shinnston. Mr. Hart, the other person indicted, a resident in Clarksburg, in the same county, appears to be made of somewhat sterner stuff. Some time since the postmaster at Clarksburg refused to deliver his paper, under pretence of a law of Virginia imposing a fine of $200 on any postmaster for delivering incendiary mail matter. Mr. Hart thereupon applied to the Postmaster-General, who, in performance of his duty, wrote to the Clarksburg deputy that he must deliver. This caused a tremendous stir among the magnates of Clarksburg, but the paper has since been regularly delivered. The next move was to indict Mr. Hart, as already mentioned; but here too was a legal difficulty, which probably prevented the refinding of the indictment. The offence, it seems, made felony by the statutes of Virginia, is not having in possession or reading incendiary documents, but circulating or carrying or procuring them to be circulated; and as Mr. Hart merely took his paper from the post-office and read it at home, his case did not seem to come under that provision. The evidence upon which the first indictment was found was, that he had asked some of his neighbors to form a club with him for taking the Tribune; but as no such club was actually formed, it was plain that this evidence was not sufficient.

We come now to the indictment actually found and now pending which is in the words and figures following: —

"'VIRGINIA, ss.

"'In the Circuit Court of Harrison County.

"'The grand jurors for said county, on their oaths, present that heretofore, to wit, on the 5th day of July, in the year 1856, and from that day to the finding of this presentment, Horace Greeley did write, print, and publish, and cause to be written, printed, and published weekly, in the city of New York

and State of New York, a book and writing, to wit, a newspaper and public journal, styled and entitled New York Tribune, the object and purpose of which said New York Tribune was to advise and incite negroes in this State to rebel and make insurrection, and to inculcate resistance to the rights of property of masters in their slaves in the State of Virginia.

"'And the jurors do further present that the said Horace Greeley afterward, to wit, on the 5th day of July, in the year 1856, did knowingly, wilfully, and feloniously transmit to, and circulate in, and cause and procure to be transmitted to and circulated in the said county of Harrison, the said book and writing, to wit, the said New York Tribune, with the intent to aid purposes thereof against the peace and dignity of the Commonwealth.

"'And the jurors aforesaid, upon the oaths aforesaid, do further present that said Horace Greeley, on the day of July, in the year 1856, did knowingly, unlawfully, and feloniously circulate and cause to be circulated in said county of Harrison, a writing, to wit, a newspaper and public journal, which said writing, newspaper, and public journal, was on the 5th day of July, in the year 1856, published, written, and printed in the city of New York, and State of New York, and was styled and entitled New York Tribune, with intent in him, the said Greeley, then and there to advise and incite negroes in the State of Virginia aforesaid to rebel and make insurrection, and to inculcate resistance to the rights of property of masters in their slaves, against the peace and dignity of the Commonwealth.

"'Upon the information of Amaziah Hill and Seymour Johnson, witnesses sworn in open court, and sent to the grand jury to testify at the request of the grand jury, who had the New York Tribune in the above presentment referred to before them, and examined the same.

"'B. WILSON,
Attorney for the Commonwealth.

"Indorsed, 'State *v.* Horace Greeley. Presentment for felony. A true bill.
"'A. J. GARRETT, *Foreman.*'"

The Tribune favored its readers with a brief description of the persons supposed to be chiefly instrumental in procuring this indictment: —

"This Garrett, we understand, who indorses the indictment as foreman, is a Baptist minister — we imagine of the hard-shell order — who, having got some 'chattels' with his wife, feels himself quite an aristocrat, and by his insolent and overbearing demeanor has secured the hatred of all his neighbors, over whom in his character of slaveholder he enjoys, however, the privilege of domineering. Johnson, one of the witnesses, we understand to be a vagabond relation of the late Governor of Virginia of that name, — one of those offshoots of the first families, too lazy and too

proud to work, but not too proud to sneak behind the waiter into complimentary dinners to his relative the Governor, into which he could get admission in no other way."

The provocation to such assaults as these upon the Tribune and its editor was simply the opposition of that newspaper to every scheme devised by the Southern oligarchy to extend the area of slavery. Upon looking over the Tribune of those days, the reader will find that the tone in which slavery was discussed was eminently moderate. Nevertheless, it published hundreds of articles most damaging to slavery, and did more than all other things together to create a party powerful enough to enter the Presidential campaign with rational hopes of success.

From the mass of Mr. Greeley's more personal writings of that period room can be found here for one or two specimens: —

"A CORRESPONDENCE ON SLAVERY.

"HORACE GREELEY, ESQ.: —

"DEAR SIR: — I live in a warm place for an Abolitionist, — for that is the title you are known by here, — and we who take your paper have the same application.

"Give us a short sketch — *very plain* — in regard to the abolition of slavery so that I may show my pro-slavery brethren your platform.

"Success to your paper!

"Albany, Mo., January 18, 1859."

"REPLY.

"NEW YORK, Jan. 29, 1859.

"MY DEAR SIR: — I have yours of the 17th. You ask me why the abolition of slavery is deemed desirable. I answer, very briefly: —

"I. Because, in the order of nature, every adult human being has a *right* to use his own God-given faculties — muscles, sinews, organs — for the sustenance and comfort of himself and his family. Consequently, it is *wrong* to divest him of the control of those capacities, and render him helplessly subservient to the pleasure and aggrandizement of another.

"II. Because the mixture of whites and blacks in the same com-

munity, society, household, — an inevitable result of African slavery, — is not favorable to the moral purity or social advancement of either caste. Better let the two races form separate communities.

"III. Because the earth should be so cultivated, and the various departments of industry so mixed and blended, that every year's cultivation should increase, rather than diminish, the productive capacities of the soil. Slavery, by placing long distances between those who pursue agriculture and manufactures respectively, forbids this.

"IV. Because the fullest cultivation of his intellect, through education, reading, study, &c., is the right of every rational being. In the Divine economy, this would seem one of the main reasons for placing men on earth. Slavery is incompatible with such cultivation, forbidding its subjects even to read or write.

"V. Slavery is palpably at war with the fundamental basis of our government, — the inalienable rights of man. It is a chief obstacle to the progress of republican institutions throughout the world. It is a standing reproach to our country abroad. It is the cause of exultation and joy on the side of the armed despots. It is worth more to the Austrian and French tyrants than an additional army of 100,000 men.

"VI. Slavery is the chief cause of dissension and hatred among ourselves. It keeps us perpetually divided, jealous, hostile. If it were abolished, we should never dream of fighting each other, nor dissolving the Union.

"VII. Slavery powerfully aids to keep in power the most thoroughly unprincipled party, the most corrupt demagogues, that our country has ever known.

"VIII. Slavery makes a few rich, but sinks the great mass, even of the free, into indolence, depravity, and misery. It prevents the accumulation of wealth. It renders land a drug, and keeps population so sparse and scattered that common schools are for the most part impossible.

"For these and other reasons, I am among those who labor and hope for the early and complete abolition of human, but especially of American slavery. "Yours,

"Horace Greeley.

W. C. Cowan, Esq., Albany, Gentry County, Mo."

CORRESPONDENCE WITH A SLAVEHOLDER.

"INVITATION TO BUY A SLAVE.

"———, Va., March 7, 1857.

"Mr. Horace Greeley: —

"I offer no apology for this communication. You claim to be a philanthropist, and you are, notoriously, a champion of African slaves. I propose, simply and in good faith, to afford you an opportunity of giving (to the world, if you please) a practical illustration of the philanthropy you preach.

"I know a slave who is fit to be free. He is intelligent, — able to read and write and make up accounts in a small way, — is a good carpenter and cabinet-maker, — an honest man and a consistent member of a Christian church. For some years this slave hired himself, paid his owner a full price for his time, laid up money, and bought his slave-wife and their younger children. Two of their older children are still slaves.

"The owner of this man has offered to sell him to me, at the slave's request; but I am not able to buy him, nor would I if I were able.

"I suppose that $4,500 would buy the man and his two slave sons, and remove the family to a Free State. It has occurred to me that you may be able, or may know somebody who is able, to spare this sum of money for so good a purpose. It would give me pleasure to aid in the matter, by purchasing the slaves, emancipating them, and attending to their removal; and I invite you to a correspondence on the subject.

"If you want any knowledge of me you may refer to [here the writer inserts the names of several well-known and distinguished persons, which we omit], or any of the editors at Richmond.

"I can give you any desirable security for the faithful application of the funds.

"I ought to have stated that these negroes are of nearly pure white blood, — the wife a woman of excellent character, and the children handsome and sprightly.

"I am, perhaps, as far from any sympathy with Abolitionists as you are from sympathy with slaveholders. I own slaves, and expect to own them during my life. Knowing something of the matter by personal experience, I am a better judge of it than you can be; and I take the opportunity of saying to you, that you and your coadjutors are the worst enemies of the slave. They are, by great odds, in a happier condition than your white slaves; but, like all other human beings, may be made discontented with their lot. You excite them to discontent, then to insubordination; and thus you make it necessary for us to rule them more rigidly. Let us alone, Mr. Greeley.

"Why, then, you may ask, do I care about emancipating this particular family? I say, because they are almost white people; they are partly educated, are industrious, moral, and Christian, and are *fitted for freedom*.

"I know hundreds of slaves; I do not know one dozen who are fit to be free I know scores of free negroes; but, with a very few exceptions, they are more ignorant, immoral, and degraded than our slaves.

"This letter is not for publication.

"Your obedient servant,

"REPLY.

"NEW YORK, March 11, 1857.

"MY DEAR SIR: — I have yours of the 7th inst., which commences with a great mistake: 'You profess to be a philanthropist.' I make no such profession, — very few professions of any kind. The world judges me as it sees fit from my acts; I silently abide its verdict.

"If I can only deserve the reputation of a philanthropist by buying out of slavery such negroes, 'almost white,' as the masters believe unfit to be longer slaves, then I have no desire to earn that title. So far from inclining to buy them, I do not wish this particular class bought or otherwise emancipated, while the great mass of their brethren remain in bondage. On the contrary, I wish them to remain where they are, looking their white uncles and cousins in the face, a perpetual reminder of the infernal system of which they are victims, and of the iniquities which, even in the judgment of slaveholders, may be and are perpetrated under it. No, sir, I hate slavery too deeply to help drug the consciences of your caste by buying out of slavery those whom even *you* say are fit no longer to be bondmen.

"Your request to 'let you alone' in the Slave States I shall duly respect; I ask your members of Congress and Supreme Court judges to do likewise by us. Your Nebraska bills and Dred Scott decisions, forcing slavery upon the Free States in spite of themselves, are goading us beyond the point of peaceful endurance.

"Yours,

"HORACE GREELEY.

"To —— ——, Va.

"P. S. — I will print your letter, so that any one North or South, who wishes to do what you ask of me, may have the opportunity."

SLAVERY AND LABOR.

"A humble farmer's son, upon the granite hills of New England, early impelled and inured to rugged and persistent toil, I learned not merely to confront labor, but to respect it, and to recognize in its stern exactions, its harsh discipline, one of the most precious and vital of the countless blessings which Heaven sends us disguised as afflictions, as judgments, or at least as trials. I learned to realize the divine benignity underlying and animating the sentence passed on our common ancestors as the penalty of the first transgression; I learned to feel that in the world we inhabit, and with such faculties, appetites, and passions as make up that superlative paradox called Man, the denunciation, 'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread,' was in fact our necessary, vital safeguard against falling into the lowest abysses of depravity and misery. Only through the inexorable requirement of industry has our race — or, more strictly, some part of it — ever risen in the scale of moral being; and this only where such necessity was urgent and palpable. Not on the bleak crests and amid the icy gorges of wind-swept mountains, but in unctuous, sunny vales, amid tropical verdure and luxuriance, have the darker aspects of human infirmity been developed; not unmeaning was the first great visitation of human wickedness by deluge, which covered soonest the low intervales, the deltas of rivers, and seaside glades, so rich in corn and cattle, so fertile also in pride and sin. Sodom and Gomorrah, Herculaneum and Pompeii, Catania, Caracas, and a hundred other victims of some gigantic outpouring of judgment, unite in attesting that where least labor is required to satisfy his physical needs, there is man's moral raggedness most flagrant and repulsive. No well-informed naturalist need be told that Iceland is more moral than Madagascar; he finds this fact graven on the earth, foreordained through eternal and immutable laws. And it is not too much to say, that, if the doom of Adam could be so far remit ed that all man's primary and inexorable wants should henceforth be satisfied without labor on his part, there is no power on earth that could save him from sinking, gradually but inevitably, into a brutish and debauched Australian or Patagonian barbarism.

"Our primitive conceptions of integrity are derived from work. As a problem is something to be proved or tested, so probity is

character that has been subjected to the ordeal and has stood the test, — in other words, is integrity *proved*. All the processes of industry, all the operations of Nature, imply honesty and truth. If any man ever made bass-wood seeds, he certainly made them to sell, not to plant; and no knave ever imagined that he could hoodwink or dupe Nature by the semblance of service without the reality. The ploughman is always honest toward her, for he holds his livelihood by the tenor of such fidelity: it is only when he ceases to be a producer, and appears in the radically different attitude of a trader, or vender of his products, that he is tempted to be a knave. All Nature's processes are hearty, earnest, thorough; and man, if he would aid, direct, or profit by her evolutions, must approach her with frank sincerity. Hence, I hold that no man ever really loved work and was content to live by it who was not essentially honest and upright, and did not tend to become day by day more manly and humane.

"This very hour, the lumbermen of the Ottawa are driving the first approaches of persistent civilization to a point nearer the pole than was ever before attained on this eastern slope of our continent. Among the pines of the Aroostook, the Saginaw, the Wisconsin, the Minnesota, the axes of the woodmen are hewing out the timbers of many a stately edifice, which a coming summer shall see rise among the shrines of traffic by the far shores of the Atlantic Ocean. To-day, for the first time since the flood, is the sun let in upon spot after spot in the great Western wilderness, on which a rude cabin shall emerge from amid smoke and stumps next summer, — a warm hearth-stone within, and sturdy, fair-haired children playing around it. Pass a few years more, and that little dot of blackened clearing will have gradually eaten away the encircling woods, and given a hand to the newer adjacent clearings on either side; and soon commodious dwellings, fair villages, the hum of steady, prosperous industry, and all the manifestations of civilized life will have supplanted the howl of the wolf and all the sullen influences of perpetual shade. Around no Silistria or Sevastopol, in no Crimea or Dobrodja, is the drama of man's life-struggle being enacted, but in the freshly trodden wilds of Iowa and Minnesota, on the rolling prairies of Kansas, in the far glens of Utah, and along the great future highway across the continent, where California beckons to her Eastern sisters, and points them to the wealth and

work which stretch beyond her, and across the great Pacific and among the isles of the Indian tropic. Not with the sword, but with the axe, does man hew out his path to a higher and purer civilization; and the measure of his present attainment is his regard for the humble and untinselled, but mighty and beneficent arts of peace.

"Can it be wondered, then, that I, a child of many generations of cotters and drudging delvers, should ponder and dream over THE ELEVATION OF LABOR to something like the dignity and esteem which its merits and its utility demand? What can be more natural than that I should ask whether this fair and stately structure of society, wherein we are so amply sheltered and shielded, must always rest heavily on those by whom its foundations were laid and its walls erected? If a peer may without reproach 'stand by his order,' why may not a peasant as well?

"For still, to the earnest vision, the condition of the worker — even in this favored region — is a rugged and hard one. He is not respected by others; he too often does not respect himself. Working in the main either because he must work or starve, or in order that he may be raised above the necessity of working, he does not accept labor as a benignantly appointed destiny, but as a vindictively denounced penalty which he must endure as unmurmuringly and finish as speedily as possible. Happiness in the vulgar conception being compounded of idleness and the most unlimited gratification of the sensual appetites, and this happiness being the 'end and aim' of every earthly effort, it is inevitable that the worker should be regarded alike by himself and by others as one who has thus far failed, and who is therefore obnoxious to the stigma which the common mind ever affixes to the unsuccessful.

"The institution of human slavery appears to me the logical culmination and result of the popular ideas respecting labor; for if labor be essentially and necessarily an infliction, a penalty, a curse, then it is but human nature that each should endeavor to do as little of it as possible. If the obligation to work be a bolt of Divine wrath, then it is to be expected that man should seek to interpose some other body between his dodging head and the celestial vengeance. Teach a child that labor is not a good to be accepted and improved, but an evil to be shunned and shirked, and you have impelled him far on the road to the slave-jockey's pen as a cheapener and customer.

"I do not marvel, then, that slavery has so long cursed the earth; I see clearly that it could not have failed to do so. To the premise that labor is an evil to be shunned so far as possible add the assumption that war and conquest are legitimate, and slavery follows of course. I have vanquished my enemy in battle, and have a right to kill him; but that would be too costly and transient a gratification, when I can save him to take my place in the field or the shop; to receive that share of the primal curse which was providentially intended for me; to be my substitute in all cases where I would rather not perform a duty in person, and the butt of my ill-humor, whenever, through his fault, or mine, or neither, my plans miscarry, and my hopes are blasted by defeat. My slave or captive, having been spared by my clemency, and living only at my mercy, owes me boundless obedience and service, while I owe him nothing but such food and clothing as will keep him alive and in condition to perform that service. I have become to him Church, State, and Providence, — Law, Conscience, and Divinity, — and he can only go amiss by disobeying my commands. If he have wife or children, they too are mine, or his only in subordination to my interests and my will; those children would not have been but for my clemency; they too owe everything to me, and must live only for my convenience, advantage, and profit. Thus the system acquires a self-perpetuating quality, and may endure, even without fresh wars and subjugations, to the end of time. And, so far as the enslaver can realize, it is a most convenient and satisfactory system, — supplying him with hands to do his work, feet to run his errands, eyes to watch and arms to guard his possessions, and ready ministers to every whim or lust.

"But though eternal laws may thus, in one sense, be defied, their *penalties* cannot be evaded. The stern Nemesis is ever close on the heels of the transgressor. A household of masters and slaves, of sacrificers and victims, can never be a loving and happy home. It includes too many crushed aspirations, outraged sensibilities, unavenged wrongs. The children of both master and slave are in false positions: the former necessarily grow up self-willed, overbearing, indolent; the latter, abject, servile, false, and devoid of self-respect. Vainly shall the master seek, in such a presence, to imbue his children with lessons of industry, humility, and deference; for to every such lesson the ready response will be: 'What are slaves *for*, if not to minister to our convenience and enjoyment?

If we are to work, to be frugal, to wait upon ourselves, why should we endure the presence, the low moral development, the care and responsibility, of these Helots? If we do all for ourselves, at least give us opportunity, give us room!' The moment a master resolves to square his life and that of his family by the golden rule, the presence and direction of a lot of stupid, sensual, indolent slaves is felt to be a nuisance and a burden.

"And, while it is true that slavery is the logical consequence, the Corinthian capital, of the popular notions respecting labor, it is none the less certain that the arts — which flourish where the laborer is free from any constraint but that of his own aspirations, appetites, and needs — flicker and die out where slavery bears sway. In our own sunny South — answering to the Italy, Greece, Asia Minor, and Carthage of the Old World — there is the best of ship-timber, yet the cotton and tobacco there grown seek distant markets, in Northern vessels, sailed by sons of New England, and manned by Yankee crews. Northern merchants and clerks fill their seaports and buy their crops; Northern teachers instruct their children, so far as they are taught at all; their time is measured by Yankee clocks, and their tables set with Northern or European dishes; in short, about the only trophy of human genius peculiar to the Southrons is the cotton-gin, which they stole from Whitney, a Yankee. And every one who has travelled or lived there must be conscious that life is far ruder and poorer among the planters than in the corresponding class in any non-slaveholding region of the civilized world; and that, beyond a bountiful supply of coarse and ill-cooked food, the majority of Southern homes are devoid of nearly everything which civilized men consider essential to the comfort of life.

"Do I state these facts with a feeling of exultation? Surely not. I state them only to enforce the vital truth that MAN MUST CREATE IN ORDER TO ENJOY. He must produce, if he would find pleasure in consuming; must do good to others, in order to secure good to himself. In other words, work is not a curse to be escaped, but a blessing to be accepted and improved. If every freeman now on earth were offered a dozen slaves, I fear nine tenths know no better than to accept; yet, I feel sure, also, that, simply as a question of personal loss and gain, it would be better for any one of them to be burned out of house and home than to receive such a Trojan horse into his keeping."

CHAPTER XXIX.

ACROSS THE PLAINS TO CALIFORNIA.

Farewell to civilization—The buffaloes on the Plains—Conversation with Brigham Young—Remarks upon polygamy—Visit to the Yo Semite Valley—Reception at Sacramento—at San Francisco.

In the summer of 1859 Mr. Greeley made his celebrated journey across the Plains to California, the particulars of which, according to his custom, he related to his readers. The manner in which he announced his purpose was characteristic: "About the 1st of October next we are to have a State election; then a city contest; then the organization and long session of a new Congress; then a Presidential struggle; then Congress again; which brings us to the forming of a new national administration and the summer of 1861. If, therefore, I am to have any respite from editorial labor for the next two years I must take it now." So on the 9th of May, 1859, he left New York for a trip across the continent.

From his letters and other sources I glean a few of the more peculiar and interesting incidents.

HIS FAREWELL TO CIVILIZATION AT PIKE'S PEAK.

"I believe I have now descended the ladder of artificial life nearly to its lowest round. If the Cheyennes — thirty of whom stopped the last express down on the route we must traverse, and tried to beg or steal from it — should see fit to capture and strip us, we should of course have further experience in the same line; but for the present the progress I have made during the last fortnight toward the primitive simplicity of human existence may be roughly noted thus: —

"*May 12th, Chicago.* — Chocolate and morning newspapers last seen on the breakfast-table.

"*23d, Leavenworth.* — Room-bells and baths make their last appearance.

"*24th, Topeka.* — Beefsteak and washbowls (other than tin) last visible. Barber ditto.

"26*th*, *Manhattan.* — Potatoes and eggs last recognized among the blessings that 'brighten as they take their flight.' Chairs ditto.

"27*th*, *Junction City.* — Last visitation of a bootblack, with dissolving views of a board bedroom. Chairs bid us good by.

"28*th*, *Pipe Creek.* — Benches for seats at meals have disappeared, giving place to bags and boxes. We (two passengers of a scribbling turn) write our letters in the express wagon that has borne us by day, and must supply us lodgings for the night. Thunder and lightning from both south and west give strong promise of a shower before morning. Dubious looks at several holes in the canvas covering of the wagon. Our trust is in buoyant hearts and an India-rubber blanket."

HE SEES THE BUFFALO.

"All day yesterday they darkened the earth around us, often seeming to be drawn up like an army in battle array on the ridges and adown their slopes a mile or so south of us, — often on the north as well. They are rather shy of the little screens of straggling timber on the creek bottoms, — doubtless from their sore experience of Indians lurking therein to discharge arrows at them as they went down to drink. If they feed in the grass of the narrow valleys and ravines, they are careful to have a part of the herd on the ridges which overlook them, and with them the surrounding country for miles. And when an alarm is given, they all rush furiously off in the direction which the leaders presume that of safety.

"This is what gives us such excellent opportunities for regarding them to the best advantage. They are moving northward, and are still mainly south of our track. Whenever alarmed, they set off on their awkward but effective canter to the great herds still south, or to haunts with which they are comparatively familiar, and wherein they have hitherto found safety. Of course this sends those north of us across our way, often but a few rods in front of us, even when they had started a mile away. Then a herd will commence running across a hundred rods ahead of us, and, the whole blindly following their leader, we will be close upon them before the last will have cleared the track. Of course they sometimes stop and tack, or seeing us, sheer off and cross farther ahead, or split into two

lines; but the general impulse, when alarmed, is to follow blindly and at full speed, seeming not to inquire or consider from what quarter danger is to be apprehended.

"What strikes the stranger with most amazement is their immense numbers. I know a million is a great many, but I am confident we saw that number yesterday. Certainly, all we saw could not have stood on ten square miles of ground. Often the country for miles on either hand seemed quite black with them. The soil is rich, and well matted with their favorite grass. Yet it is all (except a very little on the creek bottoms, near to timber) eaten down like an overtaxed sheep-pasture in a dry August. Consider that we have traversed more than one hundred miles in width since we first struck them, and that for most of this distance the buffalo have been constantly in sight, and that they continue for some twenty-five miles farther on, — this being the breadth of their present range, which has a length of perhaps a thousand miles, and you have some approach to an idea of their countless millions. I doubt whether the domesticated horned cattle of the United States equal the numbers, while they must fall considerably short in weight, of these wild ones. Margaret Fuller long ago observed that the Illinois prairies seemed to repel the idea of being new to civilized life and industry; that they, with their borders of trees and belts of timber, reminded the traveller rather of the parks and spacious fields of an old country like England; that you were constantly on the involuntary lookout for the chateaux, or at least the humbler farm-houses, which should diversify such a scene. True as this is or was in Illinois, the resemblance is far more striking here, where the grass is all so closely pastured and the cattle are seen in such vast herds on every ridge. The timber, too, aids the resemblance, seeming to have been reduced to the last degree consistent with the wants of a grazing country, and to have been left only on the steep creek-banks where grass would not grow. It is hard to realize that this is the centre of a region of wilderness and solitude, so far as the labors of civilized man are concerned, — that the first wagon passed through it some two months ago. But the utter absence of houses or buildings of any kind, and our unbridged, unworked road, winding on its way for hundreds of miles, without a track other than of buffalo intersecting or leading away from it on either hand, brings us back to the reality.

"I shall pass lightly over the hunting exploits of our party. A good many shots have been fired, — of course not by me; even were I in the habit of making war on wild Nature's children, I would as soon think of shooting my neighbor's oxen as these great, clumsy, harmless creatures. If they were scarce, I might comprehend the idea of hunting them for sport; here, they are so abundant that you might as well hunt your neighbor's geese. And, while there have been several shots fired by our party at point-blank distances, I have reason for my hope that no buffalo has experienced any personal inconvenience therefrom."

HE ALSO HAS A TASTE OF THE ELEPHANT.

"Two evenings since, just as we were nearing Station 17, where we were to stop for the night, my fellow-passenger and I had a jocular discussion on the gullies into which we were so frequently plunged, to our personal discomfort. He premised that it was a consolation that the sides of these gullies could not be worse than perpendicular: to which I replied with the assertion that they could be and were; for instance, where a gully, in addition to its perpendicular descent, had an inclination of forty-five degrees or so to one side the track. Just then a violent lurch of the wagon to one side, then to the other, in descending one of these jolts, enforced my position. Two minutes later, as we were about to descend the steep bank of the creek intervale, the mules acting perversely, my friend stepped out to take them by the head, leaving me alone in the wagon. Just then we began to descend the steep pitch, the driver pulling up with all his might, when the left rein of the leaders broke, and the team was in a moment sheered out of the road and ran diagonally down the pitch. In a second, the wagon went over, hitting the ground a most spiteful blow. I, of course, went over with it; and when I rose to my feet, as soon as possible, considerably bewildered and dishevelled, the mules had been disengaged by the upset, and were making good time across the prairie, while the driver, considerably hurt, was getting out from under the carriage to limp after them. I had a slight cut on my left cheek, and a worse one below the left knee, with a pretty smart concussion generally, but not a bone started nor a tendon strained, and I walked away to the station as firmly as ever, leaving the superintendent and my fellow-passenger to pick up the pieces, and

guard the baggage from the Indians, who instantly swarmed about the wreck. I am sore yet, and a little lame, but three or four days' rest—if I can ever get it—will make all right."

HE ENCOUNTERS AN OLD ENEMY.

"Of the seventeen bags on which I have ridden for the last four days, at least sixteen are filled with large bound books, mainly Patent Office Reports, I judge, but all of them undoubtedly works ordered printed at the public cost—*your* cost, reader!—by Congress, and now on their way to certain favored Mormons, franked (by proxy) 'Pub. Doc. *Free*, J. M. Bernhisel, M. C.' I do not blame Mr. B. for clutching his share of this public plunder, and distributing it so as to increase his own popularity and importance; but I *do* protest against this business of printing books by wholesale at the cost of the whole people, for free distribution to a part only. It is every way wrong and pernicious. Of the $190,000 per annum paid for carrying the Salt Lake mail, nine tenths is absorbed in the cost of carrying these franked documents to people who contribute little or nothing to the support of the government in any way. Is this fair? Each Patent Office Report will have cost the Treasury four or five dollars by the time it reaches its destination, and will not be valued by the receiver at twenty-five cents. Why should this business go on? Why not 'reform it altogether'? Let Congress print whatever documents are needed for its own information, and leave the people to choose and buy for themselves? I have spent four days and five nights in close contact with the sharp edges of Mr. Bernhisel's 'Pub. Doc.'; have done my very utmost to make them present a smooth, or at least endurable surface; and I am sure there is no slumber to be extracted therefrom unless by reading them,—a desperate resort which no rational person would recommend. For all practical purposes they might as well—now that the printer has been paid for them—be where I heartily wish they were,—in the bottom of the sea."

HE CONVERSES WITH BRIGHAM YOUNG.

"My friend, Dr. Bernhisel, M. C., took me this afternoon, by appointment, to meet Brigham Young, President of the Mormon

Church, who had expressed a willingness to receive me at 2, P. M. We were very cordially welcomed at the door by the President, who led us into the second-story parlor of the largest of his houses (he has three), where I was introduced to Heber C. Kimball, General Wells, General Ferguson, Albert Carrington, Elias Smith, and several other leading men in the Church, with two full-grown sons of the President. After some unimportant conversation on general topics, I stated that I had come in quest of fuller knowledge respecting the doctrines and polity of the Mormon Church, and would like to ask some questions bearing directly on these, if there were no objection. President Young avowing his willingness to respond to all pertinent inquiries, the conversation proceeded substantially as follows: —

"*H. G.* Am I to regard Mormonism (so called) as a new religion, or as simply a new development of Christianity?

"*B. Y.* We hold that there can be no true Christian Church without a priesthood directly commissioned by and in immediate communication with the Son of God and Saviour of mankind. Such a church is that of the Latter-Day Saints, called by their enemies Mormons; we know no other that even pretends to have present and direct revelations of God's will.

"*H. G.* Then I am to understand that you regard all other churches professing to be Christian as the Church of Rome regards all churches not in communion with itself, — as schismatic, heretical, and out of the way of salvation?

"*B. Y.* Yes, substantially.

"*H. G.* Apart from this, in what respect do your doctrines differ essentially from those of our orthodox Protestant Churches, — the Baptist or Methodist, for example?

"*B. Y.* We hold the doctrines of Christianity as revealed in the Old and New Testaments, also in the Book of Mormon, which teaches the same cardinal truths, and those only.

"*H. G.* Do you believe in the doctrine of the Trinity?

"*B. Y.* We do; but not exactly as it is held by other churches. We believe in the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, as equal, but not identical, — not as one person [being]. We believe in all the Bible teaches on this subject.

"*H. G.* Do you believe in a personal Devil, a distinct, conscious, spiritual being whose nature and acts are essentially malignant and evil?

"*B. Y.* We do.

"*H. G.* Do you hold the doctrine of eternal punishment?

"*B. Y* We do; though perhaps not exactly as other churches do. We believe it as the Bible teaches it.

"*H. G.* I understand that you regard baptism by immersion as essential.

"*B. Y.* We do.

"*H. G.* Do you practise infant baptism?

"*B. Y.* No.

"*H. G.* Do you make removal to these valleys obligatory on your converts?

"*B. Y.* They would consider themselves greatly aggrieved if they were not invited hither. We hold to such a gathering together of God's people as the Bible foretells, and that this is the place, and now is the time appointed for its consummation.

"*H. G.* The predictions to which you refer have usually, I think, been understood to indicate Jerusalem (or Judæa) as the place of such gathering.

"*B. Y.* Yes, for the Jews; not for others.

"*H. G.* What is the position of your Church with respect to slavery?

"*B. Y.* We consider it of Divine institution, and not to be abolished until the curse pronounced on Ham shall have been removed from his descendants.

"*H. G.* Are any slaves now held in this Territory?

"*B. Y.* There are.

"*H G.* Do your Territorial laws uphold slavery?

"*B. Y.* Those laws are printed, you can read for yourself. If slaves are brought here by those who owned them in the States, we do not favor their escape from the service of those owners.

"*H. G.* Am I to infer that Utah, if admitted as a member of the Federal Union, will be a slave State?

"*B. Y.* No; she will be a free State. Slavery here would prove useless and unprofitable. I regard it generally as a curse to the masters. I myself hire many laborers, and pay them fair wages; I could not afford to own them. I can do better than subject myself to an obligation to feed and clothe their families, to provide and care for them in sickness and health. Utah is not adapted to slave labor.

"*H. G.* Let me now be enlightened with regard more especially to your Church polity. I understand that you require each member to pay over one tenth of all he produces or earns to the Church.

"*B. Y.* That is a requirement of our faith. There is no compulsion as to the payment. Each member acts in the premises according to his pleasure, under the dictates of his own conscience.

"*H. G.* What is done with the proceeds of this tithing?

"*B. Y.* Part of it is devoted to building temples and other places of worship; part to helping the poor and needy converts on their way to this country; and the largest portion to the support of the poor among the Saints.

"*H. G.* Is none of it paid to bishops and other dignitaries of the Church?

"*B. Y.* Not one penny. No bishop, no elder, no deacon, or other church officer, receives any compensation for his official services. A bishop is often required to put his hand in his own pocket and provide therefrom for the poor of his charge; but he never receives anything for his services.

"*H. G.* How, then, do your ministers live?

"*B. Y.* By the labor of their own hands, like the first Apostles. Every bishop, every elder, may be daily seen at work in the field or the shop, like his neighbors; every minister of the Church has his proper calling by which he earns the bread of his family; he who cannot or will not do the Church's work for nothing is not wanted in her service; even our lawyers (pointing to General Ferguson and another present, who are the regular lawyers of the Church) are paid nothing for their services; I am the only person in the Church who has not a regular calling apart from the Church's service, and I never received one farthing from her treasury; if I obtain anything from the tithing-house, I am charged with and pay for it, just as any one else would; the clerks in the tithing-store are paid like other clerks, but no one is ever paid for any service pertaining to the ministry. We think a man who cannot make his living aside from the ministry of Christ unsuited to that office. I am called rich, and consider myself worth $250,000; but no dollar of it was ever paid me by the Church, or for any service as a minister of the everlasting Gospel. I lost nearly all I had when we were broken up in Missouri and driven from that State. I was nearly stripped again when Joseph Smith was murdered and we

were driven from Illinois; but nothing was ever made up to me by the Church, nor by any one. I believe I know how to acquire property, and how to take care of it.

"*H. G.* Can you give me any rational explanation of the aversion and hatred with which your people are generally regarded by those among whom they have lived and with whom they have been brought directly in contact?

"*B. Y.* No other explanation than is afforded by the crucifixion of Christ and the kindred treatment of God's ministers, prophets, and saints in all ages.

"*H. G.* I know that a new sect is always decried and traduced; that it is hardly ever deemed respectable to belong to one; that the Baptists, Quakers, Methodists, Universalists, &c., have each in their turn been regarded in the infancy of their sect as the offscouring of the earth; yet I cannot remember that either of them were ever generally represented and regarded by the older sects of their early days as thieves, robbers, murderers.

"*B. Y.* If you will consult the contemporary Jewish accounts of the life and acts of Jesus Christ, you will find that he and his disciples were accused of every abominable deed and purpose, — robbery and murder included. Such a work is still extant, and may be found by those who seek it.

"*H. G.* What do you say of the so-called Danites, or Destroying Angels, belonging to your Church?

"*B. Y.* What do *you* say? I know of no such band, no such persons or organization. I hear of them only in the slanders of our enemies.

"*H. G.* With regard, then, to the grave question on which your doctrines and practices are avowedly at war with those of the Christian world, — that of a plurality of wives, — is the system of your Church acceptable to the majority of its women?

"*B. Y.* They could not be more averse to it than I was when it was first revealed to us as the Divine will. I think they generally accept it, as I do, as the will of God.

"*H. G.* How general is polygamy among you?

"*B. Y.* I could not say. Some of those present [heads of the Church] have each but one wife; others have more; each determines what is his individual duty.

"*H. G.* What is the largest number of wives belonging to any one man?

"*B. Y.* I have fifteen; I know no one who has more; but some of those sealed to me are old ladies whom I regard rather as mothers than wives, but whom I have taken home to cherish and support.

"*H. G.* Does not the Apostle Paul say that a bishop should be 'the husband of one wife'?

"*B. Y.* So we hold. We do not regard any but a married man as fitted for the office of bishop. But the apostle does not forbid a bishop having more wives than one.

"*H. G.* Does not Christ say that he who puts away his wife, or marries one whom another has put away, commits adultery?

"*B. Y.* Yes; and I hold that no man should ever put away a wife except for adultery, — not always even for that. Such is *my* individual view of the matter. I do not say that wives have never been put away in our Church, but that I do not approve of the practice.

"*H. G.* How do you regard what is commonly termed the Christian Sabbath?

"*B. Y.* As a divinely appointed day of rest. We enjoin all to rest from secular labor on that day. We would have no man enslaved to the Sabbath, but we enjoin all to respect and enjoy it."

HIS OPINION OF POLYGAMY.

"I have enjoyed opportunities for visiting Mormons, and studying Mormonism in the homes of its votaries, and of discussing with them what the outside world regards as its distinguishing feature, in the freedom of friendly social intercourse. In one instance, a veteran apostle of the faith, having first introduced to me a worthy matron of fifty-five or sixty — the wife of his youth and the mother of his grown-up sons — as Mrs. T., soon after introduced a young and winning lady, of perhaps twenty-five summers, in these words: 'Here is another Mrs. T.' This lady is a recent emigrant from our State, of more than average powers of mind and graces of person, who came here with her brother, as a convert, a little over a year ago, and has been the sixth wife of Mr. T. since a few weeks after her arrival. (The intermediate four wives of Elder T. live on a farm or farms some miles distant.) The manner of the husband was perfectly unconstrained and off-hand throughout; but I could not well be mistaken in my conviction that both ladies failed to conceal dissatisfaction with their position in the eyes of their

visitor and of the world. They seemed to feel that it needed vindication. Their manner toward each other was most cordial and sisterly, — sincerely so, I doubt not, — but this is by no means the rule. A Gentile friend, whose duties require him to travel widely over the Territory, informs me that he has repeatedly stopped with a Bishop, some hundred miles south of this, whose two wives he has never known to address each other, or evince the slightest cordiality, during the hours he has spent in their society. The Bishop's house consists of two rooms; and when my informant stayed there with a Gentile friend, the Bishop being absent, one wife slept in the same apartment with them, rather than in that occupied by her double. I presume that an extreme case, but the spirit which impels it is not unusual. I met this evening a large party of young people, consisting in nearly equal numbers of husbands and wives; but no husband was attended by more than one wife, and no gentleman admitted or implied, in our repeated and animated discussions of polygamy, that *he* had more than one wife. And I was again struck by the circumstance that here, as heretofore, no woman indicated by word or look her approval of any argument in favor of polygamy. That many women acquiesce in it as an ordinance of God, and have been drilled into a mechanical assent to the logic by which it is upheld, I believe; but that there is not a woman in Utah who does not in her heart wish that God had *not* ordained it I am confident. And quite a number of the young men treat it in conversation as a temporary or experimental arrangement, which is to be sustained or put aside as experience shall demonstrate its utility or mischief. One old Mormon farmer, with whom I discussed the matter privately, admitted that it was impossible for a poor working-man to have a well-ordered, well-governed household, where his children had two or more living mothers occupying the same ordinary dwelling. On the whole, I conclude that polygamy, as it was a graft on the original stock of Mormonism, will be outlived by the root; that there will be a new revelation ere many years, whereby the Saints will be admonished to love and cherish the wives they already have, but not to marry any more beyond the natural assignment of one wife to each husband.

"I regret that I have found time and opportunity to visit but one of the nineteen common schools of this city. This was thinly attended by children nearly all quite young, and of the most rudi

mentary attainments. Their phrenological developments were, in the average, bad; I say this with freedom, since I have stated that those of the adults, as I noted them in the Tabernacle, were good. But I am told that idiotic or malformed children are very rare, if not unknown here. The male Saints emphasize the fact that a majority of the children born here are girls, holding it a proof that Providence smiles on their "peculiar institution"; I, on the contrary, maintain that such is the case in *all* polygamous countries, and proves simply a preponderance of vigor on the part of the mothers over that of the fathers wherever this result is noted. I presume that a majority of the children of old husbands by young wives in any community are girls."

MR. GREELEY EXCITES CONSTERNATION.

While the editor of the Tribune was pursuing his journey across the continent, a California paper published a burlesque paragraph to the effect that he "was on his way to California to take command of all the filibusters to be found there; that Henningsen and Walker would join him with forces collected in the Atlantic States; and that the whole horde, under the supreme command of Horace Greeley, would invade Mexico and usurp the government of that Republic. A copy of this paper fell into the hands of the commander at Mazatlan, and he at once issued a proclamation informing the people that 'one Horace Greeley, a most diabolical, bloodthirsty, and unmerciful man, worse than the infamous Walker, or even the minions of Miramon, — a man whose very name struck dread to the hearts of thousands in the United States, so many were his crimes and so terrible was his conduct, — is now at the head of the most extensive band of filibusters ever collected, and on his way to Mexico!' He then exhorts the people to prepare themselves for instant action, and concludes thus: 'This dangerous man is not of the common school of filibusters: they wish for plunder, he for blood and murderous deeds.'"

THIRTEEN HOURS AT SACRAMENTO.

From the moment of his arrival in California to that of his departure from it Mr. Greeley was treated as a public guest. As a specimen of the manner in which he was received, I copy the following from the "Sacramento Union" of August 2, 1859.

"On Sunday the committee of arrangements held an informal meeting, and the committee of reception detailed to meet him at Folsom were put in telegraphic communication with the master of ceremonies at Placerville; the result of which was an agreement, on the part of friends of the distinguished stranger in the latter city, to deliver him on Monday afternoon, in good order and sound condition, by private conveyance, to such of his friends in Sacramento as should be in waiting at Folsom. J. P. Robinson, Superintendent of the Sacramento Valley Railroad, placed a special train at the service of the committee, with the freedom of the road to all they should invite to accompany them.

"Horace Greeley passed the night, or such portion of it as he was allowed to have to himself, at the Cary House, and left Placerville at 11.20 A. M., in company with G. W. Swan of that city, in an open-front, two-horse carriage. At Mud Springs, about one hundred and fifty of the townspeople and miners had assembled to greet him, under a banner stretched across the street. Greeley did not, however, leave his seat, but exchanged salutations with the citizens at the door of the carriage. On the way down the mountains, Mr. Swan's lively and observant companion noticed with frequent exclamations of wonder the enterprise and labor evinced in mining operations, and the miners' apparatus for conveying water; spoke of the barrenness of the hillsides, but thought it strange that the fertile spots in the valleys should be left unoccupied by tillers of the soil after the miners had denuded the hillsides of gold; expressed great surprise, as all new-comers do, at the fine appearance of our cattle contrasted with the apparent lean and dry pasturage; thought the fruit in the gardens by the roadsides looked astonishingly thrifty; and after some further observations of the same character, and partaking with a good appetite of the dinner served for him and his companion at Padurah, the head of the great American press sank quietly back in one corner of the carriage, and was prone to indulge in such unrefreshing slumber as a warm day over a dusty and tiresome road can alone inspire.

"While the editor of the New York Tribune slept his friends were wide awake in the 'City of the Plains.' At 2.30 P. M. the reception committee, and about twenty-five or thirty others whom they had invited, stepped into a special car, and, under the convoy of Superintendent Robinson, were soon flying on their road to Folsom. The committee reached Folsom in forty minutes by the Superintendent's watch, and learned, on arriving, that the 'man with the white coat' had not yet made his appearance. The receptionists strolled about the interesting town of Folsom, and, their hospitable ardor communicating to sundry of the inhabitants, the cannon was brought out, and soon a thundering report, which must have wakened Greeley a mile distant, if he had slept until that time, announced that the friends of the great expected were ready to receive him with open arms. At a quarter to four, a carriage drawn by a pair of roan-colored ponies drove at a pretty smart pace down the main street, and straight up to the depot. By this time most of the committee had wandered off in the vicinity of the bridge, so that when the proprietor of a little old glazed travelling-bag, marked 'H. GREELEY, 154 Nassau Street, New York, 1855,' a very rusty and well-worn *white coat*, a still rustier and still more worn and faded

blue-cotton umbrella, together with a roll of blankets, were deposited from the carriage, there was no one present of the committee to take him by the hand. The crowd about the depot, however, closed in so densely that Greeley was fain to make for the first open door that presented itself. This, unfortunately, happened to be the bar-room attached to the ticket-office; and here some of the committee found him, with his back turned defiantly against the sturdy rows of bottles and decanters, talking informally with some friends who had been beforehand: and here the committee seized their guest, and with considerable trepidation hurried him across to the hotel over the freight depot, followed by a large and increasing crowd. Greeley was escorted to an upper room, where J. McClatchy, on behalf of the committee, found opportunity to welcome him in set phrase, in about the following language: —

"'MR. GREELEY: This committee, chosen by the citizens of Sacramento without regard to party, have waited upon you to bid you welcome to the capital of the State. The people of our city have long looked upon you as one of the noblest friends of California. They desire to show their appreciation of your labors in its behalf by giving you a cordial welcome. Arrangements have been made in our city to receive you and make your stay agreeable, and we are ready, at your leisure, to escort you to the friends who are waiting your coming. In their name, and in the name of this, their committee, I welcome you to our city.'

"Mr. Greeley replied very nearly as follows: —

"'I should have been glad, if I could have had my choice, to have avoided a formal reception, because it looks like parade, and gives an idea of seeking for glory, which is not a part of my plan in coming to California. I shall be happy, however, to go with you, and to-night I would like to say something about the Pacific Railroad. I am at your service, gentlemen, this evening, but I 've got my business affairs to attend to afterward. I have not yet seen my letters; they are waiting for me in your city. I have other places to visit, and wish to see all I can, and meet all the friends I can here and elsewhere.'

"These remarks were delivered in the peculiar off-hand manner of the great Reformer, and in the high key and slender and wavering tones which are characteristic of his public speaking. When he had finished there was a little pause, as though each of the committee was cogitating what next was to be done, when Greeley broke in with the bluntness so often ascribed to him, 'Well, I 'm ready to go when you are.' O. C. Wheeler, Secretary of the State Agricultural Society, now extended an invitation to him to accompany the visiting committee on their rounds of visits among the farms and orchards of the State, setting out next week; which invitation Greeley thought he would accept, but must take it under consideration. After several persons had been introduced, Greeley was escorted back to the depot, followed by 'all Folsom for four miles back,' as one of the crowd declared. Near the ticket-office, having signified to the committee that he would like to say something to the people, Mr. Mooney of the Folsom Express enjoined silence, and Greeley said: —

"'FELLOW-CITIZENS: I know very well that occasions like this are not such as a person should choose for the purpose of making a speech, and I do

not wish to be regarded as having come among you for speech-making. I have come to your far-off land as an American comes to visit Americans. I don't have time to read books, and I want to learn what I can of the men and country I have come to see by practical observation. I want to see the land which, during the last ten years, has furnished gold enough to check, if it could not entirely overcome, the tide of reverse following the commercial extravagance of the East. One of the objects of my visit has been to see what it is practicable to accomplish for the Pacific Railroad. [Cheers.] I know that great difficulties and obstacles lie in the way, but I also know that every addition of wealth and population on this side lessens those difficulties, — every one hundred thousand souls you receive into your State increases, not the necessity, for that has all along existed, but the imminence of that necessity, so to speak. It is a work which must be done in our day, and, if we live the ordinary lives of men, we shall see it accomplished. Every wave of emigration to your shores will beat down an obstacle. I entreat you then, fellow-citizens, to go on and draw around you the means for this great fulfilment of the noble plan. Let us build up an American Republic, not as now, the two sides of a great desert, but let us make it a concentrated and harmonious whole. Those who come to join you here should not pursue the journey as now, wearily, sadly, and by slow degrees, over these great plains. We must work with all our energies for the prosperity of the Pacific Railroad. [Cheers.] I thank you for the manner in which you have welcomed me, and I shall return home to labor with increased vigor for the road and for the success of the Union.'

"This short speech was greeted with hearty applause by over one hundred and fifty persons, who had assembled to catch a sight of the flaxen locks and benevolent face of Horace Greeley. At its close he was conducted into the car, and the committee and their guest were soon on their way to this city at a rattling pace.

"The committee of arrangements had prepared seven carriages to be in waiting at the depot, on the arrival of the car containing their guest. A telegraphic despatch announced the moment of his departure from Folsom. In less time than it had taken to go out, the whistle was heard announcing that the train was coming down the levee. As the car approached the city, the committee, who had up to this time been acting without much concert or regularity, found a rare subject for a concurrence of speech, at least, in Greeley's old white coat and umbrella. Some of the ragged parts of the coat were converted into little mementos by the more enterprising members of the committee. It was about five o'clock when the train reached the depot. Greeley was handed into a carriage, accompanied by the committee distributed through the other vehicles, and was driven to the St. George Hotel, where rooms have been in keeping for him several days. In the parlor of this hotel a large crowd soon began to gather, and H. L. Nichols, President of the Board of Supervisors, making his appearance, with other members of the general committee, was introduced to their guest by D. Meeker. Dr. Nichols then made the following address: —

"MR. GREELEY: It is with pleasure, sir, that, on behalf of the citizens of

Sacramento, I welcome you to our city. It is probable that but few of us have had the honor of your personal acquaintance; but, sir, you are not unknown to us. You are known to us as you are known to the world at large; but *more particularly* are you known to us as the *true friend* of California, and as such we are ever proud to acknowledge you. We thank you that you have taken sufficient interest in our welfare to leave your home in the great metropolis of the East and wend your way across the vast plains and rugged mountains that separate us, to visit us in our Western home. We trust that, while you travel through our State, you may not be disappointed with the progress which our citizens have made during the short time allowed them. Perhaps you may be aware, sir, that the place which you now behold as the city of Sacramento was but little more than ten years ago a vast plain, with here and there a few cloth tents, which were occupied by the hardy pioneers of the State. We to-day in size claim to be the second city on the Pacific coast; our inhabitants number not less than 15,000; we have a property valuation of nearly $10,000,000; we have erected comfortable dwellings for our families, and houses for places of business; reared numerous and ample churches dedicated to the worship of Almighty God, and established schools for the education of our children, — in fact, we enjoy most of the blessings that our sister cities in the East may lay claim to. The hospitalities of this our city I extend to you, and trust that during your sojourn here we may be enabled to make your stay pleasant and agreeable, so that when you return to your home in the East, and may have occasion to refer in memory to the few days spent with us, your feelings may be rather of pleasure than of regret. Now, sir, permit me again, in my own behalf and in behalf of my fellow-citizens, to bid you a hearty and cordial welcome to the City of the Plains, — the capital city of the Golden State.'

"The address was followed by a round of applause, after which Mr. Greeley spoke as follows: —

"'Mr. Chairman: It was observed by a great Southern statesman that the American Revolution was not that unnatural or chance struggle, not that abnormal thing which we were disposed to think it. The Colony that stepped ashore on Plymouth Rock were no longer a Colony, but a State, from that hour. It is thus that American genius and American cultivation go before, and improvise the arts and a nation's polity. Ten years ago you were here familiar with hangings and mob law. I was in London, and I well remember the remark of a British nobleman, that your course was the proper working out of the old English law. Men must obey the voice of the community, which is the law, in all cases; and, if they do not, they must suffer the penalty of their offending equally in orderly as well as in disorderly states of government. The progress you have made in carrying out your principles of government successfully is your highest triumph. Better than your gold or your thrift is the fact that here is a population, made up of New-Englanders, men of the South, foreign-born, natives of China and almost every part of the globe, which gradually, through periods of disorder, you have reduced to the best forms of enlightenment, crystallizing them, so to speak, in a perfect and durable shape. I do think this is better than gold, for *that* the savages can dig

Your schools, your churches, and your obedience to the laws are your greatest wealth. And the secret of your success is, that labor here meets its just reward. California labor rejoices in that assurance. I heard them talk of the 'want of capital' in California. I do not think capital is necessary. When people want labor, and can get it, it is better than capital. [Applause.] Your gold product gives assurance that the labor will always find this reward. At the same time your gold gives an impulse to civilization, and I think it is safe to promise that your State will increase until it becomes the most populous in the Union. [Applause.] I came this long way not to see California alone. I wanted to see those interesting spaces where the most primitive forms of life can be viewed and contrasted within the borders of our own Republic with the highest civilization. I wish to study men as I can see them in their cabins, and to improve by observation what I have been denied acquiring through books and the essays of wise men. I would gladly have come to your city as any stranger, satisfied with meeting here and there an old acquaintance, and so passed along without formality and public attention. I was aware that I knew some among you, but I had no idea of meeting so many old friends. And though I would have been glad to avoid a reception, still I cannot refuse to meet you in such a way as you think proper. Gentlemen, I thank you for your kindness. I have done.' [Applause.]

"A large number of citizens, at the conclusion of his speech, were introduced to Mr. Greeley. All who have known him in the East remark that he has never appeared so hearty and well as at present. He looked somewhat jaded and dusty from his long ride, but showed no signs of weariness. The crowd left him at 5½, and he was not disturbed until he was waited upon to accompany a portion of the committee to a very handsome dinner. About twenty guests sat down at 6½, and, after dispatching the meal in a business-like way, Greeley was permitted to retire, and make ready for the evening's address. From the rapidity with which this was done, it is fair to presume that he had only to get his hat. A few minutes after eight he was on his way to Benton's Church." At the church he delivered a very able and telling speech upon the "Pacific Railroad."

COMMENTS OF THE "SACRAMENTO UNION."

"Greeley has come and gone. He was here a little short of thirteen hours, during which time he held an informal levee, made a reception speech, partook of a special dinner, delivered an address, saw something of the city, opened and read his letters, partly arranged the programme of his journey through the State, and took a sufficient night's rest to enable him to be up at five the next morning, and take his seat in the stage which left the next hour for Grass Valley, a journey of between sixty and seventy miles over a wearisome mountain road. This despatch is characteristic of the man. His prompt, business-like method, and his skill in crowding events into a narrow compass, not less than his facility of compressing facts and arguments in a short, off-hand speech, would commend him to popular admiration in this country, if he had no other qualities to support his fame. His brief personal intercourse with our citizens

while here, and his practical suggestions on the Pacific Railroad, accompanied by the earnest and forcible manner of their delivery, have made a favorable impression in the community. At Folsom, where he was received by the committee sent from this city, and where he volunteered a short address, the crowd were at first sensibly moved to attempt a little good-humored joking at the quaint personal appearance of the philosopher and his odd style of oratory, but before he had finished his second or third sentence, their attention was very earnestly on the speaker, and he was interrupted as well as complimented at the close, by hearty cheering. This good opinion appears to extend to all classes, if we except the ultra Southern politicians; and a general wish is felt to hear further from this editor, who writes for, and is believed by 220,000 'subscribers,' and who has taken the field in person and in our midst, a Peter the Hermit in enthusiasm for the Pacific Railroad. While this 'abolition editor,' this 'wretched fanatic,' according to that moderate Lecompton organ, the 'San Francisco Herald,' is appealing to our national sympathies on this railroad question, declaring that it is not a question of localities; that, 'whether it runs to New York, or to San Antonio, Texas (the favorite route of the 'San Francisco Herald'), it would be all the same,' the contrast presented by our Democratic Senator and Congressmen who are now addressing the people is peculiarly striking. The one, strong in honest purpose, and full of nervous energy, pressing the need of this road, and the duty of our citizens toward the government; the others not deigning to give even an explanation of their views and the policy of thousands of our countrymen in the East. Neither the views nor the personal influence of our Lecompton delegates to the next Congress will be of any practical benefit to the road, admitting (which we do not) that they are its sincere and disinterested friends.

"The notable circumstance that the editor of the Tribune is endeavoring to arouse the country in behalf of a Pacific Railroad immediately on his arrival at the end of his long journey, almost before he has brushed the dust of travel from his garments, will carry greater weight with it in the East than all Gwin has ever said, or can say, in Congress. It will be personal testimony in favor of the enterprise of the strongest kind."

VISIT TO THE YO SEMITE VALLEY.

"The night was clear and bright, as all summer nights in this region are; the atmosphere cool, but not really cold; the moon had risen before seven o'clock, and was shedding so much light as to bother us in our forest path, where the shadow of a standing pine looked exceedingly like the substance of a fallen one, and many semblances were unreal and misleading. The safest course was to give your horse a full rein, and trust to his sagacity or self-love for keeping the trail. As we descended by zigzags the north face of the all but perpendicular mountain, our moonlight soon left us, or was present only by reflection from the opposite cliff. Soon the

trail became at once so steep, so rough, and so tortuous, that we all dismounted; but my attempt at walking proved a miserable failure. I had been riding with a bad Mexican stirrup, which barely admitted the toes of my left foot, and continual pressure on these had sprained and swelled them so that walking was positive torture. I persisted in the attempt till my companions insisted on my remounting, and thus floundering slowly to the bottom. By steady effort we descended the three miles (4,000 feet perpendicular) in two hours, and stood at midnight by the rushing, roaring waters of the Mercede.

"That first full, deliberate gaze up the opposite height! can I ever forget it? The valley is here scarcely half a mile wide, while its northern wall of mainly naked, perpendicular granite is at least 4,000 feet high, probably more. But the modicum of moonlight that fell into this awful gorge gave to that precipice a vagueness of outline, an indefinite vastness, a ghostly and weird spirituality. Had the mountain spoken to me in audible voice, or begun to lean over with the purpose of burying me beneath its crushing mass, I should hardly have been surprised. Its whiteness, thrown into bold relief by the patches of trees or shrubs which fringed or flecked it wherever a few handfuls of its moss, slowly decomposed to earth, could contrive to hold on, continually suggested the presence of snow, which suggestion, with difficulty refuted, was at once renewed. And looking up the valley, we saw just such mountain precipices, barely separated by intervening water-courses (mainly dry at this season) of inconsiderable depth, and only receding sufficiently to make room for a very narrow meadow enclosing the river, to the farthest limit of vision.

"We discussed the propriety of camping directly at the foot of the pass, but decided against it, because of the inadequacy of the grass at this point for our tired, hungry beasts, and resolved to push on to the nearest of the two houses in the valley, which was said to be four miles distant. To my dying day I shall remember that weary, interminable ride up the valley. We had been on foot since daylight; it was now past midnight; all were nearly used up, and I in torture from over eleven hours' steady riding on the hardest trotting horse in America. Yet we pressed on and on, through clumps of trees, and bits of forest, and patches of meadow, and over hillocks of mountain *débris*, mainly granite boulders of every size,

often nearly as round as cannon-balls, forming all but perpendicular banks to the capricious torrent that brought them hither, — those stupendous precipices on either side glaring down upon us all the while. How many times our heavy eyes — I mean those of my San Francisco friend and my own — were lighted up by visions of that intensely desired cabin, visions which seemed distinct and unmistakable, but which, alas! a nearer view proved to be made up of moonlight and shadow, rock and tree, into which they faded one after another. It seemed at length that we should never reach the cabin, and my wavering mind recalled elfish German stories of the wild huntsman, and of men who, having accepted invitations to a midnight chase, found on their return that said chase had been prolonged till all their relatives and friends were dead, and no one could be induced to recognize or recollect them. Gladly could I have thrown myself recklessly from the saddle and lain where I fell, till morning, but this would never answer, and we kept steadily on:

'Time and the hour wear out the longest day.'

"At length the *real* cabin — one made of posts and beams and whipsawed boards, instead of rock and shadow and moonshine — was reached, and we all eagerly dismounted, turning out our weary steeds into abundant grass, and stirring up the astonished landlord, who had never before received guests at that unseemly hour. (It was after 1 A. M.) He made us welcome, however, to his best accommodations, which would have found us lenient critics even had they been worse, and I crept into my rude but clean bed so soon as possible, while the rest awaited the preparation of some refreshment for the inner man. There was never a dainty that could have tempted me to eat at that hour. I am told that none ever before travelled from Bear Valley to the Yo Semite in one day, — I am confident no greenhorns ever did. The distance can hardly exceed thirty miles by an air line; but only a bird could traverse that line; while, by way of Mariposa and the South Fork, it must be fully sixty miles, with a rise and fall of not less than 20,000 feet.

"The *Fall* of the Yo Semite, so called, is a humbug. It is not the Mercede River that makes this fall, but a mere tributary trout-brook, which pitches in from the north by a barely once broken descent of 2,600 feet, while the Mercede enters the valley at its eastern extremity, over falls of 600 and 250 feet. But a river thrice as large

as the Mercede at this season would be utterly dwarfed by all the other accessories of this prodigious chasm. Only a Mississippi or a Niagara could be adequate to their exactions. I readily concede that a hundred times the present amount of water may roll down the Yo Semite fall in the months of May and June, when the snows are melting from the central ranges of the Sierra Nevada, which bound this abyss on the east; but this would not add a fraction to the wonder of this vivid exemplification of the Divine power and majesty. At present, the little stream that leaps down the Yo Semite and is all but shattered to mist by the amazing descent, looks more like a tape-line let down from the cloud-capped height to measure the depth of the abyss. The Yo Semite *Valley* (or gorge) is the most unique and majestic of Nature's marvels, but the Yo Semite *Fall* is of little account. Were it absent, the valley would not be perceptibly less worthy of a fatiguing visit.

"We traversed the valley from end to end next day, but an accumulation of details on such a subject only serve to confuse and blunt the observer's powers of perception and appreciation. Perhaps the visitor who should be content with a long look into the abyss from the most convenient height, without braving the toil of a descent, would be wiser than all of us; and yet that first glance upward from the foot will long haunt me as more impressive than any look downward from the summit could be.

"I shall not multiply details nor waste paper in noting all the foolish names which foolish people have given to different peaks or turrets. Just think of two giant stone towers or pillars, which rise a thousand feet above the towering cliff which forms their base, being styled 'The Two Sisters!' Could anything be more maladroit and lackadaisical? 'The Dome' is a high, round, naked peak, which rises between the Mercede and its little tributary from the inmost recesses of the Sierra Nevada already instanced, and which towers to an altitude of over five thousand feet above the waters at its base. Picture to yourself a perpendicular wall of bare granite nearly or quite one mile high! Yet there are some dozen or score of peaks in all, ranging from three thousand to five thousand feet above the valley, and a biscuit tossed from any of them would strike very near its base, and its fragments go bounding and falling still farther. I certainly miss here the glaciers of Chamouni; but I know no single wonder of Nature on earth which can claim a su-

periority over the Yo Semite. Just dream yourself for one hour in a chasm nearly ten miles long, with egress for birds and water out at either extremity, and none elsewhere save at three points, up the face of precipices from three thousand to four thousand feet high, the chasm scarcely more than a mile wide at any point and tapering to a mere gorge or cañon at either end, with walls of mainly naked and perpendicular white granite from three thousand to five thousand feet high, so that looking up to the sky from it is like looking out of an unfathomable profound, and you will have some conception of the Yo Semite.

"We dined at two o'clock, and then rode leisurely down the valley, gazing by daylight at the wonders we had previously passed in the night. The spectacle was immense, but I still think the moonlight view the more impressive."

MR. GREELEY AT SAN FRANCISCO.

At the chief city of California the editor of the Tribune was again the guest of the people. The "Bulletin" thus described his appearance at a public meeting.

"The Grand Pacific Railroad mass meeting, which took place on the evening of 17th August, in front of the Oriental, on the occasion of the public appearance in San Francisco of the Hon. Horace Greeley, was an imposing demonstration, and in all respects a decided success. By 7½ o'clock the people had collected in vast numbers, and the plaza and street in front of the hotel were crowded. There must have been, at a fair computation, five thousand people present, and all manifested much interest in the great object for which the meeting was called, and in the man who was to address them.

"The Oriental Hotel was brilliantly illuminated for the occasion. Between the pillars of the veranda were hung many Japanese lanterns, and the balustrades were filled with lamps. As it was known many ladies would be present, seats were placed on the balcony for them; and long before the speaking commenced, these and the windows and rooms opening upon them were filled. Among the ladies of the balcony, A. J. King, the stock-broker, happened to be espied by the crowd, and loud cries of 'Put him out,' 'How's your toe-nails,' and other such expressions were heard, and for some time the audience was very boisterous at the notorious broker's expense. This, however, was before the meeting organized.

"At 8 o'clock Ira P. Rankin stepped forward upon the platform and nominated a president and officers of the meeting.

"As soon as the meeting was organized, Mr. Greeley made his appearance upon the stand which had been erected in front of the hotel, and was raised about six feet above the street. His appearance was greeted with prolonged

cheers. Colonel Crockett stepped forward for the purpose of introducing the speaker; but the crowd was so anxious to see and hear Mr. Greeley, that for a few minutes he could not be heard. The more distant portions of the assembly cried, 'We cannot see Mr. Greeley,' 'Take the balcony,' 'We want to see him.' Colonel Crockett replied that Mr. Greeley protested that he could not be heard from the balcony. The crowd seemed determined that they would see the speaker, and hurrahed and vociferated until the president stated that Mr. Greeley would compromise by standing on the table. At this proposition there was great applause, and order being restored, after a few words of introduction by the president of the meeting, Mr. Greeley mounted the table and stood up before the people, at which there were again hearty and repeated cheers. Several firemen's torches were so disposed on the stand as to throw their light upon him.

"The personal appearance of Mr. Greeley is familiar to many of our readers. He is above the medium height, rather thin, and has a slight stoop. His head is bald, with the exception of light flaxen locks at the sides and back. Though nearly fifty years of age, there are no wrinkles in his face; on the contrary, his features, except for his baldness, would indicate quite a young man. There is a peculiar brightness in his eyes, and the general expression of his face is mildness and benignity. His dress, last evening, after drawing off his drab overcoat (from which the mountaineers cut off all the buttons), was plain black with a light neckcloth. The famous white hat had been exchanged for one of dun-colored wool. His late journey across the plains, although it fatigued him much, has made him weigh more than ordinarily, and has given him a fresh and hale appearance."

The speech was eminently successful. "With his last word," said the "Bulletin," Mr. Greeley "turned to descend the table upon which he had been standing, while the crowd cheered and hurrahed to the extent of their lungs. He had spoken for very nearly an hour, in a remarkably clear, correct, and agreeable tone of voice. In many parts of his discourse, and particularly toward the close, he was eloquent, and made the most happy impression upon the audience. Indeed, he exceeded the anticipations of those who were well acquainted with his abilities as a public speaker."

He delivered also a remarkably excellent address before the "Mechanics' Institute" of San Francisco. To the pupils of the High School, and to those of one of the grammar schools he addressed a few wise and impressive words.

It would be difficult to overestimate the happy influence of Mr. Greeley's visit upon the forming character of California. He gave an impulse to all good tendencies, and strengthened the position of every man who was in harmony with them. "Remember, my

friends," said he at the close of an agricultural address, "remember that the end of all true agriculture, as well as of effort in other directions, is the growth and perfection of the human race. Vain is all other progress unless the human race progresses in knowledge, in industry, in temperance, and in virtue; and when this end is attained, no other need be despaired of. Let us remember this, and in all our fairs, in our festivals, in our gatherings, ask: 'Have the people around us grown in knowledge? Are our schools better, our people better educated, more intelligent, more virtuous than they were thirty or ten years ago?' If they are, we may rejoice and feel confident that agriculture and all other useful arts will go forward hand in hand."

To the Mechanics' Institute of San Francisco he said: —

"The new idea of our time is founded upon a better understanding of the law of God and humanity. It recognizes all useful labor as essentially laudable and honorable, — the greater honor where there is the greater proficiency. The digger who makes the thousandth part of a canal is not of honor equal to the scientific engineer who fully accomplishes the work of its construction. More honor with greater intelligence, but honor to each in his degree, but the larger honor is due to him who accomplishes the greater result. Simply manual labor can never achieve the highest reward, nor command the greatest regard. Hand and head must work together. To accomplish great results the laborer must be intelligent and educated. In this country, the price of labor is comparatively high, and yet it is a question whether it is not, on the whole, cheaper in the end than elsewhere. Nicholas Biddle, and other distinguished thinkers upon the subject, asserted that American labor at a higher price was cheaper than the labor of Spain or most other countries at almost nominal rates. In building the bed of a railroad, for instance, it is found cheaper with American labor, or labor under their guidance and direction, than with any other. This is proved by the fact that railroads can be built in America at one sixth part of the cost of constructing them in Italy, and I believe, in Ireland also. Labor, as it becomes better educated, will also become more effective, and when it receives its double reward, it will be more profitable."

Nor did he omit, in view of the coming struggle in politics, to expound the principles of the Republican party, and lay bare the

designs of the rulers of the South. His political addresses added to the strength of the Republicans in California, and made their triumph easier.

Returning homeward by way of Panama, Mr. Greeley reached New York on the 28th of September, after an absence of nearly five months.

CHAPTER XXX.

HORACE GREELEY AT THE CHICAGO CONVENTION OF 1860.

Mr. Greeley's reasons for opposing Mr. Seward—Mr. Raymond's accusation—The private letter to Mr. Seward—The comments of Thurlow Weed—The three-cent stamp correspondence—Mr. Greeley a candidate for the Senate—He declines a seat in Mr. Lincoln's Tabernacle.

On the 16th of May, 1860, a National Convention of the Republican party met at Chicago for the purpose of nominating candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency. Mr. Greeley attended the Convention as a delegate from Oregon. The general expectation was that Mr. Seward would receive the nomination for the first office. He was set aside, however, and Abraham Lincoln became the candidate of the party. The person chiefly instrumental in frustrating the hopes of Mr. Seward's friends was the editor of the Tribune. At least we may say, with the utmost confidence, that, had Mr. Greeley, in his newspaper and at Chicago, given a hearty support to Mr. Seward, that gentleman would have been nominated. Mr. Greeley's reasons for his course on this memorable occasion were stated by himself as follows: —

"My mind had been long before deliberately made up that the nomination of Governor Seward for President was unadvisable and unsafe; yet I had resolved to avoid this Convention for obvious reasons. But when, some four or five weeks since, I received letters from Oregon, apprising me that, of the six delegates appointed and fully expecting to attend from that State, but two would be able to do so, on account of the very brief notice they had of the change of time of holding the Convention, and that Mr. Leander Holmes, one of those who had been appointed, and clothed with full power of substitution, had appointed and requested me to act in his stead, I did not feel at liberty to refuse the duty thus imposed on me. Of the four letters that simultaneously reached me, — one from Mr. Holmes, another from Mr. Corbitt, chairman of the Republican State Committee, a third from the editor of a leading Republican journal, and the fourth from an eminent ex-editor

— at least three indicated Judge Bates as the decided choice of Oregon for President, and the man who would be most likely to carry it, — a very natural preference, since a large proportion of the people of Oregon emigrated from Missouri. One of them suggested Mr. Lincoln as also a favorite, many Illinoisans being now settled in Oregon.

"I went to Chicago to do my best to nominate Judge Bates, unless facts there developed should clearly render another choice advisable. I deemed Judge Bates the very man to satisfy and attract the great body of conservative and quiet voters who have hitherto stood aloof from the Republican organization, not because they dissent from our principles, but because they have been taught to distrust and hate us on other grounds. I deemed him the man whose election would, while securing the devotion of the Territories to free labor, conciliate and calm the Slave States in view of a Republican ascendency. But, more than all, I felt that the nomination of Judge Bates would have given a basis and an impetus to the emancipation cause in Missouri which would nevermore have been arrested. And now, when all the world is raining bouquets on the successful nominee, so that, if he were not a very tall man, he might stand a chance to be smothered under them; when thousands are rushing to bore him out of house and home, and snowing him white with letters, and trying to plaster him all over with their advertising placards, I, who knew and esteemed him ten years ago, reiterate that I think Judge Bates, to whom I never spoke nor wrote, would have been the wiser choice. I say this, knowing well that his nomination would have fallen like a wet blanket on nearly the whole party, that thousands would have sworn never to support it, and that counter-nominations would have been got up, or seriously threatened. But I kept my eye steadily on the fact that the first and only summer election that is to be held in a State that we could in any event hope to carry is that of Missouri, where the Republicans all earnestly desired the selection of their loved and honored fellow-citizen, and where thousands not Republicans were ready and eager to co-operate with them in case of his nomination. I do not know that they could have carried their State in August; but *they* confidently thought they could, and would at all events have made a desperate effort. And that effort, even though defeated, would have shown a result most inspiriting to Republicans

everywhere, and especially propitious to the free-labor cause in Missouri. There is no truer, more faithful, more deserving Republican than Abraham Lincoln; probably no nomination could have been made more conducive to a certain triumph; and yet I feel that the selection of Edward Bates would have been more far-sighted, more courageous, more magnanimous."

Mr. Greeley proceeded to state that the true cause of Mr. Seward's defeat was, not his own opposition to him, but the conviction, on the part of the delegates from New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Indiana, that the nomination of Mr. Seward would jeopardize the election in those States.

This article in the Tribune elicited a reply from Mr. Henry J. Raymond. On his return from the Chicago Convention Mr. Raymond visited his friend Seward at Auburn, where he wrote a letter to the New York Times, commenting upon Mr. Greeley's conduct with severity, and attributing it to personal motives. The following is the material part of his letter: —

"I observe that to-day's Tribune contains a long personal explanation from Mr. Greeley of the part which he took in the action of the Chicago Convention. It is never easy for a public man to be the historian of his own exploits. If he be a vain man, he will exaggerate his personal influence; if he be an over-modest one, he will underrate it. It is scarcely necessary to say that Mr. Greeley has fallen into the latter mistake. With the generosity which belongs to his nature, and which a feeling not unlike remorse may have stimulated into unwonted activity, he awards to others the credit which belongs transcendently to himself. The main work of the Chicago Convention was the defeat of Governor Seward; that was the only specific and distinct object towards which its conscious efforts were directed. The nomination which it finally made was purely an accident, decided far more by the shouts and applause of the vast concourse which dominated the Convention, than by any direct labors of any of the delegates. The great point aimed at was Mr. Seward's defeat; and in that endeavor Mr. Greeley labored harder, and did tenfold more, than the whole family of Blairs, together with all the gubernatorial candidates, to whom he modestly hands over the honors of the effective campaign. He had special qualifications, as well as a special love for the task, to which none of the others could lay any claim. For twenty years he had been sustaining the political principles and vindicating the political conduct of Mr. Seward, through the columns of the most influential political newspaper in the country. He had infused into the popular mind, especially throughout the Western States, the most profound and thorough devotion to the antislavery sentiments which had given character to Mr. Seward's public career; he had vindicated his opinions upon naturalization and upon the organization of the Know-Nothing party from the assaults made upon them; he

had urged his re-election to the Senate in the face of all the sentiments which had made him obnoxious to a portion of his constituents; he had gone far beyond him in expressions of hostility to slavery, in palliation of armed attempts for its overthrow, and in assaults upon that clause of the Constitution which requires the surrender of fugitive slaves; and he was known to have been for more than twenty years his personal friend and political supporter. These things gave him a hold upon the Republican sentiment of the country, and a weight of authority in everything relating to Governor Seward to which neither 'old Blair of the Globe,' as Mr. Greeley styles him, nor both his sons, could for a moment lay claim. His voice was potential precisely where Governor Seward was strongest, — because it was supposed to be that of a friend, strong in his personal attachment and devotion, and driven into opposition on this occasion solely by the despairing conviction that the welfare of the country and the triumph of the Republican cause demanded the sacrifice. For more than six months, through the columns of the Tribune, Mr. Greeley had been preparing the way for this consummation. Doubts of Mr. Seward's popular strength, — insinuated rather than openly uttered, — exaggerations of local prejudice and animosity against him; hints that parties and men hostile to him and to the Republican organization must be conciliated, and their support secured: and a new-born zeal for nationalizing the party by consulting the slaveholding States in regard to the nomination, — had filled the public mind with a distrust which had already done much to demoralize the Republican party, and prepare the minds of its delegates in convention for the personal representations and appeals by which these agencies were followed up. Mr. Greeley was in Chicago several days before the meeting of the Convention, and he devoted every hour of the interval to the most steady and relentless prosecution of the main business which took him thither, — the defeat of Governor Seward. He labored personally with the delegates as they arrived, — commending himself always to their confidence by professions of regard and the most zealous friendship for Governor Seward, but presenting defeat, even in New York, as the inevitable result of his nomination.

"Mr. Greeley was largely indebted to the forbearance of those upon whom he was waging this warfare for the means of making it effectual. While it was known to some of them that, nearly six years ago — in November, 1854 — he had privately, but distinctly, repudiated all further political friendship for and alliance with Governor Seward, and menaced him with his hostility whenever it could be made most effective, for the avowed reason that Governor Seward had never aided or advised his elevation to office; that he had never recognized his claim to such official promotion, but had tolerated the elevation of men known to be obnoxious to him, and who had rendered far less service to the party than he had done, — no use was made of this knowledge in quarters where it would have disarmed *the deadly effect of his pretended friendship for the man upon whom he was thus deliberately wreaking the long-hoarded revenge of a disappointed office-seeker*. He was still allowed to represent to the delegations from Vermont, New Hampshire, Ohio, Indiana, and other States known to be in favor of Governor Seward's nomination, that

while he desired it upon the strongest grounds of personal and political friendship, he believed it would be fatal to the success of the cause. *Being thus stimulated by a hatred he had secretly cherished for years,* — protected by the forbearance of those whom he assailed, and strong in the confidence of those upon whom he sought to operate, — it is not strange that Mr. Greeley's efforts should have been crowned with success. But it is perfectly safe to say that no other man — certainly no one occupying a position less favorable for such an assault — could possibly have accomplished that result.

"We deem it only just to Mr. Greeley thus early to award him the full credit for the main result of the Chicago Convention, because his own modesty will prevent his claiming it, — at all events until the new Republican administration shall be in position to distribute its rewards. It is not right that merit so conspicuous should remain so long in the shade. Even the most transcendent services are in danger of being forgotten, in the tumult and confusion of a contested election; and we cheerfully tender, for Mr. Greeley's use, this record of his deserts, when he may claim at the hands of his new associates that payment for lack of which he has deserted and betrayed his old ones.

"I have said above, that the final selection of Lincoln as the candidate was a matter of accident. I mean by this that, down to the time of taking the first ballot, there had been no agreement among the opponents of Seward as to the candidate upon whom they should unite. The first distinct impression in Lincoln's favor was made by the tremendous applause which arose from the ten thousand persons congregated in the Wigwam, upon the presentation of his name as a candidate, and by the echo it received from the still larger gathering in the street outside. The arrangements for the Convention were in the hands of Mr. Lincoln's friends, and they had been made with special reference to securing the largest possible concourse of his immediate neighbors and political supporters. It was easy to see that the thundering shouts which greeted every vote given for him impressed what Mr. Greeley calls the 'ragged columns forming the opposing host,' with the conviction that he was the only man with whom Mr. Seward could be defeated. Vermont, whose delegates would have been peremptorily instructed to vote for Seward if there had been the slightest apprehension on the part of their constituents that they could do otherwise, was the first to catch the contagious impulse; and throughout the second ballot the efforts of other States to resist the current which deluged the Convention from without were but partially successful. On the third ballot the outsiders had it all their own way. Upon the first call Lincoln lacked only two and a half votes of a nomination. Ohio was the first to clutch at the honor of deciding the choice; and thenceforward the only apprehension on the part of delegates seemed to be that they would not be registered on the winning side. The final concentration upon Lincoln was then mainly, in my judgment, a matter of impulse."

The reader will have observed, from the sentences of this letter printed in Italics, that Mr. Raymond refers to a private letter of the editor of the Tribune, written in November, 1854, to Mr

Seward, in which Mr. Greeley was said to have renounced political friendship with the Republican chief, and to have menaced him with hostility. Mr. Greeley instantly demanded the letter for publication in every edition of the Tribune. After some delay the letter was produced and immediately published. The following is a copy of it: —

HORACE GREELEY TO WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

"New York, Saturday eve., Nov. 11, 1854.

"Governor Seward: — The election is over, and its results sufficiently ascertained. It seems to me a fitting time to announce to you the dissolution of the political firm of Seward, Weed, and Greeley, by the withdrawal of the junior partner, — said withdrawal to take effect on the morning after the first Tuesday in February next.* And, as it may seem a great presumption in me to assume that any such firm exists, especially since the public was advised, rather more than a year ago, by an editorial rescript in the Evening Journal, formally reading me out of the Whig party, that I was esteemed no longer either useful or ornamental in the concern, you will, I am sure, indulge me in some reminiscences which seem to befit the occasion.

"I was a poor young printer and editor of a literary journal, — a very active and bitter Whig in a small way, but not seeking to be known out of my own ward committee, — when, after the great political revulsion of 1837, I was one day called to the City Hotel, where two strangers introduced themselves as Thurlow Weed and Lewis Benedict of Albany. They told me that a cheap campaign paper of a peculiar stamp at Albany had been resolved on, and that I had been selected to edit it. The announcement might well be deemed flattering by one who had never even sought the notice of the great, and who was not known as a partisan writer, and I eagerly embraced their proposals. They asked me to fix my salary for the year; I named $1,000, which they agreed to; and I did the work required to the best of my ability. It was work that made no figure and created no sensation; but I loved it, and I did it well.

* The day on which the re-election of Mr. Seward to the Senate was expected to occur, and on which it did occur, with the Tribune's assent and support. — J. P.

When it was done, you were Governor, dispensing offices worth $3,000 to $20,000 per year to your friends and compatriots, and I returned to my garret and my crust, and my desperate battle with pecuniary obligations heaped upon me by bad partners in business and the disastrous events of 1837. I believe it did not then occur to me that some one of these abundant places might have been offered to me without injustice; I now think it should have occurred to you. If it did occur to me, I was not the man to ask you for it; I think that should not have been necessary. I only remember that no friend at Albany inquired as to my pecuniary circumstances, that your friend (but not mine) Robert C. Wetmore was one of the chief dispensers of your patronage here; and that such devoted compatriots as A. H. Wells and John Hooks were lifted by you out of pauperism into independence, as I am glad I was not; and yet an inquiry from you as to my needs and means at that time would have been timely, and held ever in grateful remembrance.

"In the Harrison campaign of 1840 I was again designated to edit a campaign paper. I published it as well, and ought to have made something by it, in spite of its extremely low price; my extreme poverty was the main reason why I did not. It compelled me to hire press-work, mailing, &c., done by the job, and high charges for extra work nearly ate me up. At the close, I was still without property and in debt, but this paper had rather improved my position.

"Now came the great scramble of the swell mob of coon minstrels and cider-suckers at Washington, — I not being counted in. Several regiments of them went on from this city; but no one of the whole crowd, though I say it who should not, had done so much toward General Harrison's nomination and election as yours respectfully. I asked nothing, expected nothing; but you, Governor Seward, ought to have asked that I be postmaster of New York. Your asking would have been in vain; but it would have been an act of grace neither wasted nor undeserved.

"I soon after started the Tribune, because I was urged to do so by certain of your friends, and because such a paper was needed here. I was promised certain pecuniary aid in so doing; it might have been given me without cost or risk to any one. All I ever had was a loan by piecemeal of $1,000 from James Coggeshall, — God bless his honored memory! I did not ask for this, and I think

it is the one sole case in which I ever received a pecuniary favor from a political associate. I am very thankful that he did not die till it was fully repaid.

"And let me here honor one grateful recollection. When the Whig party under your rule had offices to give my name was never thought of; but when, in 1842–43, we were hopelessly out of power, I was honored with the party nomination for State Printer. When we came again to have a State Printer to *elect* as well as nominate, the place went to Weed, as it ought. Yet it is worth something to know that there was once a time when it was not deemed too great a sacrifice to recognize me as belonging to your household. If a new office had not since been created on purpose to give its valuable patronage to H. J. Raymond and enable St. John to show forth his 'Times' as the organ of the Whig State Administration, I should have been still more grateful.

"In 1848 your star again rose, and my warmest hopes were realized in your election to the Senate. I was no longer needy, and had no more claim than desire to be recognized by General Taylor. I think I had some claim to forbearance from you. What I received thereupon was a most humiliating lecture in the shape of a decision in the libel case of Redfield and Pringle, and an obligation to publish it in my own and the other journal of our supposed firm. I thought and still think this lecture needlessly cruel and mortifying. The plaintiffs, after using my columns to the extent of their needs or desires, stopped writing, and called on me for the name of their assailant. I proffered it to them, — a thoroughly responsible name. They refused to accept it, unless it should prove to be one of the four or five first men in Batavia! — when they had known from the first who it was, and that it was neither of them. They would not accept that which they had demanded; they sued me instead for money, and money you were at liberty to give them to your heart's content. I do not think you *were* at liberty to humiliate me in the eyes of my own and your* public as you did. I think you exalted your own judicial sternness and fearlessness unduly at my expense. I think you had a better occasion for the display of these qualities, when Webb threw himself untimely upon you for a par-

* "If I am not mistaken, this judgment is the only speech, letter, or document addressed to the public in which you ever recognized my existence. I hope I may not go down to posterity as embalmed therein."

don which he had done all a man could do to demerit. (His paper is paying you for it now.)

"I have publicly set forth my view of your and our duty with respect to fusion, Nebraska, and party designations. I will not repeat any of that. I have referred also to Weed's reading me out of the Whig party, — my crime being, in this as in some other things, that of doing to-day what more politic persons will not be ready to do till to-morrow.

"Let me speak of the late canvass. I was once sent to Congress for ninety days, merely to enable Jim Brooks to secure a seat therein for four years. I think I never hinted to any human being that I would have liked to be put forward for any place. But James W. White (you hardly know how good and true a man he is) started my name for Congress, and Brooks's packed delegation thought I could help him through; so I was put on behind him. But this last spring, after the Nebraska question had created a new state of things at the North, one or two personal friends, of no political consideration, suggested my name as a candidate for Governor, and I did not discourage them. Soon, the persons who were afterward mainly instrumental in nominating Clark came about me, and asked if I could secure the Know-Nothing vote. I told them I neither could nor would touch it; on the contrary, I loathed and repelled it. Thereupon they turned upon Clark.

"I said nothing, did nothing. A hundred people asked me who should be run for Governor. I sometimes indicated Patterson; I never hinted at my own name. But by and by Weed came down and called me to him, to tell me why he could not support me for Governor. (I had never asked nor counted on his support.)

"I am sure Weed did not mean to humiliate me; but he did it. The upshot of his discourse (very cautiously stated) was this: If I were a candidate for Governor, I should beat, not myself only, but you. Perhaps that was true. But as I had in no manner solicited his or your support, I thought this might have been said to my friends rather than to me. I suspect it is true that I could not have been elected Governor as a Whig. But had he and you been favorable, there *would* have been a party in the State ere this which could and would have elected me to any post, without injuring itself or endangering your re-election.

"It was in vain that I urged that I had in no manner asked a

nomination. At length I was nettled by his language — well intended, but *very* cutting as addressed by him to me — to say, in substance, 'Well, then, make Patterson Governor, and try my name for Lieutenant. To lose this place is a matter of no importance; and we can see whether I am really so odious.'

"I should have hated to serve as Lieutenant-Governor, but I should have gloried in running for the post. I want to have my enemies all upon me at once; I am tired of fighting them piecemeal. And, though I should have been beaten in the canvass, I know that my running would have helped the ticket, and helped my paper.

"It was thought best to let the matter take another course. No other name could have been put on the ticket so bitterly humbling to me as that which was selected. The nomination was given to Raymond; the fight left to me. And, Governor Seward, *I have made it*, though it be conceited in me to say so. What little fight there has been I have stirred up. Even Weed has not been (I speak of his paper) hearty in this contest, while the journal of the Whig Lieutenant-Governor has taken care of its own interests and let the canvass take care of itself, as it early declared it would do. That journal has (because of its milk-and-water course) some twenty thousand subscribers in this city and its suburbs, and, of these twenty thousand, I venture to say more voted for Ullmann and Scroggs than for Clark and Raymond; the Tribune (also because of its character) has but eight thousand subscribers within the same radius, and I venture to say that of its habitual readers nine tenths voted for Clark and Raymond, — very few for Ullmann and Scroggs. I had to bear the brunt of the contest, and take a terrible responsibility in order to prevent the Whigs uniting upon James W. Barker in order to defeat Fernando Wood. Had Barker been elected here, neither you nor I could walk these streets without being hooted, and Know-Nothingism would have swept like a prairie-fire. I stopped Barker's election at the cost of incurring the deadliest enmity of the defeated gang; and I have been rebuked for it by the Lieutenant-Governor's paper. At the critical moment, he came out against John Wheeler in favor of Charles H. Marshall (who would have been your deadliest enemy in the House), and even your Colonel General's paper, which was even with me in insisting that Wheeler should be returned, wheeled

about at the last moment and went in for Marshall, — the Tribune alone clinging to Wheeler till the last. I rejoice that they who turned so suddenly were not able to turn all their readers.

"Governor Seward, I know that some of your most cherished friends think me a great obstacle to your advancement; that John Schoolcraft, for one, insists that you and Weed shall not be identified with me. I trust, after a time, you will not be. I trust I shall never be found in opposition to you; I have no further wish but to glide out of the newspaper world as quietly and as speedily as possible, join my family in Europe, and if possible stay there quite a time, — long enough to cool my fevered brain and renovate my overtasked energies. All I ask is that we shall be counted even on the morning after the first Tuesday in February, as aforesaid, and that I may thereafter take such course as seems best without reference to the past.

"You have done me acts of valued kindness in the line of your profession: let me close with the assurance that these will ever be gratefully remembered by Yours,

"Horace Greeley.

"Hon. William H. Seward, present."

In commenting upon this letter, Mr. Greeley contended that it did not justify the accusation that his motive in opposing Mr. Seward was personal, still less malignant. He concluded his remarks upon it in the following terms: —

"A single word of improvement to the young and ardent politicians who may read my letter and this comment. The moral I would inculcate is a trite one, but none the less important. It is summed up in the Scriptural injunction, 'Put not your trust in princes.' Men, even the best, are frail and mutable, while principle is sure and eternal. Be no man's man but Truth's and your country's. You will be sorely tempted at times to take this or that great man for your oracle and guide, — it is easy and tempting to lean, to follow, and to trust, — but it is safer and wiser to look ever through your own eyes, to tread your own path, to trust implicitly in God alone. The atmosphere is a little warmer inside some great man's castle, but the free air of heaven is ever so much purer and more bracing. My active political life may be said to have begun with Governor Seward's appearance on the broader stage; for I edited my first political sheet (The Constitution) in 1834, wher

ne was first a candidate for Governor, and I very ardently labored in 1854 to secure his re-election to the Senate. Thenceforward I have had no idol, but have acted without personal bias as the highest public good has from time to time seemed to me to demand. I have differed frankly with Governor Seward on some financial points; but I think have uttered more praise with less blame of him than of any other living statesman. I have been reminded of late that the Tribune has once or twice seemed to resent his treatment in the Senate of Rust's assault on me; but *I* certainly never alluded to that, and I am confident that the strictures instanced must have been published while I was absent from the city. The matter never seemed to me worth a paragraph. And if ever in my life I discharged a public duty in utter disregard of personal considerations, I did so at Chicago last month. I was no longer a devotee of Governor Seward; but I was equally independent of all others; and if I had been swayed by feeling alone, I should have, for many reasons, preferred him to any of his competitors. Our personal intercourse, as well since as before my letter herewith published, had always been frank and kindly, and I was never insensible to his many good and some great qualities, both of head and heart. But I did not and do not believe it advisable that he should be the Republican candidate for President; and I acted in full accordance with my deliberate convictions. Need I add, that each subsequent day's developments have tended to strengthen my confidence that what I did was not only well meant, but well done?"

And now, having given Mr. Greeley's version of this painful controversy, it is proper to give that of another partner in the political firm, Mr. Thurlow Weed, then the editor of the Albany Evening Journal.

THURLOW WEED ON HORACE GREELEY'S LETTER TO MR. SEWARD.

"There are some things in this letter requiring explanation, — all things in it, indeed, are *susceptible* of explanations consistent with Governor Seward's full appreciation of Mr. Greeley's friendship and services. The letter was evidently written under a morbid state of feeling, and it is less a matter of surprise that such a letter was thus written, than that its writer should not only cherish the ill-will that prompted it, for six years, but allow it to influence his action upon a question which concerns his party and his country.

"Mr. Greeley's first complaint is that this journal, in an '*editorial rescript formally read me* [him] *out of the Whig party.*'

"Now here is the 'editorial rescript formally reading' Mr. Greeley out of the Whig party.

"[From the Evening Journal of Sept. 6, 1853.]

"'The Tribune defines its position in reference to the approaching election Regarding the "Maine Law" as a question of paramount importance, it will support members of the Legislature friendly to its passage, irrespective of party.

"'For State officers the Tribune will support such men as it deems competent and trustworthy, irrespective also of party, and without regard to the "Maine Law."

"'In a word, the Tribune avows itself, for the present, if not forever, an independent journal (it was pretty much so always), discarding party "usages, mandates, and platforms."

"'We regret to lose, in the Tribune, an old, able, and efficient colaborer in the Whig vineyard. But when carried away by its convictions of duty to others, and, in its judgment, higher and more beneficent objects, we have as little right as inclination to complain. The Tribune takes with it, wherever it goes, an indomitable and powerful pen, a devoted, a noble, and an unselfish zeal. Its senior editor evidently supposes himself permanently divorced from the Whig party, but we shall be disappointed if, after a year or two's sturdy pulling at the oar of Reform, he does not return to his long-cherished belief that great and beneficent aims must continue, as they commenced, to be wrought out through Whig instrumentalities.

"'But we only intended to say that the Tribune openly and frankly avows its intention and policy; and that in things about which we cannot agree, we can and will disagree as friends.'

"Pray read this article again, if its purpose and import be not clearly understood! At the time it appeared, the Tribune was under high-pressure 'Maine-Law' speed. That question, in Mr. Greeley's view, was paramount to all others. It was the Tribune's 'higher law.' Mr. Greeley had given warning, in his Tribune, that he should support 'Maine-Law' candidates for the Legislature, and for State offices, regardless of their political or party principles and character. And this, too, when the Senators to be elected had to choose a Senator in Congress. But instead of 'reading' Mr. Greeley 'out of the Whig party,' it will be seen that after Mr. Greeley had read himself out of the party by discarding 'party usages, mandates, and platforms,' the Evening Journal, in the language and spirit of friendship, predicted just what happened, viz. that, in due time, Mr. Greeley would '*return to his long-cherished belief, that great and beneficent aims must continue, as they commenced, to be wrought out through Whig instrumentalities.*'

"We submit, even to Mr. Greeley himself, whether there is one word or thought in the article to which he referred justifying his accusation that he had been 'read out of the Whig party' by the Evening Journal.

"When, in December, 1837, we sought the acquaintance and co-operation

of Mr. Greeley, we were, like him, a 'poor printer,' working as hard as he worked. We had then been sole editor, reporter, news collector, 'remarkable accident,' 'horrid murder,' 'items' man, &c., &c., for seven years, at a salary of $750, $1,000, $1,250, and $1,500. We had also been working hard, for poor pay, as an editor and politician, for the twelve years preceding 1830. We stood, therefore, on the same footing with Mr. Greeley when the partnership was formed. We knew that Mr. Greeley was much abler, more indomitably industrious, and, as we believed, a better man in all respects. We foresaw for him a brilliant future; and, if we had not started with utterly erroneous views of his objects, we do not believe that our relations would have jarred. We believed him indifferent alike to the temptations of money and office, desiring only to become both 'useful' and 'ornamental,' as the editor of a patriotic, enlightened, leading, and influential public journal. For years, therefore, we placed Horace Greeley far above the 'swell-mob' of office-seekers, for whom, in his letter, he expresses so much contempt. Had Governor Seward known, in 1848, that Mr. Greeley coveted an 'inspectorship,' he certainly would have received it. Indeed, if our memory be not at fault, Mr. Greeley was offered the Clerkship of the Assembly in 1838. It was certainly pressed upon us, and though at that time, like Mr. Greeley, 'desperately poor,' it was declined.

"We cannot think that Mr. Greeley's political friends, after the Tribune was under way, knew that he needed the 'pecuniary aid' which had been promised. When, about that period, we suggested to him (after consulting some of the Board) that the printing of the Common Council might be obtained, he refused to have anything to do with it.

"In relation to the State printing, Mr. Greeley knows that there never was a day when, if he had chosen to come to Albany, he might not have taken whatever interest he pleased in the Journal and its State printing. But he wisely regarded his position in New York, and the future of the Tribune, as far the most desirable.

"For the 'creation of the new office for the Times' Mr. Greeley knows perfectly well that Governor Seward was in no manner responsible.

"That Mr. Greeley should make the adjustment of the libel suit of Messrs. Redfield and Pringle against the Tribune a ground of accusation against Governor Seward is matter of astonishment. Governor Seward undertook the settlement of that suit as the friend of Mr. Greeley, at a time when a systematic effort was being made to destroy both the Tribune and Evening Journal, by prosecutions for libel. We were literally plastered over with writs, declarations, &c. There were at least two judges of the Supreme Court in the State, on whom plaintiffs were at liberty to count for verdicts. Governor Seward tendered his professional services to Mr. Greeley, and in the case referred to, as in others, foiled the adversary. For such service this seems a strange requital. Less fortunate than the Tribune, it cost the Evening Journal over $ 8,000 to reach a point in legal proceedings that enabled a defendant in a libel suit to give the truth in evidence.

"It was by no fault or neglect or wish of Governor Seward that Mr. Greeley

served but 'ninety days in Congress.' Nor will we say what others have said, that his Congressional *début* was 'a failure.' There were other reasons, and this seems a fitting occasion to state them. Mr. Greeley's 'isms' were in his way at conventions. The 'sharp points' and 'rough edges' of the Tribune rendered him unacceptable to those who *nominate* candidates. This was more so formerly than at present, for most of the rampant reforms to which the Tribune was devoted have subsided. But we had no sympathy with, and little respect for, a constituency that preferred 'Jim Brooks' to Horace Greeley.

"Nearly forty years of experience leaves us in some doubt whether, with political friends, an open, frank, and truthful, or a cautious, calculating, non-committal course is (not the right, but) the easiest and most politic? The former, which we have chosen, has made us much trouble and many enemies. Few candidates are able to bear the truth, or to believe that the friend who utters it is truly one.

"In 1854 the Tribune, through years of earnest effort, had educated the people up to the point of demanding a 'Maine Law' candidate for Governor. But its followers would not accept their Chief Reformer! It was evident that the State Convention was to be largely influenced by 'Maine Law' and 'Choctaw' Know-Nothing delegates. It was equally evident that Mr. Greeley could neither be nominated nor elected. Hence the conference to which he refers. We found, as on two other occasions during thirty years, our State Convention impracticable. We submitted the names of Lieutenant-Governor Patterson and Judge Harris (both temperance men in faith and practice) as candidates for Governor, coupled with that of Mr. Greeley for Lieutenant-Governor. But the 'Maine Law' men would have 'none of these,' preferring Myron H. Clark (who used up the raw material of temperance), *qualified* by H. J. Raymond for Lieutenant-Governor.

"What Mr. Greeley says of the relative zeal and efficiency of the Tribune and Times, and of our own feelings in that contest, is true. We did our duty, but with less of enthusiasm than when we were supporting either Granger, Seward, Bradish, Hunt, Fish, King, or Morgan for Governor.

"One word in relation to the supposed 'political firm.' Mr. Greeley brought into it his full quota of capital. But were there no beneficial results, no accruing advantages, to himself? Did he not attain, in the sixteen years, a high position, a world-wide reputation, and an ample fortune? Admit, as we do, that he (Mr. Greeley) is not as wealthy as we wish he was, it is not because the Tribune has not made his fortune, but because he did not keep it, —because it went, as other people's money goes, to friends, to pay indorsements, and in bad investments.

"We have both been liberally, nay generously, sustained by our party. Mr. Greeley differs with us in regarding patrons of newspapers as conferring favors. In giving them the worth of their money, he holds that the account is balanced. We, on the other hand, have ever held the relation of newspaper editor and subscriber as one of fraternity. Viewed in this aspect, the editors of the Tribune and Evening Journal have manifold reasons for cherishing

grateful recollections of the liberal and abiding confidence and patronage of their party and friends.

"In conclusion, we cannot withhold an expression of sincere regret that this letter has been called out. Having remained six years in 'blissful ignorance' of its contents, we should much preferred to have ever remained so. It jars harshly upon cherished memories. It destroys ideals of disinterestedness and generosity which relieved political life from so much that is selfish, sordid, and rapacious."

Mr. Greeley again denied the charge of personal hostility to Mr. Seward. "The most careful scavenger of private letters," he wrote in reply to Mr. Weed, "or the most sneaking eavesdropper that ever listened to private conversation, cannot allege a single reason for any personal hostility on my part against Mr. Seward. I have never received from him anything but exceeding kindness and courtesy. He has done me favors (not of a political nature) in a manner which made them still more obliging; and I should regard the loss of his friendship as a very serious loss. Notwithstanding this, I could not support him for President. I like Mr. Seward personally, but I love the party and its principles more. Success for these seemed to me to be a duty, for I have never subscribed to the modern doctrine that defeat with one good man is better than victory with another equally trustworthy."

It was charged by a leading journal that Mr. Greeley's course at Chicago was influenced by the fact that Mr. Seward had but coldly rebuked Albert Rust for his assault upon the editor of the Tribune, in the streets of Washington. This also Mr. Greeley denied. "I have not," said he, "thought of the matter for at least two years past, except when it was raised in my presence by some one else; and in every such case I have discouraged any attempt to magnify it into importance. On the spirit and good taste of Governor Seward's remarks in the Senate on the Rust affair I have no opinion to express: but this is a very small matter to be thrust into a canvass for a Presidential nomination. It has never had with me the weight of a butterfly's wing, and I am certain that I never spoke of it to any one, save responsively, and never once thought of it at Chicago."

Among the ridiculous consequences of Mr. Greeley's conduct was the following correspondence: —

"AURORA, N. Y., May 19, 1860.

"EDITORS TRIBUNE: —

"GENTLEMEN: — We have taken the Tribune daily from the morning of its first issue until now, through all its isms

"*You will discontinue sending it to us.* Our only regret in parting is that we are under the necessity of losing a three-cent stamp in order to close our account.

"Wishing you a good time for a few months to come,

"We are truly yours,

"MORGAN & MOSHER."

REPLY

"NEW YORK, May 22, 1860.

"GENTLEMEN: — The painful regret expressed in yours of the 19th instant excites my sympathies. I enclose you a three-cent stamp, to replace that whose loss you deplore, and remain,

"Yours, placidly,

"HORACE GREELEY.

"Messrs. MORGAN & MOSHER, Aurora, Cayuga Co., N. Y."

The friends of Mr. Seward had not long to wait for their revenge. In February, 1861, Mr. Greeley was a leading candidate of the Republican party to represent the State of New York in the Senate of the United States. His rival for a nomination by the Republican caucus was William M. Evarts, a distinguished lawyer of the city of New York. In a caucus of one hundred and fifteen members, the friends of these two candidates were so evenly divided, that, after eight ballotings, there appeared little hope of either being selected. On the tenth ballot the friends of Mr. Evarts abandoned their candidate, and cast their votes for Judge Ira Harris of Albany, which secured his nomination. During this contest Mr. Thurlow Weed was in another room of the State Capitol. Perhaps the best way of explaining *why* he was there will be to copy the following despatch from the New York Herald, dated Albany, February 2d, midnight: —

"This has been one of the most exciting days of the session. The like will not be seen at the Capitol for many a day. During the afternoon everybody appeared to be on the run, and the doubtful members were besieged at every turn. The lobbies and halls at the Capitol were crowded to overflowing at the opening of the caucus. Weed stationed himself in the Governor's room, and, after the first ballot, a continuous line was seen going back and forth. The first ballot proved that my canvass was not four out of the way, and its announcement was as a wet sheet upon the Evarts side. For eight long ballots, the friends of each watched the an-

nouncement, to see who had changed; but not until the eighth ballot could there be found any evidence whether Greeley or Evarts would rally. On that, Greeley gained five, and in a moment the Harris tickets were started by the Weed men. The fact being known that there was a break in the line caused intense excitement. Throughout the ninth ballot everybody was on their feet moving about. The ballot revealed a wonderful change of front.

"The forty-nine votes recorded for Harris made his nomination certain on the next ballot.

"The moment it was known that he received sixty votes, there was a rush for Weed. He was pulled out of the Governor's room, and completely surrounded."

At this point the feud between these old friends ought to have ended. Each of them had been instrumental in defeating the cherished object of the other. They ought to have called it even, shaken hands, and worked together for the country. But human passions are not so easily allayed; and from political opponents they had the misfortune to become persoual enemies.

The following paragraphs from the Tribune may serve to complete the history of these events.

"The Albany Evening Journal says: —

"'**The Postmaster-Generalship was once, *it is said*, a pet aspiration of the editor-in-chief of the Tribune.**'

"'The editor-in-chief of the Tribune' having been designated by several influential Republicans for Postmaster-General, in November last authorized the Honorable Schuyler Colfax to convey to the President elect his decided veto on that selection. This was before it was known that Governor Seward had reconsidered his original determination to accept no office under Mr. Lincoln.

"Even the Evening Journal will not say that it would have been presumptuous in the editor aforesaid to have aspired to office at the hands of the new President. The fact that he *did not* seek any such office, but early and decidedly informed those friends who suggested the matter to him that he would not be a candidate for any office whatever, is known to many. So much for *that* point.

"The Journal says that Mr. Lincoln appointed Mr. Seward,

"'**Against the persistent protestations of those who concurred with the Tribune.**'

"Shuffling as this charge is, it is essentially false. The Tribune promptly and heartily *approved* the selection of Governor Seward for the State Department. It early and sincerely offered to support his re-election to the Senate, while it was understood that Mr. S. would take no appointment. It never in any manner opposed his selection for the Cabinet, or for whatever post under President Lincoln he might choose to accept. It has dissented from the policy to which he has recently committed himself, but never sought to bar his elevation to the honorable post assigned him, and which we trust he will fill with eminent usefulness and honor."

Perhaps I may add, that a few days after the election of Mr. Lincoln, in November, 1860, I myself heard Mr. Greeley say: "If my advice should be asked respecting Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet, I should recommend the appointment of Seward as Secretary of State. It is the place for him, and he will do honor to the country in it."

CHAPTER XXXI.

DURING THE WAR.

Mr. Greeley's opinions upon Secession before the war began—The battle of Bull Run—Correspondence with President Lincoln—His peace negotiations—Assault upon the Tribune office—Indorses the proffer of the French mission to the editor of the Herald—He writes a history of the war—He offers prizes for improved fruits.

Horace Greeley was slow to believe that the fire-eaters of the South meant to bring the controversy to the issue of arms. He had been accustomed from his boyhood to hear threats of secession at every Presidential election, and he was now disposed to regard the menacing attitude as part of the system of bluster by which the South for so many years had controlled the politics of the country. In commenting upon the proceedings in South Carolina, he held language which was misunderstood both by friends and foes. Quoting the passage from the Declaration of Independence, that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, he added:—

"We *do* heartily accept this doctrine, believing it intrinsically sound, beneficent, and one that, universally accepted, is calculated to prevent the shedding of seas of human blood. And if it justified the secession from the British Empire of three millions of Colonists in 1776, we do not see why it would not justify the secession of five millions of Southrons from the Federal Union in 1861. If we are mistaken on this point, why does not some one attempt to show wherein and why? For our own part, while we deny the right of slaveholders to hold slaves against the will of the latter, we cannot see how twenty millions of people can rightfully hold ten, or even five, in a detested union with them, by military force.

"Of course, we understand that the principle of Jefferson, like any other broad generalization, may be pushed to extreme and baleful consequences. We can see why Governor's Island should not be at liberty to secede from the State and Nation, and allow herself to be covered with French and British batteries commanding and threatening our city. There is hardly a great principle which may not be thus 'run into the ground.' But if seven or

eight contiguous States shall present themselves authentically at Washington, saying, 'We hate the Federal Union; we have withdrawn from it; we give you the choice between acquiescing in our secession and arranging amicably all incidental questions on the one hand, and attempting to subdue us on the other,' — we could not stand up for coercion, for subjugation, for we do not think it would be just. We hold the right of self-government sacred, even when invoked in behalf of those who deny it to others. So much for the question of principle.

"Now as to the matter of policy: —

"South Carolina will certainly secede. Several other Cotton States will probably follow her example. The Border States are evidently reluctant to do likewise. South Carolina has grossly insulted them by her dictatorial, reckless course. What she expects and desires is a clash of arms with the Federal government, which will at once commend her to the sympathy and co-operation of every Slave State, and to the sympathy (at least) of the pro-slavery minority in the Free States. It is not difficult to see that this would speedily work a political revolution, which would restore to slavery all, and more than all, it has lost by the canvass of 1860. We want to obviate this. We would expose the seceders to odium as disunionists, not commend them to pity as the gallant though mistaken upholders of the rights of their section in an unequal military conflict.

"We fully realize that the dilemma of the incoming administration will be a critical one. It must endeavor to uphold and enforce the laws, as well against rebellious slaveholders as fugitive slaves. The new President must fulfil the obligations assumed in his inauguration oath, no matter how shamefully his predecessor may have defied them. We fear that Southern madness may precipitate a bloody collision that all must deplore. But if 'ever seven or eight States' send agents to Washington to say, 'We want to get out of the Union,' we shall feel constrained by our devotion to human liberty to say, 'Let them go!' And we do not see how we could take the other side without coming in direct conflict with those rights of man which we hold paramount to all political arrangements, however convenient and advantageous."

These remarks appeared in the Tribune of December 17, 1860 On the 24th of the same month he held the following language: —

"We believe that governments are made for peoples, not peoples for governments, — that the latter 'derive their just power from the consent of the governed'; and whenever a portion of this Union, large enough to form an independent self-subsisting nation, shall see fit to say, authentically, to the residue, 'We want to get away from you,' we shall say, — and we trust self-respect, if not regard for the principle of self-government, will constrain the residue of the American people to say, — 'Go!' We never yet had so poor an opinion of ourselves or our neighbors as to wish to hold others in a hated connection with us. But the dissolution of a government cannot be effected in the time required for knocking down a house of cards. Let the Cotton States, or any six or more States, say unequivocally, 'We want to get out of the Union,' and propose to effect their end peaceably and inoffensively, and we will do our best to help them out; not that we want them to go, but that we loathe the idea of compelling them to stay. All we ask is, that they exercise a reasonable patience, so as to give time for effecting their end without bloodshed."

Such editorials as these, though sincere, well meant, and unanswerable, appear to belong to the class of nothings which the editor of a daily paper is frequently obliged to utter, when the public mind is at once excited and undecided. He knew perfectly well, as we all did, that the question of secession could not be discussed at the South, and would never be fairly submitted to the people, and that there would be no such thing as a calm and peaceful waiting for the action of the people and government. "I do not believe," he wrote January 21, 1861, "in the unanimity of the South in favor of secession, because the conspirators evidently do not believe in it themselves. If they did, they would eagerly and proudly submit the question of secession to a direct vote of the people of their respective States; but this, even in South Carolina, they dare not do. Wherever they have assented to a popular vote, they have done so with manifest reluctance, and only because they needs must."

And again on the same day: "What I demand is proof that the Southern people really desire separation from the Free States. Whenever assured that such is their settled wish, I shall joyfully co-operate with them to secure the end they seek. Thus far, I have had evidence of nothing but a purpose to bully and coerce

the North. Many of the secession emissaries to the Border Slave States tell the people they address that they do not really mean to dissolve the Union, but only to secure what they term their rights *in* the Union. Now, as nearly all the people of the Slave States either are, or have to seem to be, in favor of this, the present menacing front of secession proves nothing to the purpose. Maryland and Virginia have no idea of breaking up the Union; but they would both dearly like to bully the North into a compromise. Their secession demonstrations prove just this, and nothing more."

In the same article he said: "I deny to one State, or to a dozen different States, the right to dissolve this Union. It can only be legally dissolved as it was formed, — *by the free consent of all the parties concerned.* A State enters the Union by a compact to which she on the one side, and a constitutional majority in the Federal councils on the other, are the parties. She can only go out by like concurrence or by revolution. It is anarchy even to admit the right of secession. It is to degrade our Union into a mere alliance, and insure its speedy ruin."

As late as the day of the inauguration Mr. Lincoln expected a peaceful solution of our difficulties, and expressed this opinion in conversation to Mr. Greeley and other friends.

In a very few weeks, however, the question of peace or war was decided in Charleston Harbor, and from that hour the Tribune gave unreserved and most able support to the suppression of the Rebellion by arms.

The battle of Bull Run nearly cost the editor of the Tribune his life. Some of the more ardent spirits in the office, impatient of delay, kept constantly standing on the editorial page a paragraph like this: —

THE NATION'S WAR-CRY.

"*Forward to Richmond! Forward to Richmond! The Rebel Congress must not be allowed to meet there on the 20th July!* BY THAT DATE THE PLACE MUST BE HELD BY THE NATIONAL ARMY!"

When the disaster occurred, so unexpected and so crushing, Mr. Greeley was almost beside himself with horror. To the natural dread of war and bloodshed which every civilized being feels, and he more than most, was added, perhaps, some contrition for having

permitted the paper to goad the government into an advance which events showed to be either too late or premature. He did not, however, decline the responsibility attached to his position. "I wish," he wrote, July 25, 1861, "to be distinctly understood as not seeking to be relieved from any responsibility for urging the advance of the Union Grand Army into Virginia, though the watch-word 'Forward to Richmond' was not mine, and I would have preferred not to iterate it. I thought that army, one hundred thousand strong, might have been in the Rebel capital on or before the 20th instant, while I felt sure that there were urgent reasons why it *should* be there, if possible. And now, if any one imagines that I, or any one connected with the Tribune, ever commended or imagined any such strategy as the launching barely thirty of the one hundred thousand Union volunteers, within fifty miles of Washington, against ninety thousand Rebels, enveloped in a labyrinth of strong intrenchments and unreconnoitred masked batteries, then demonstration would be lost on his ear. But I will not dwell on this. If I am needed as a scapegoat for all the military blunders of the last month, so be it! Individuals must die that the Nation may live. If I can serve her best in that capacity, I do not shrink from the ordeal."

He retired to his farm a few days after, and was soon prostrated by an attack of brain fever, and for six weeks was scarcely conscious of passing events. His wonderful constitution has never been so severely tried, and he narrowly escaped the loss of his life or reason.

Horace Greeley was among the first to reach the conviction that the Rebellion could not be suppressed without the aid of the black man. In August, 1862, after the defeat of General McClellan and his retreat from the Chickahominy, he addressed a letter through the Tribune to the President, entitled "The Prayer of Twenty Millions," which urged the President to execute the law which gave freedom to the slave coming within our lines, and to enforce the confiscation act. "We must," said he, "have scouts, guides, spies, cooks, teamsters, diggers, and choppers from the blacks of the South, — whether we allow them to fight for us or not, — or we shall be baffled and repelled." The President, thus publicly appealed to, thought proper publicly to reply, in the terms following: —

"EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, August 22, 1862.

"HON. HORACE GREELEY: —

"DEAR SIR: — I have just read yours of the 19th, addressed to myself through the New York Tribune. If there be in it any statements or assumptions of fact which I may know to be erroneous, I do not now and here controvert them. If there be in it any inferences which I may believe to be falsely drawn, I do not now and here argue against them. If there be perceptible in it an impatient and dictatorial tone, I waive it in deference to an old friend, whose heart I have always supposed to be right.

"As to the policy I 'seem to be pursuing,' as you say, I have not meant to leave any one in doubt.

"I would save the Union. I would save it the shortest way under the Constitution. The sooner the national authority can be restored, the nearer the Union will be 'the Union as it was.' If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time *save* slavery, I do not agree with them. If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time *destroy* slavery, I do not agree with them. My paramount object in this struggle *is* to save the Union, and is *not* either to save or destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing *any* slave I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing *all* the slaves, I would do it; and if I could do it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that. What I do about slavery and the colored race, I do because I believe it helps to save this Union; and what I forbear, I forbear because I do *not* believe it would help to save the Union. I shall do *less* whenever I shall believe what I am doing hurts the cause, and I shall do *more* whenever I shall believe doing more will help the cause. I shall try to correct errors when shown to be errors; and I shall adopt new views so fast as they shall appear to be true views. I have here stated my purpose according to my view of *official* duty, and I intend no modification of my oft-expressed *personal* wish that all men, everywhere, could be free.

"Yours, A. LINCOLN."

To this letter Mr. Greeley published the following reply: —

"DEAR SIR: — Although I did not anticipate nor seek any reply to my former letter unless through your official acts, I thank you for having accorded one, since it enables me to say explicitly that nothing was further from my thought than to impeach in any manner the sincerity or the intensity of your devotion to the saving of the Union. I never doubted, and have no friend who doubts, that you desire, before and above all else, to re-establish the now derided authority, and vindicate the territorial integrity, of the Republic. I intended to raise only this question, — *Do you propose to do this by recognizing, obeying, and enforcing the laws, or by ignoring, disregarding, and in effect defying them?*

"I stand upon the law of the land. The humblest has a clear right to invoke its protection and support against even the highest. That law — in strict accordance with the law of nations, of Nature, and of God — declares that every traitor now engaged in the infernal work of destroying our country has forfeited thereby all claim or color of right lawfully to hold human beings in slavery. I ask of you a clear and public recognition that this law is to be obeyed wherever the national authority is respected. I cite to you instances wherein men fleeing from bondage to traitors to the protection of our flag have been assaulted, wounded, and murdered by soldiers of the Union, unpunished and unrebuked by your General Commanding, — to prove that it is your duty to take action in the premises, — action that will cause the law to be proclaimed and obeyed wherever your authority or that of the Union is recognized as paramount. The Rebellion is strengthened, the national cause is imperilled, by every hour's delay to strike Treason this staggering blow.

"When Fremont proclaimed freedom to the slaves of rebels, you constrained him to modify his proclamation into rigid accordance with the terms of the existing law. It was your clear right to do so. I now ask of you conformity to the principle so sternly enforced upon him. I ask you to instruct your generals and commodores, that no loyal person — certainly none willing to render service to the national cause — is henceforth to be regarded as the slave of any traitor. While no rightful government was ever before assailed by so wanton and wicked a rebellion as that of the slaveholders against our national life, I am sure none ever before hesitated at so simple and primary an act of self-defence, as to relieve those who would serve and save it from chattel servitude to those who are wading through seas of blood to subvert and destroy it. Future generations will with difficulty realize that there could have been hesitation on this point. Sixty years of general and boundless subserviency to the slave power do not adequately explain it.

"Mr. President, I beseech you to open your eyes to the fact that the devotees of slavery everywhere — just as much in Maryland as in Mississippi, in Washington as in Richmond — are to-day your enemies, and the implacable foes of every effort to re-establish the national authority by the discomfiture of its assailants. Their

President is not Abraham Lincoln, but Jefferson Davis. You may draft them to serve in the war; but they will only fight under the Rebel flag. There is not in New York to-day a man who really believes in slavery, loves it, and desires its perpetuation, who heartily desires the crushing out of the Rebellion. He would much rather save the Republic by buying up and pensioning off its assailants. His 'Union as it was' is a Union of which you were not President, and no one who truly wished freedom to all ever could be.

"If these are truths, Mr. President, they are surely of the gravest importance. You cannot safely approach the great and good end you so intently meditate by shutting your eyes to them. Your deadly foe is not blinded by any mist in which *your* eyes may be enveloped. He walks straight to his goal, knowing well his weak point, and most unwillingly betraying his fear that you too may see and take advantage of it. God grant that his apprehension may prove prophetic!

"That you may not unseasonably perceive these vital truths as they will shine forth on the pages of history, — that they may be read by our children irradiated by the glory of our national salvation, not rendered lurid by the blood-red glow of national conflagration and ruin, — that you may promptly and practically realize that slavery is to be vanquished only by liberty, — is the fervent and anxious prayer of

"Yours truly,

"Horace Greeley.

"New York, August 24, 1862."

Twenty-nine days after the date of this reply the Proclamation of Emancipation was issued. I do not believe that before its appearance Mr. Greeley ever had any comfortable assurance that the United States would triumph over its enemies; but from that day he was generally confident of a favorable issue. A day or two after the Proclamation was published I met him in Broadway, his countenance beaming with exultation, and he expressed in the strongest language his conviction that the ultimate triumph of the nation was certain.

Mr. Greeley's efforts for the restoration of peace are well remembered. He was first addressed on this subject in December, 1862 and he thus relates the circumstances.

"We were approached," he says, "by parties favorable to peace, and entreated to contribute to its attainment. Having always been most anxious for the earliest possible peace consistent with fidelity to those hopes for humanity which are bound up in the life of the American Republic, we listened to the appeal, and resolved to do our utmost toward the achievement of a tolerable peace. To that end we labored faithfully so long as any hope of attaining it remained, willing to brave the anger and alienation of valued friends if we might, at whatever personal cost, contribute to an early conclusion of this desolating war. A private letter, which we wrote at that time by his request, to the most active agitator for peace, having been given to the public by him, most unwarrantably, has been widely quoted by our political and personal adversaries as evincing an undue anxiety for peace. It is as follows: —

"'NEW YORK, January 2, 1863.

"'W. C. JEWETT, ESQ., Washington, D. C.: —

"'DEAR SIR: — In whatever you may do to restore peace to our distracted country, bear these things in mind: —

"'1. Whatever action is taken must be between the government of the United States and the accredited authorities of the Confederates. There must be no negotiations or conditions between unofficial persons. All you can do is to render authorized negotiations possible by opening a way for them.

"'2. In such negotiations our government cannot act without a trusted though informal assurance that the Confederates have taken the initiative. The rupture originated with them; they must evince a preliminary willingness to make peace; and, on being assured that this is reciprocated, they must initiate the formal proposition.

"'3. If arbitration shall be resorted to, these conditions must be respected: First. The arbiter must be a power which has evinced no partiality or unfriendliness to either party. Second. One that has no interest in the partition or downfall of our country. Third. One that does not desire the failure of the republican principle in government. Great Britain and France are necessarily excluded by their having virtually confessed their wishes that we should be divided; and Louis Napoleon has an especial interest in proving republics impracticable. For if the republican is a legitimate, beneficent form of government, what must be the verdict of history on the destroyer of the French Republic?

"'You will find, I think, no hearty supporter of the Union who will agree that our government shall act in the premises, except on a frank, open proposition from the Confederates, proposing arbitration by a friendly power or powers. I can consider no man a friend of the Union who makes a parade of peace propositions or peace agitation prior to such action.

"'Yours,

"'HORACE GREELEY.'

"Mr. Jewett, in pursuance of the above, did his best, whatever that may be, to discover, through their friends in the loyal States and in the Federal District, what the Rebels would do toward peace; but to no purpose. No word of conciliation or arbitration could be evoked from *that* side. They wanted peace of course; but peace by surrender on our side, by disunion, by the giving up to them not only of all they have, but of all they want, including a great deal that they have not and some that they never had. In other words, having appealed from the ballot-box and the rostrum to the bayonet and the sword, they purposed to end the struggle as they had begun it, bidding the hardest fend off and the weaker go to the wall. And we, after weeks of earnest pursuit of some endurable peace proposition from the Rebels, were obliged to give it up, without having come in sight of any Rebel proposition at all. And we are thus justified in our conviction that there *never was* any conciliatory project, authorized by the Rebel chiefs, that they chose to submit to the judgment even of the most ardent champions of peace in the loyal States."

In July, 1864, Mr. Jewett renewed his endeavors, which induced Mr. Greeley to address the following letter to the President:—

HORACE GREELEY TO PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

"New York, July 7, 1864.

"My Dear Sir:—I venture to enclose you a letter and telegraphic despatch that I received yesterday from our irrepressible friend, Colorado Jewett, at Niagara Falls. I think they deserve attention. Of course, I do not indorse Jewett's positive averment that his friends at the Falls have 'full powers' from J. D. [Jefferson Davis], though I do not doubt that he thinks they have. I let that statement stand as simply evidencing the anxiety of the Confederates everywhere for peace. So much is beyond doubt.

"And, therefore, I venture to remind you that our bleeding, bankrupt, almost dying country also longs for peace,—shudders at the prospect of fresh conscriptions, of further wholesale devastations, and of new rivers of human blood; and a wide-spread conviction that the government and its prominent supporters are not anxious for peace, and do not improve proffered opportunities to achieve it, is doing great harm now, and is morally certain, unless removed, to do far greater in the approaching elections.

"It is not enough that we anxiously desire a true and lasting peace; we ought to demonstrate and establish the truth beyond cavil. The fact that A. H. Stephens was not permitted a year ago to visit and confer with the authorities at Washington has done harm, which the tone of the late National Convention at Baltimore is not calculated to counteract.

"I entreat you, in your own time and manner, to submit overtures for pacification to the Southern insurgents, which the impartial must pronounce frank and generous. If only with a view to the momentous election soon to occur in North Carolina, and of the draft to be enforced in the Free States, this should be done at once. I would give the safe-conduct required by the Rebel envoys at Niagara, upon their parole to avoid observation, and to refrain from all communication with their sympathizers in the loyal States; but you may see reasons for declining it. But whether through them or otherwise, do not, I entreat you, fail to make the Southern people comprehend that you, and all of us, are anxious for peace, and prepared to grant liberal terms. I venture to suggest the following

"PLAN OF ADJUSTMENT.

"1. The Union is restored and declared perpetual.

"2. Slavery is utterly and forever abolished throughout the same.

"3. A complete amnesty for all political offences, with a restoration of all the inhabitants of each State to all the privileges of citizens of the United States.

"4. The Union to pay four hundred million dollars ($400,000,000), in five-per-cent United States stock, to the late Slave States, loyal and secession alike, to be apportioned *pro rata*, according to their slave population respectively, by the census of 1860, in compensation for the losses of their loyal citizens by the abolition of slavery. Each State to be entitled to its quota upon the ratification by its legislature of this adjustment. The bonds to be at the absolute disposal of the legislature aforesaid.

"5. The said Slave States to be entitled henceforth to representation in the House on the basis of their total, instead of their Federal population, the whole now being free.

"6. A national convention to be assembled so soon as may be, to ratify this adjustment, and make such changes in the Constitution as may be deemed advisable.

"Mr. President, I fear you do not realize how intently the people desire any peace consistent with the national integrity and honor, and how joyously they would hail its achievement, and bless its authors. With United States stocks worth but forty cents in gold per dollar, and drafting about to commence on the third million of Union soldiers, can this be wondered at?

"I do not say that a just peace is now attainable, though I believe it to be so. But I do say that a frank offer by you to the insurgents, of terms which the impartial world say ought to be accepted, will, at the worst, prove an immense and sorely needed advantage to the national cause. It may save us from a Northern insurrection.

"Yours truly, HORACE GREELEY.

"HON. A. LINCOLN, President, Washington, D. C.

"P. S. — Even though it should be deemed unadvisable to make an offer of terms to the Rebels, I insist that, in any possible case, it is desirable that any offer they may be disposed to make should be received, and either accepted or rejected. I beg you to invite those now at Niagara to exhibit their credentials and submit their ultimatum. H. G."

Upon the receipt of this letter the President requested Mr. Greeley to repair to Niagara Falls, and converse with the supposed Confederate commissioners. He most reluctantly complied with this request, and at Niagara the following correspondence occurred.

GEORGE N. SANDERS TO HORACE GREELEY.

"[Private and confidential.]

"CLIFTON HOUSE, NIAGARA FALLS,
Canada West, July 12, 1864.

'DEAR SIR: — I am authorized to say that the Honorable Clement C. Clay of Alabama, Professor James P. Holcombe of Virginia, and George N. Sanders of Dixie, are ready and willing to go at once to Washington, upon complete and unqualified protection being given either by the President or Secretary of War. Let the permission include the three names and one other.

"Very respectfully,

"GEORGE N. SANDERS."

HORACE GREELEY TO MESSRS. CLEMENT C. CLAY, AND OTHERS.

"NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y., July 17, 1864.

"GENTLEMEN: — I am informed that you are duly accredited from Richmond, as the bearers of propositions looking to the establish-

ment of peace; that you desire to visit Washington in the fulfilment of your mission, and that you further desire that Mr. George N. Sanders shall accompany you. If my information be thus far substantially correct, I am authorized by the President of the United States to tender you his safe-conduct on the journey proposed, and to accompany you at the earliest time that will be agreeable to you.

"I have the honor to be, gentlemen, yours,

"HORACE GREELEY.

"To MESSRS. CLEMENT C. CLAY, JACOB THOMPSON, JAMES P. HOLCOMBE, Clifton House, C. W."

MESSRS. CLAY AND HOLCOMBE TO HORACE GREELEY.

"CLIFTON HOUSE, NIAGARA FALLS, July 18, 1864.

"SIR: — We have the honor to acknowledge your favor of the 17th instant, which would have been answered on yesterday, but for the absence of Mr Clay. The safe-conduct of the President of the United States has been tendered us, we regret to state, under some misapprehension of facts. We have not been accredited to him from Richmond as the bearers of propositions looking to the establishment of peace.

"We are, however, in the confidential employment of our government, and are entirely familiar with its wishes and opinions on that subject; and we feel authorized to declare that, if the circumstances disclosed in this correspondence were communicated to Richmond, we would be at once invested with the authority to which your letter refers, or other gentlemen clothed with full powers would be immediately sent to Washington, with the view of hastening a consummation so much to be desired, and terminating at the earliest possible moment the calamities of the war.

"We respectfully solicit, through your intervention, a safe-conduct to Washington, and thence by any route which may be designated, through your lines to Richmond. We would be gratified if Mr. George N. Sanders was embraced in this privilege. Permit us, in conclusion, to acknowledge our obligations to you for the interest you have manifested in the furtherance of our wishes, and to express the hope that, in any event, you will afford us the opportunity of tendering them in person before you leave the Falls.

"We remain, very respectfully, &c.,

"C. C. CLAY, JR.

J. P. HOLCOMBE.

"P. S. — It is proper to add that Mr. Thompson is not here, and has not been staying with us since our sojourn in Canada."

HORACE GREELEY TO MESSRS. CLAY AND HOLCOMBE.

"INTERNATIONAL HOTEL, NIAGARA, N. Y., July 18, 1864.

"GENTLEMEN: — I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of yours of this date, by the hand of Mr. W. C. Jewett. The state of facts therein presented being materially different from that which was understood to exist by the President, when he intrusted me with the safe-conduct required, it seems to me on every account advisable that I should communicate with him by telegraph, and solicit fresh instructions, which I shall at once proceed to do.

"I hope to be able to transmit the result this afternoon, and, at all events, I shall do so at the earliest moment.

"Yours truly,

"HORACE GREELEY.

"To MESSRS. CLEMENT C. CLAY and JAMES P. HOLCOMBE, Clifton House, C. W."

MESSRS. CLAY AND HOLCOMBE TO HORACE GREELEY.

"CLIFTON HOUSE, NIAGARA FALLS, July 18, 1864.

"To the HONORABLE H. GREELEY, Niagara Falls, N. Y.: —

"SIR: — We have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your note of this date, by the hands of Colonel Jewett, and will await the further answer which you purpose to send to us.

"We are, very respectfully, &c.,

"C. C. CLAY, JR.

JAMES P. HOLCOMBE."

HORACE GREELEY TO MESSRS. CLAY AND HOLCOMBE.

"INTERNATIONAL HOTEL, NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y., July 19, 1864.

"GENTLEMEN: — At a late hour last evening (too late for communication with you) I received a despatch informing me that further instructions left Washington last evening, which must reach me, if there be no interruption, at noon to-morrow. Should you decide to await their arrival, I feel confident that they will enable me to answer definitely your note of yesterday morning. Regretting a delay, which I am sure you will regard as unavoidable on my part,

"I remain, yours truly,

"HORACE GREELEY.

"To the HONORABLE MESSRS. C. C. CLAY, JR., and J. P. HOLCOMBE Clifton House, Niagara, C. W."

MESSRS. CLAY AND HOLCOMBE TO HORACE GREELEY.

"CLIFTON HOUSE, NIAGARA FALLS, July 19, 1864.

"SIR: — Colonel Jewett has just handed us your note of this date, in which you state that further instructions from Washington will reach you by noon to-morrow, if there be no interruption. One, or possibly both of us, may be obliged to leave the Falls to-day, but will return in time to receive the communication which you promise to-morrow.

"We remain truly yours, &c.,

"JAMES P. HOLCOMBE.
C. C. CLAY, JR.

"To the HONORABLE HORACE GREELEY, now at the International Hotel."

MESSRS. CLAY AND HOLCOMBE TO M. C. JEWETT.

"CLIFTON HOUSE, NIAGARA FALLS,
Wednesday, July 20, 1864.

"COLONEL M. C. JEWETT, Cataract House, Niagara Falls: —

"SIR: —We are in receipt of your note, admonishing us of the departure of the Honorable Horace Greeley from the Falls; that he regrets the sad termination of the initiatory steps taken for peace, in consequence of the change made by the President in his instructions to convey commissioners to Washington for negotiations, unconditionally, and that Mr. Greeley will be pleased to receive any answer we may have to make through you.

"We avail ourselves of this offer to enclose a letter to Mr. Greeley, which you will oblige us by delivering. We cannot take leave of you without expressing our thanks for your courtesy and kind offices as the intermediary through whom our correspondence with Mr. Greeley has been conducted, and assuring you that we are, very respectfully,

"Your obedient servants,

"C. C. CLAY, JR.
JAMES P. HOLCOMBE."

MESSRS. CLAY AND HOLCOMBE TO HORACE GREELEY.

"NIAGARA FALLS, CLIFTON HOUSE, July 21, 1864.

To the HONORABLE HORACE GREELEY: —

"SIR: — The paper handed to Mr. Holcombe on yesterday, in your presence, by Major Hay, A. A. G., as an answer to the application in our note of the 18th instant, is couched in the following terms: —

"'EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, D. C., July 18, 1864.

"'*To whom it may concern:* —

"'Any proposition which embraces the restoration of peace, the integrity of the whole Union, and the abandonment of slavery, and which comes by and with an authority that can control the armies now at war against the United States, will be received and considered by the Executive Government of the United States, and will be met by liberal terms, on other substantial and collateral points, and the bearer or bearers thereof shall have safe-conduct both ways.

"'ABRAHAM LINCOLN.'

"The application to which we refer was elicited by your letter of the 17th instant, in which you inform Mr. Jacob Thompson and ourselves that you were authorized by the President of the United States to tender us his safe-conduct, on the hypothesis that we were 'duly accredited from Richmond as bearers of propositions looking to the establishment of peace,' and desired a visit to Washington in the fulfilment of this mission. This assertion, to which we then gave and still do, entire credence, was accepted by us as the evidence of an unexpected but most gratifying change in the policy of the President,—a change which we felt authorized to hope might terminate in the conclusion of a peace mutually just, honorable, and advantageous to the North and to the South, exacting no condition but that we should be 'duly accredited from Richmond as bearers of propositions looking to the establishment of peace.' Thus proffering a basis for conference as comprehensive as we could desire, it seemed to us that the President opened a door which had previously been closed against the Confederate States for a full interchange of sentiments, free discussion of conflicting opinions, and untrammelled effort to remove all causes of controversy by liberal negotiations. We, indeed, could not claim the benefit of a safe-conduct which had been extended to us in a character we had no right to assume, and had never affected to possess; but the uniform declarations of our Executive and Congress, and then thrice-repeated and as often repulsed attempts to open negotiations, furnish a sufficient pledge to us that this conciliatory manifestation on the part of the President of the United States would be met by them in a temper of equal magnanimity. We had, therefore, no hesitation in declaring that if this correspondence was communicated to the President of the Confederate States, he would promptly embrace the opportunity presented for seeking a peaceful solution of this unhappy strife. We feel confident that you must share our profound regret that the spirit which dictated the first step toward peace had not continued to animate the councils of your President. Had the representatives of the two governments met to consider this question, the most momentous ever submitted to human statesmanship, in a temper of becoming moderation and equity, followed, as their deliberations would have been, by the prayers and benedictions of every patriot and Christian on the habitable globe, who is there so bold as to pronounce that the frightful waste of individual happiness and public prosperity which is daily saddening the universal heart might not have been terminated, or if the desolation and carnage of war must still be endured through weary years of blood and suffering, that there might not at least have been infused into its conduct something more of the spirit which softens and partially redeems its brutalities?

"Instead of the safe-conduct which we solicited, and which your first letter gave us every reason to suppose would be extended for the purpose of initiating a negotiation, in which neither government would compromise its rights or its dignity, a document has been presented which provokes as much indignation as surprise. It bears no feature of resemblance to that which was originally offered, and is unlike any paper which ever before emanated from the constitutional executive of a free people. Addressed 'to whom it may concern,' it precludes negotiations, and prescribes in advance the terms and con-

ditions of peace. It returns to the original policy of 'no bargaining, no negotiations, no truces with Rebels except to bury their dead, until every man shall have laid down his arms, submitted to the government, and sued for mercy.'

"Whatever may be the explanation of this sudden and entire change in the views of the President, of this rude withdrawal of a courteous overture for negotiation at the moment it was likely to be accepted, of this emphatic recall of words of peace just uttered, and fresh blasts of war to the bitter end, we leave for the speculation of those who have the means or inclination to penetrate the mysteries of his cabinet, or fathom the caprice of his imperial will It is enough for us to say that we have no use whatever for the paper which has been placed in our hands.

"We could not transmit it to the President of the Confederate States without offering him an indignity, dishonoring ourselves, and incurring the well-merited scorn of our countrymen. While an ardent desire for peace pervades the people of the Confederate States, we rejoice to believe that there are few, if any, among them who would purchase it at the expense of liberty, honor, and self-respect. If it can be secured only by their submission to terms of conquest, the generation is yet unborn which will witness its restitution.

"If there be any military autocrat in the North who is entitled to proffer the conditions of this manifesto, there is none in the South authorized to entertain them. Those who control our armies are the servants of the people,—not their masters; and they have no more inclination, than they have the right, to subvert the social institutions of the sovereign States, to overthrow their established constitutions, and to barter away their priceless heritage of self-government. This correspondence will not, however, we trust, prove wholly barren of good result.

"If there is any citizen of the Confederate States who has clung to a hope that peace was possible with this administration of the Federal government, it will strip from his eyes the last film of such delusion; or if there be any whose hearts have grown faint under the suffering and agony of this bloody struggle, it will inspire them with fresh energy to endure and brave whatever may yet be requisite to preserve to themselves and their children all that gives dignity and value to life or hope and consolation to death. And if there be any patriots or Christians in your land, who shrink appalled from the illimitable vista of private misery and public calamity which stretches before them, we pray that in their bosoms a resolution may be quickened to recall the abused authority, and vindicate the outraged civilization of their country. For the solicitude you have manifested to inaugurate a movement which contemplates results the most noble and humane we return our sincere thanks, and are most respectfully and truly your obedient servants,

"C. C. Clay, Jr.
James P. Holcombe."

Mr. Greeley returned to New York little pleased with the results of his mission, nor satisfied with the course of the administration. He experienced the truth of Dr. Franklin's remark, that, however

"blessed" peacemakers may be in another world, they are usually rewarded with curses in this. Events have since shown that there was never a moment during the war when the Confederate government would have entertained a proposition for peace on any other basis than that of separation.

THE TRIBUNE OFFICE ATTACKED DURING THE DRAFT RIOTS OF 1863.

At the beginning of the war there was a slight disturbance in Nassau Street, opposite the Herald office, in consequence of the doubtful position of the Herald with regard to the opening contest. Upon the exhibition of the United States flag from one of the windows of the Herald building, the people assembled cheered the flag, and soon after dispersed. This event was reported in the Tribune, in such a manner as to suggest the inference that the Herald cared not which flag floated above its office, that of the Union, or that of the Rebellion, and that nothing but the threats of a mob determined its choice. The editor of the Herald took deep offence at this report, and seemed to be resolved to wreak upon his neighbor a bloody vengeance. Almost every day, for the next two years, an article or a paragraph appeared in the Herald, holding up the Tribune and its editor to popular execration, denouncing them as the authors of the war, and intimating that the time would come when the people would see this, and hang the editor upon a lamp-post. Probably two hundred articles like the following could be collected from the columns of the Herald, during the first two years of the war: —

"This crazy, contemptible wretch, who now asserts the equality of white men and negroes, formerly asserted, with quite as much persistency and fervor, that all men should have property in common; that all persons should live in common; that all women should be common prostitutes. These damnable doctrines, under the names of Fourrieriteism, phalanxism, and free-loveism, Greeley openly professed and daily advocated in his Tribune. One by one these abominable bantlings of his have been strangled, and now abolitionism — which is a part of the same accursed brood — only remains. With the others, he sought to break up all society and to abolish the institution of the family. With this last he has attempted to break up the Union, and to put white men and black upon an equality in everything. With the other isms he did much harm, and debauched many innocent people. With this last, he has involved us in a civil war, and sacrificed thousands of valuable lives. Undoubtedly Greeley's abolitionism will finally be put down, as his other isms have been; but at what a terrible cost of blood and treasure will this be ac-

complished! When the white and black races are once arrayed against each other, one of them will be exterminated. To that point, Greeley and his tool, the black parson Garnett, are fast hastening matters. They are the enemies of both the white and black races alike; their efforts injure the negroes as much as they injure the white people. Sensible persons of both races hate and despise them."

The following may serve as a specimen of the more elaborate efforts of the Herald to excite odium against the editor of the Tribune: —

"Deliberately, and with malice prepense, 'that horrible monster Greeley,' as he is called upon the floor of Congress, has instigated this dreadful civil war for years past, and carefully nurtured and fostered the abolition sentiment, with which he hoped to poison and kill the Republic. Most persons suppose that a desire for gain has rendered him insane, and that visions of rich plantations, confiscated from slaveholders and bestowed upon him, have tempted him on in his ruinous path. Others regard him as one possessed of a devil. Others still are of opinion that he is in his senses, and is only a bad man made worse by cupidity and disappointment. We do not pretend to decide which of these theories be correct; but it is certain that until recently he has made but very little money by his wickedness. Like the magician's gold, all of his ill-gotten gains brought him ruin. He acknowledged in his Tribune that he had lost money by the publication of his paper last year, and he wrote penny-a-line articles for weekly papers in order to make a living. The publication was continued, therefore, only that the paper might be used to secure offices and contracts. It has now no circulation and less advertising, and lives only by illegitimate aid. Its fruit is blood and spoils. Sam Wilkeson of the Tribune acknowledged that he had kept a Tribune contract bureau at Washington. The official correspondence of Secretary of War Cameron shows that the Tribune Association has gun contracts. In the following tables we have collected some of the items of expenditure in treasure and blood for which the country is indebted to the Tribune: —

"GOVERNMENT OF THE UNITED STATES IN ACCOUNT WITH NEW YORK TRIBUNE.	*Dr*
To a civil war, fomented by Tribune abolitionists, costing the country in crisis, ruined commerce, suspended manufactures, army expenses, losses in trade, &c., about	$2,000,000,000.00
To the loss of Fort Sumter, and the failure of the expedition for the relief, caused by the revelations of Harvey, the Tribune's Washington correspondent	2,000,000.00
To losses at the battle of Bull Run, caused by the Tribune's 'Onward to Richmond' articles, amounting, according to Thurlow Weed, to about	100,000,000.00
To delays, extra expenses, &c., caused by the Tribune's assaults upon General McClellan, say	200,000,000.00

To the abolition campaign of Fremont in Missouri, including mule, blanket, and musket contracts	$50,000,000.00
To Banks's disaster, caused by the Tribune abolitionists and their intrigues against McClellan	10,000,000.00
To various emancipation schemes, darkey schools, nigger conservatories at Beaufort, and General Hunter's squashed proclamation, including expenditures for red trousers, and Tribune muskets	5,000,000.00
To daily attacks upon the administration and the army, encouraging the Rebels and weakening the Union cause, say	100,000,000.00
To a contract for 25,000 muskets, obtained by the Tribune Gun Association, and sub-let to outside parties	625,000.00
To a second contract for 40,000 muskets, sub-let as above	500,000.00
To Greeley's pay, franking, pickings, books, and mileage, while in Congress	5,000.00
To salary of Harvey, of the Tribune, Minister to Portugal, four years	30,000.00
To salary of Pike, of the Tribune, Minister to the Netherlands, four years	30,000.00
To salary of Hildreth, of the Tribune, Consul at Trieste, four years	3,000.00
To salary of Fry, of the Tribune, Secretary of Legation at Sardinia	7,200.00
To salary of Bayard Taylor, of the Tribune, Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburg	7,200.00
To profit on various jobs and contracts of Camp, stockholder of the Tribune	500,000.00
To profit of Almy, of the Tribune, on gun contracts	250,000.00
To profit of Snow, of the Tribune, on gun contracts	100,000.00
To profit of Hall, stockholder of the Tribune, on army shoes	50,000.00
To profit of Dr. Ayer, stockholder of the Tribune, on Cherry Pectoral for the army	50,000.00
To profit of Wilkeson, of the Tribune, on the 'Tribune's Contract Bureau' at Washington	.05
Total,	$2,469,162,400.05

"So much for the spoils; and now for the blood. The following list, it will be observed, does not include the captured, the missing, or the sick Union soldiers, — losses equally chargeable to the Tribune and the Abolitionists: —

	Killed.	Wounded
"To Bull Run	481	1,011
To Davis Creek, Mo.	223	721
To Lexington, Mo.	39	120
To Ball's Bluff	223	266
To Belmont	84	288
To Mill Spring, Ky.	39	207
To Fort Henry	17	31
To Roanoke Island	50	222
To Fort Donelson	446	1,735
To Fort Craig, New Mexico	62	140
To Pea Ridge	203	972
To Attack of the Merrimac	201	108
To Newbern	91	466
To Winchester	132	540

To Pittsburg Landing	1,735	7,882
To Yorktown	85	120
To Forts Jackson and St. Philip	80	119
To Williamsburg	455	1,411
To West Point	44	100
To McDowell	87	225
To near Corinth	21	149
To Banks's retreat, estimated	100	300
To Hanover Court-House	53	296
To Fair Oaks	890	8,027
To Port Republic (Fremont)	131	456
To Port Republic (Shields)	67	370
To seven days' contests, estimated	4,000	11,000
To skirmishes	690	1,740
Total	10,889	35,822

"We bring the account current of the Tribune up to date. What greater disasters it may bring upon us in the future, if not soon suppressed, time alone can tell. By its opposition to McClellan it has indefinitely prolonged the war, added immensely to our expenses in men and money, and made European intervention probable. Its motive for this is self-evident, — it is self-interest. Poor Greeley makes money out of the war. He has contracts which cease when the war ceases, and therefore he is determined that the war shall continue. Mad with greed, he rushes onward to his ruin. In vain his army correspondent 'S. W.' assures him that he and his associates are 'doomed men.' He will not cease to do evil until the government or the people shall lose all patience and suddenly annihilate him and his infamous Tribune. That time now seems not very distant. He will be fairly tried, and if found insane, he will be sent to an asylum; if sane, to the gallows. This monster, ogre, ghoul, will soon feast his last upon Union blood and national spoils."

In many articles the mob was incited to make Mr. Greeley the first victim of their vengeance. "If," said the Herald, "we decide to hang the Abolitionists, poor Greeley shall swing on the post of honor at the head or tail of the lot. We promise him that high honor."

These efforts were at length crowned with some degree of success. The Tribune office was assailed by a mob during the draft riots of July, 1863, and its editor would certainly have been put to death but for the precautionary measures of his friends. It fell to my lot to witness the attempt to destroy the Tribune building. On Monday, the first day of the disturbance, about four o'clock in the afternoon, my wife and I were strolling down Fourteenth Street in that languid state of mind which writers know who have spent a long morning at the desk. Near the corner of the Fifth

Avenue we were startled from our state of vacancy by a large stone falling upon the pavement before us, which was followed by a yell of many voices, and the swift galloping past of a horse with a black man on his back. We saw streaming down the Fifth Avenue a crowd of ill-dressed and ill-favored men and boys, each carrying a long stick or piece of board, and one or two of them a rusty musket. They were walking rapidly and without order, on the sidewalk and in the street, and extended perhaps a quarter of a mile; in all, there may have been two hundred of them. The stone which had recalled our attention to sublunary things was aimed by one of these scoundrels at the negro, who owed his escape from instant death to his being on horseback.

Having heard nothing of the riots of that morning, we were puzzled to account for the presence of this motley crew in a region usually so serene, until one of them cried out, as he passed, "There 's a three-hundred-dollar fellow." When the main body had gone by, I asked one of the stragglers where they were going. The reply was, "To the 'Trybune' office."

It was a strange looking gang of ruffians. I have lived in New York from childhood, and supposed myself to be pretty well acquainted with the various classes of its inhabitants. But I did not recognize that crowd. I know not to this day whence they came nor whither they vanished. Three fourths of them were under twenty-one years of age, and many were not more than fourteen. The clubs with which they were armed were all extempore, evidently seized, as they passed, from some pile of old boards and timber. Their clothes were not of any kind of shabbiness that I have ever seen in our streets. They were not the garments of laborers or mechanics, nor of any other class usually seen here. I should say they might be dock thieves, plunderers of ship-yards, and stealers of old iron and copper.

It occurred to me that, by taking an omnibus, I could get ahead of the gang, and give warning at the office threatened, — about a mile and a half distant. So we hurried to Broadway; but the omnibuses being full, I strode on at a great pace down town, and thus had the exquisite satisfaction of seeing that crew of villains put to flight near the corner of Tenth Street. It so happened that, just as the head of the gang turned into Broadway, a body of policemen was passing on toward the scene of the riots up town. The police

instantly formed into two lines, extending from curbstone to curbstone, and rushed upon the mob. "Strike hard and take no prisoners," was the word. There was a rattling of clubs for a moment, a dozen knock-down blows given, and the ruffians fled by every street, leaving their wounded in the mud. The police re-formed in marching order, and continued their course, making no arrests. It was all over in about a minute. All the wounded were able to get away, except one, who staggered into a drug-store as I got into an omnibus. He was evidently in a damaged condition about the head, and his face was covered with blood. Only one of the police was hit, and he was able to go on with his company.

At the Tribune office everything wore an aspect so little unusual that I felt rather ashamed to tell my story. The windows and doors were all open, the business office was nearly empty, the editorial rooms quite so, and there was no crowd around the building. The reporters and editors were absent, collecting details of the riot.

While I was suggesting the propriety of shutting up the office, as a precautionary measure, Mr. Gilmore (Edmund Kirke) came in, and to him I stated what I had seen and heard. He was fully alive to the situation, and proposed that we should go to the Chief of Police and to General Wool, and see what was prepared for the protection of the office during the night. We went. At police head-quarters, we found a squad of more than a hundred men drawn up on the sidewalk, who, we were assured, would march to the office and remain on guard there. This seemed sufficient; but, to make assurance doubly sure, Mr. Gilmore insisted on our going to General Wool. We found the General at the St. Nicholas Hotel, with the Mayor and a staff. Mr. Gilmore procured from him an order on the ordnance officer at Governor's Island for one hundred muskets, and the requisite ammunition. He started immediately for the island; and I, satisfied that the Tribune was safe, walked leisurely to the office to report progress.

It was about seven in the evening when I reached it. The appearance of the neighborhood had changed. The office was closed, and the shutters were up. A large number of people were in the open space in front of it, talking in groups, but not in a loud or excited manner. Not a policeman was to be seen. Upon getting into the office, I found only two or three persons there, neither of whom

knew anything about the body of police detailed to guard the premises, nor had they heard of any measures taken to defend it. Their official position made it their duty to stand by the ship; and there they were, helpless and alone. Crossing over to the police station in the City Hall, in search of the promised squad, I found one policeman in charge, who said that a hundred and ten men had, indeed, come down to that station; but that, upon a rumor of a riot in the First Ward, they had immediately marched away again. As Mr. Gilmore could not possibly get back with the arms under two hours, the office was no safer than before.

I went among the crowd in front of the Tribune office, to learn the tone of the conversation going on there. There was nothing remarkable in the appearance of the people, most of whom seemed to be merely attracted by curiosity, and detained by the impulse there is at such times for people to gather in knots and talk. One good-natured looking bull of a man was declaiming a little. "What is the use of killing the niggers?" said he. "The niggers have n't done nothing. They did n't bring themselves here, did they? They are peaceable enough! They don't interfere with nobody." Then pointing to the editorial rooms of the Tribune, he exclaimed, "*Them* are the niggers up there." Others were holding forth in a similar strain.

Little by little the crowd gathered more closely about the office, and became more compact. The sidewalk was kept pretty clear; but from the curbstone back to the middle of the square there was a mass of people who stood looking at the building, which loomed up in the dusk of the evening, unlighted and apparently unoccupied. The crowd was still very quiet. At length a small gang of such fellows as I had seen demolished by the police in the afternoon came along from Chatham Street and mingled with the crowd, which from that time began to be a little noisy. A voice would utter something, and the rest of the people would laugh or cheer, or both. It was the laughter and cheers which appeared to work the mob up to the point of committing violence. Gradually the shouts became louder and much more frequent. At last a stone was thrown, which hit one of the shutters and fell upon the pavement close to the building. This was greeted by a perfect yell of applause; and then, for the first time, I felt that the office was in danger. Before that, the crowd had laughed too much to sug-

gest the fear that it meant mischief. Besides, the fringe of the crowd nearest the building was composed of boys, — newsboys, apparently, — some of whom were not more than twelve years old.

I ran over to the police station at the City Hall. A few policemen were there, to whom I said: —

"The mob are beginning to throw stones at the Tribune office. Five men can stop the mischief now; in ten minutes a hundred cannot."

It happened that the number of men present was six, five of whom very promptly drew their clubs, and repaired to the scene. By the time they arrived stones were flying fast, and little boys would run forward, under the shower of missiles, pick up a stone or two, and run back. Occasionally a window would be broken, eliciting a yell of triumph from the mob. The five men went boldly along the sidewalk, and gained a position between the office and the crowd. The firing totally ceased for a minute or two, and the mob slunk away from the police, as if fearing, possibly, revolvers. Very soon, however, the smallness of the force became apparent; no revolvers were shown; and the stones again began to batter against the shutters and smash the windows. The mob surged forward; those in front being pushed upon the clubs of the policemen, who were soon overpowered and thrust aside. Then the mob rushed at the lower shutters and doors. There was a loud banging and thumping of clubs, and, in an exceedingly short time, amid the most frantic yells of the multitude, the main door was forced, and the mob poured into the building. I supposed then that the Tribune was gone. But at that moment the report of a pistol was heard, fired somewhere in front of the building, whether from one of the windows or from a policeman below, I know not. Instantly most of the assailants took to flight, and Printing-House Square appeared as empty as it usually is at two o'clock in the morning. It was like magic. The gates of the opposite Park were choked with fugitives. Before the dastards had time to rally a whole army of blue uniforms came up Nassau Street, at the double-quick, and the office was saved. These men, I suppose, were the original one hundred and ten detailed for the purpose; but, in the dim light of the evening, it seemed as if Nassau Street was a rushing torrent of dark-blue cloth, flecked with the foam of human faces.

Mr. Greeley was slow to believe that anything serious was in-

tended by those who opposed the draft. One of his associates said to him that morning: "We must arm the office. This is not a riot; it is a revolution."

"No," replied the editor; "do not bring a musket into the building. Let them strike the first blow. All my life I have worked for the workingmen; if they would now burn my office and hang me, why, let them do it."

Mr. Gilmore may continue the story of the assault upon the office: "While these events were going on, the senior editor of the Tribune was quietly reading the evening newspaper at his up-town lodgings, in happy ignorance of the drama that was being enacted in Printing-House Square. His dinner had been a somewhat lengthy one, owing to the fact that his friends, to keep him away from his office as long as possible, had shrewdly ordered viands that consumed a long time in cooking. But they were done at last; and the repast over, this man, who was marked out for the especial fury of the populace, rose to go openly back to his office, and write another editorial. He was in Ann Street; and all Nassau Street, and Printing-House Square, and Broadway around the corner, was filled with an excited crowd clamoring, 'Down with the Tribune!' 'Down with the old white coat what counts a nayger as good as an Irishman!' He could not have gone ten paces without recognition; and recognition by that mob meant death in ten minutes from the nearest lamp-post. In these circumstances, it was fortunate that he was attended by a friend (Theodore Tilton) who was fully alive to the danger. For a time the Tribune editor insisted that he would not be kept from his office by a crew of rioters, but at last he was persuaded that 'discretion is the better part of valor,' and consented to be driven homeward. A carriage was brought, the curtains were drawn down, and entering with his two friends he was hurried through the very midst of the mob to his home on one of the up-town avenues. He had escaped imminent peril; and safely arrived there, might have drawn a long breath; but it is more than likely that he did not, for all through the riots he seemed totally oblivious to the fact that he was in any personal danger."

In the course of the evening Mr. Gilmore returned with an abundant supply of arms and ammunition, and the office was thoroughly fortified. Mr. Gilmore adds the following particulars: —

"As he went down Broadway, the managing editor heard that the Tribune building had been sacked and burned; but he kept on, and in half an hour reached the office, just as the police were driving off the rear-guard of the rioters. Entering the lower story, he came upon a scene which beggared description. In the two minutes they had held possession the mob had accomplished the most thorough and complete destruction. Not an article of furniture remained in its proper position. Gas-burners were twisted off, counters torn up, desks overturned, doors and windows battered in; and, in the centre of the room, two charred spots, littered over with paper cinders, showed where fires had been kindled to reduce the building to ashes.

"Ascending to the upper stories, he found the editorial rooms silent and deserted by all save one of the corps, — the brave Smalley, who, a year before, had ridden by the side of Hooker through the fire of the bloody field of Antietam. The composing-rooms, also, had but a single tenant, — the rest having escaped by the roof when the mob attacked the building. Out of a force of a hundred and fifty men, only three were at their posts. But, if the whole number had stood their ground, what could they, unarmed, have done against a furious mob of five thousand?

"But the editor did not waste thought on this subject; for it was already eight o'clock at night, and, before daybreak, fifty thousand copies of his journal had to be in press, and borne on the four winds to every quarter of the country. Looking down on the street, he saw that the mob had dispersed; and, quietly sallying out, he rallied a dozen of his printers. With this small force he began work; but soon, one by one, the others fell in, and in half an hour the types were clicking, and the monster press was rumbling, as if only quiet reigned over the great city."

The vengeance which Mr. Greeley took upon the editor of the Herald was of the kind described in Scripture as "heaping coals of fire upon the head." During the Presidential campaign of 1864 Mr. Lincoln and his friends deemed the support of the Herald almost essential to his success, and that support was deliberately purchased. The price paid was the proffer of the mission to France. This bargain was made known to several editors of Republican newspapers, who agreed not to denounce it. Mr. Greeley was even prevailed upon to insert in the Tribune a paragraph, written

by another hand, in which the editor of the Herald was commended as a proper person to represent the United States at the court of France. I have no more doubt that Mr. Greeley's motives in countenancing this bargain were patriotic than I have that the act was wrong. It was not only wrong, but impolitic, since the city of New York, where the Herald chiefly circulates, and where alone it can be said to have any influence over votes, gave to the candidate for the Presidency opposed to Mr. Lincoln the great majority of thirty-seven thousand. We must remember, however, that when this compact was made the prospects of the United States were gloomy in the extreme; and to many men the clamorous support of the Herald was supposed to be desirable, even though purchased by the sacrifice of honor.

During the year 1863, when the immense expenses in which the war involved the Tribune consumed the profits of the establishment, Mr. Greeley accepted a very liberal offer from Messrs. Case & Co. of Hartford, to write a history of the war, and, during the next two or three years, he performed two days' work in one. At nine in the morning he shut himself up in his room in the "Bible House" with an amanuensis, and worked upon his history until four in the afternoon; after which he went down town, dined, and labored upon the newspaper until eleven at night. And, as if this were not enough, he frequently snatched an hour or two during the evening to address a political meeting. The history was finished in 1865, and has had a sale of a hundred and fifty thousand copies, and is still in active demand. No one knows better than Mr. Greeley that the complete and final history of the war has not yet become possible, and will not for some years to come. Nevertheless, it may be said of Mr. Greeley's work, that it is the most valuable contribution to the means of understanding the war, both in its causes and in its results, that has yet been made by an individual. The spirit of it is high, humane, and every way admirable, and it contains an astonishing mass of instructive details. Mr. Greeley says in his Preface, and truly says: "I shall labor constantly to guard against the error of supposing that all the heroism, devotedness, humanity, chivalry, evinced in the contest were displayed on one side; all the cowardice, ferocity, cruelty, rapacity, and general depravity, on the other. I believe it to be the truth, and as such I shall endeavor to show that, while this war has been signalized

by some deeds disgraceful to human nature, the general behavior of the combatants on either side has been calculated to do honor even to the men who, though fearfully misguided, are still our countrymen, and to exalt the prestige of the American name."

The dedication of the work was as follows: —

TO

JOHN BRIGHT,

BRITISH COMMONER AND CHRISTIAN STATESMAN:

THE FRIEND OF MY COUNTRY, BECAUSE THE FRIEND OF MANKIND:

THIS RECORD OF A NATION'S STRUGGLE

UP

FROM DARKNESS AND BONDAGE TO LIGHT AND LIBERTY,

IS REGARDFULLY, GRATEFULLY INSCRIBED

BY THE AUTHOR.

In 1864, when the subscriptions to the forthcoming history promised to put a little money in Mr. Greeley's pocket, he concluded to spend a few hundred dollars of it in the manner indicated in the following article: —

"IMPROVED VARIETIES OF FRUIT.

"So much has been well done within the last few years in American fruit-growing, that it seems feasible to do still more, or at least to realize more extensively and rapidly the benefit of past improvements.

"I. Perhaps the most signal advance has been made in the production of GRAPES. There are probably twenty-fold more grapes grown for sale in this country to-day than there were thirty years ago, while the improvement in current varieties, in culture and in quality, has been equally decided. Still, we are growing far too many inferior grapes, while our established favorites are too generally deficient in one or more respects; they require too long a season, or they have some notable defect as a table-fruit. So much labor has been wasted on varieties of foreign origin, that it is not deemed advisable to incite to further effort in that direction. There is not to-day in the United States a good table-grape of foreign origin that can safely be grown in open air, north of the Potomac

and the Ohio. But it is plausibly claimed that several substantially new or little known varieties of domestic origin are of high quality, fulfilling all the requisites of choice table-fruit. It is time that these claims were tested and passed upon by disinterested and capable judges. As a humble contribution toward this end, I hereby offer a premium of $100 for the best plate of native grapes, weighing not less than six pounds, of any variety known to the growers or propagators of this country. I require that the grapes competing for this premium shall ripen earlier than the Isabella, Catawba, or Diana, none of which is considered well adapted to a season no longer and no hotter and drier than ours. The berries must be of at least good medium size, and not liable to fall from the stem when ripe. The flesh must be melting and tender quite to the centre. The flavor must be pure, rich, vinous, and exhilarating. The vine must be healthy, productive, of good habit of growth for training in yards and gardens as well as in vineyards, with leaves at least as hardy and well adapted to our climate as those of the Delaware. In short, what is sought is a vine which embodies the best qualities of the most approved American and foreign varieties, so far as possible.

"I propose to pay this premium on the award of the fruit department of the American Institute, and invite competition for it at the annual fair of that Institute soon to open; but, if a thoroughly satisfactory grape should not now be presented, the Institute will of course postpone the award till the proper claimant shall have appeared.

"II. I offer a further premium of $100 for the best bushel of Apples, of a variety which combines general excellence with the quality of keeping in good condition at least to the 1st of February, and is adapted to the climate and soil of the Northern and Middle States.

"It is not required that the apple submitted for competition shall be new, but it is hoped that one may be found which combines the better characteristics of such popular favorites as the Northern Spy, Baldwin, Greening, and Newton Pippin, or a majority of them. Let us see if there be not a better apple than the established favorites; if not, let us acknowledge and act upon the truth.

"III. I further offer a premium of $100 for the best bushel of Pears of a specific variety, — size, flavor, season, &c., being all considered. It must be a pear adapted to general cultivation. It need

not be a new sort, provided it be unquestionably superior; but one object of the premium is to develop unacknowledged excellence if such shall be found to exist.

"One object of these offers is to afford a landmark for fruit-growers in gardens and on small farms, who are now bewildered by the multiplicity of sorts challenging their attention, each setting up claims to unapproachable excellence. I leave the determination of all questions which may arise as to the propriety of making a prompt award, or awaiting further developments, entirely to the appropriate department of the Institute.

"HORACE GREELEY.

"NEW YORK, September 22, 1864."

CHAPTER XXXII.

RECONSTRUCTION.

Horace Greeley's plan—His mediation between President Johnson and Congress— He joins in bailing Jefferson Davis—His speech at Richmond.

No reader of this work need be informed how Horace Greeley felt toward the people of the Southern States when the war ended. Unless his nature had suddenly changed, he could have had no other than a friendly feeling toward them, and an intense desire for the restoration of good feeling between the two sections of the Union. His policy of reconstruction is summed up in four words, a thousand times repeated in the Tribune: "UNIVERSAL AMNESTY, — IMPARTIAL SUFFRAGE."

To this simple but all-including plan he has constantly adhered, until at the present moment there is a prospect of its speedy and complete adoption.

In a speech delivered in March, 1866, he expressed his views with clearness and force.

"What has the war decided? First, all men agree that our war's close has settled this point: that we — all the States composing this Federal Union — are not a mere confederacy; we are not a league; we are not an alliance: we are a nation. This country of ours, this American people, compose a nation; and your allegiance and my allegiance is due, primarily, to the country, to the United States, and not to New York, nor New Jersey, nor Pennsylvania, nor Virginia, wherever we may happen to live, — not to our State, but to our country. There were differences of opinion about this before the war, but I believe that all men now agree that the point has been settled; and, whatever may have been heretofore believed or taught with regard to State rights or the right of secession, it is generally conceded now that that issue has been settled, and that, first and above all things, we are a nation.

"Now, then, this conclusion carries very much more with it; for, if the government of the United States is entitled to your allegiance and my allegiance, primarily, then we are entitled to its

protection. It cannot be that in the one case the Union is entitled to our first and paramount allegiance, and, on the other hand, we are not entitled to that Union's paramount and complete protection. If the State may wrest from me the protection of my country, — if the State may stand between me and the country and say, 'The nation decrees this; but we will do with you as we please, in spite of the nation,' — then it is most unjust that the nation should demand from me my allegiance at the same time that it withholds from me its protection. I think all men say yes to this.

"But that conclusion reaches very much further than many of us would be willing to follow it; for, if what I have said is true with regard to white men, it is also true with regard to black men. If the government of the United States, before and above all else, is entitled to the allegiance of every great and every small man, every intelligent and every ignorant man, every white and every black man in the country, then that government, before all else, is bound to protect these men in their rights as free men. So, when I am asked, 'From whence do you derive the power of the government to pass and make law the Freedmen's Bureau Bill and the Civil Rights Bill, especially the Civil Rights Bill?' I answer, 'I derive it from the fact that the government claims, and rightfully claims, the allegiance of those men, and therefore owes them its protection.'

"I believe it is conceded by all men now that the war has settled one other thing, that this is to be a land of only free people. It is not to be a land part slave and part free; but it is to be a land of freemen; freedmen, we say, with regard to some of our people to-day, those who were lately enslaved, but their children will not be freedmen, but free men. There are none in this land to-day, lawfully and rightfully, but free people, and this point even those who differ most widely from us all admit: that we are, and henceforth are to be, a nation of free men."

Then, as to the blacks and their right to citizenship: —

"While slavery existed, there was a tremendous class interest which was hostile to the recognition of human equality. You could not expect human nature, such as it is, to give away, or to put away, $4,000,000,000 worth of property, even though we have grossly exaggerated our estimate of its value. But it is very hard for men to give up what is to them capital, wealth, ease, conse-

quence, importance, to throw this aside and say, 'No, we will come down to a plain level with other people.' It is very hard to do this, and it is a good deal to ask them to do it.

"But slavery being gone; no longer an interest; nothing but a prejudice to overcome, nothing but a rapacity reaching out for power, — I have no fears that they will last forever; I have no fear that we shall go on quarrelling about a matter so perfectly clear as the right of freemen, four millions of freemen, to a voice in the government of their country. It cannot be that this question shall be settled wrong, when there is not on the face of the earth one other nation than this in which it is settled wrong. There are republics and limited monarchies and aristocracies and despotisms, but there is no other land but ours on earth where a freeman, simply because of his color, is deprived of the essential rights of a freeman where everybody enjoys them.

"Brazil is a slaveholding country, and has been for these three hundred years, but there the colored freeman has the same right as every other freeman. Now, then, I say it is not possible that this poor remnant of a bygone prejudice, — a prejudice which was perfectly intelligible while slavery existed in the country, — it is not possible that this poor remnant of a prejudice shall remain forever to distract and divide us. It will not be. We shall ultimately settle our differences on the basis of equal rights for all men before the law.

"But when I say this, I never mean that the worthless, bad, profligate, desperate, wicked man has equal rights with the good man; nobody believes he has or will have, but that the law will be so fixed, and the Constitution so amended, that every peaceable, good man shall have a voice in the government of his country. That we insist upon as his privilege, — not that every bad man shall vote, but that every man who is a good, law-abiding citizen shall have a voice in the government of his country.

* * * * *

"The President says that if the freedmen are allowed to vote, the whites will kill them. Now I say I never heard a better argument for letting them vote. If the men among whom they live are so unfriendly, that if the black men are permitted to vote they will kill them, certainly the men who cherish such a purpose are not worthy of being trusted with the rights of those black men. But

this is only an exaggerated statement of a truth. A very great dislike, a hatred of the freedmen, does undoubtedly exist among the people of the South. They are a sore people, and very proud. They still feel revengeful toward those who defeated them in war; and they do not feel quite strong enough to whip the Union for it, but they do feel able to punish the blacks, and no doubt a great many of them feel and say, 'We 'll make these niggers realize that liberty is not such a very fine thing for them as they think it is.

"Now, I say, if we allowed the people at the South who felt and fought with us to be cast, bound hand and foot, into the power of the people who fought against us, we can have no true prosperity, North or South. It will be as it was in Spain when she banished her Moors, the most industrious, thrifty, and ingenious of her population; as it was in France when she expelled the Huguenots, and with them expelled productive manufacture and useful art, to her own great detriment and injury. If the late Rebels are allowed to work their will on the black population, they will never be satisfied until that population is either exiled or destroyed, driven out of the country or out of the world. Now, then, it becomes us, the loyal people of the North, who have profited by the good-will and the loyalty of the black people of the South, who have triumphed in the grandest struggle the world ever saw, in part by their ample aid, — for never yet was there a Northern soldier escaping from a Southern prison-house, no matter how great a copperhead he may have been at home, who did not seek the black man's cabin for aid, and shelter, and guidance; no Northern Democratic soldier, however strong may have been his party attachments, ever sought a Southern Democrat for shelter when he was escaping from prison, — it becomes us, I say, to see to it that these black Union men do not fall unprotected into the hands of their enemies."

Every one knows how this affair of reconstruction has been complicated and delayed by the defection of President Johnson from the party which elected him. Mr. Greeley was one of those who strove to prevent the disagreement between Congress and the President, indications of which he early discovered. In September, 1866, he thus related his endeavors to reunite the two diverging departments of the government: —

"Soon after our last State election, and before the assembling of the present Congress, I went, not uninvited, to Washington, ex

pressly to guard against such a difference. Being admitted to an interview with the President, I urged him to call to Washington three of the most eminent and trusted expositors of Northern anti slavery sentiment, and three equally eminent and representative Southern ex-Rebels, and ask them to take up their residence at the White House for a week, a fortnight, so long as they might find necessary, while they, by free and friendly conference and discussion, should earnestly endeavor to find a common ground whereon the North and the South should be not merely reconciled, but made evermore fraternal and harmonious. I suggested that the President should occasionally, as he could find time, drop in on these conferences, and offer such suggestions as he should deem fit,— rather as a moderator or common friend, than as a party to the discussion.

"A suggestion of names being invited, I proposed those of Governor Andrew of Massachusetts, Gerritt Smith of New York, and Judge R. P. Spaulding of Ohio, as three who seemed to me fair representatives of the antislavery sentiment of the North, while neither specially obnoxious to, nor disposed to deal harshly with, the South; and I added that I hoped they would be met by men like General Robert E. Lee, Alexander H. Stephens, &c., who would be recognized and heeded by the South as men in whose hands her honor and true interests would be safe. But I added that I had no special desire that these or any particular men should be selected, wishing only that those chosen from either section should be such as to command their people's confidence and support. And I pledged myself to support, to the extent of my power, any adjustment that should thus be matured and agreed upon.

"Some two months later, after the meeting of Congress, and when the political sky had become darker, I went again to Washington, on the assurance of a mutual friend that the President desired to see me. The joint committee on reconstruction had then been appointed. At an interview promptly accorded, I urged the President to invite this committee to the White House, and discuss with them, from evening to evening, as friend with friends, all the phases of the grave problem of reconstruction, with a fixed resolve to find a basis of agreement if possible. I urged such considerations as occurred to me in favor of the feasibility of such agreement, if it were earnestly sought, as I felt sure it would be on the side of

Congress. The vast patronage in the President's hands, the reluctance of the majority in Congress to see their friends, supporters and nominees, expelled by wholesale from office, and their places supplied by bitter adversaries; the natural anxiety of every party in power to maintain cordial relations with the head of the government chosen by its votes, — these, and a thousand kindred considerations, rendered morally certain an agreement between Congress and the President, without a sacrifice of principle on either hand if the latter should sincerely seek it.

"I speak only of what I said and proposed, because I have no permission and no right to speak further. That my suggestions were not followed, nor anything akin to them, the public sadly knows. And the conclusion to which I have been most reluctantly forced is, that the President *did not want* harmony with Congress, that he had already made up his mind to break with the party which had elected him, and seek a further lease of power through the favor and support of its implacable enemies."

An interesting event in the life of Horace Greeley, and in the history of the country, occurred in May, 1867, when he went to Richmond for the purpose of signing the bail-bond which restored to liberty Jefferson Davis, after two years' confinement in Fortress Monroe. "I went to Richmond," he says, "and signed the bond, simply because the leading counsel for the prisoner deemed it important. If any other name would have answered as well, they would not have proffered mine: for they could easily have given ten millions of dollars, all of it by men who were worth double the amount for which they became responsible, and each of whom would have esteemed signing the bond a privilege. But the counsel believed it eminently desirable that they should present some Northern names, of men who had been conspicuous opponents of the Rebellion; perhaps because the application to admit to bail would otherwise be strenuously resisted. I know nothing of their reasons; I only know that they would not have required me to face this deluge of mud if they had not believed it necessary."

The bond was for the sum of one hundred thousand dollars, and was signed by twenty persons, among whom were Horace Greeley, John Minor Botts, Augustus Schell, Gerritt Smith, and Cornelius Vanderbilt. "A happier looking man," wrote one of the reporters, "never pledged himself for another's honor than Horace

Greeley appeared, as he took the pen and affixed himself as surety upon the bond. He had scarcely laid down the pen and turned from the clerk's table, when Mr. Davis hastily put himself in his way, and, grasping his hand, uttered a few warm words of acknowledgment. It was their first meeting, and he returned the pressure and ventured to hope, in a few homely sentences, that he had done his companion an essential service.

"The announcement of Judge Underwood: 'The United States Marshal will now discharge the prisoner from custody,' was the signal for giving vent to the delight that had been so imperfectly schooled among the audience during the early progress of the proceedings. For a moment the din was terrific, and would not be subdued by any amount of crying the peace by the Marshal.

"Mr. Davis was seized, congratulated, and sobbed over, and in the same moment hurried from the court-room to the street, where a thousand people were uncovered and cheering as he passed. Alighted from his carriage at the hotel, the crowd demanded audience, and for two hours thereafter poured into his parlors, so tearful and happy, that it was impossible not to catch the infection. Later, Mr. Davis drove out with his friends, everywhere encountering cheers and congratulations from the people surrounding his carriage-wheels to those upon the house-tops."

If we may judge from the Southern newspapers, this act of the editor of the Tribune will do its part toward the reconciliation of the country. The Richmond Whig said: —

"The generous course pursued toward Mr. Davis yesterday was one of the most effective reconstruction steps yet taken. It was indeed a stride in that direction. But the legal action taken was not all that we feel called upon to notice. That action was accompanied and embellished by circumstances of courtesy and cordial generosity from Northern and Republican gentlemen of distinction and influence, which will go far to commend them to the grateful consideration of the South. They joined our own Virginians in both bail-bonds and congratulations. In so doing, they illustrated their magnanimity, and in one moment levelled barriers that might otherwise have remained for years. The effect of yesterday's work will be felt and shown throughout the South, or we much mistake Southern character. Let us all show that Northern generosity is the true avenue to Southern friendship. We repeat, a great stride was yesterday taken in the line of reconstruction."

The Lynchburg Virginian held the following language: —

"We hail the event as an auspicious one, fraught with good, and recognize

the present as a fortunate time for both sections of the Union to set out with a new purpose, to bury their animosities, and meet together on a common ground of justice, peace, and fraternity. No one, we are sure, would do more to bring about such a result, or more rejoice at it, than he who was yesterday restored to the free air of heaven from the confines of his long incarceration."

A Richmond letter published in the Baltimore Sun contained the following: —

"The effect of his release in all parts of the State has been not only cheering and exhilarating, but it has done more to promote good feeling, real cordiality, toward the North and toward the government, than any event which has occurred since the close of the war. I have not seen till now any reason to believe that the South would, for years, do more than accept the situation, and content herself with a perfunctory performance of the obligations she has assumed; but the release of Mr. Davis has touched the Southern heart, and I believe that it is at this moment beating strong to the old music of nationality and brotherly love. The appearance in court of Mr. Horace Greeley and Mr. Gerritt Smith, and their noble interposition in behalf of Mr. Davis, have had peculiar influence in bringing about this happy result. Our people look upon them as representative Northern men, and the hand thus stretched out to them they have grasped warmly. This time it is no dramatic grasp, but palpably honest, and prompted by full hearts."

During Mr. Greeley's stay at Richmond he was invited to address a public meeting at the African Church, which is usually used for political meetings, because of its great size. The main body of the church was filled with the most respectable citizens of Richmond, while the side aisles and galleries were crowded with colored men. Upon being introduced to the audience by the Governor of the State, he delivered the following excellent speech: —

"FRIENDS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS: — I did not understand that my invitation to speak here to-night, hasty and informal as it was, was the dictate especially of any party or section of this people. I understood that a few citizens of different views — perhaps I should rather say, of differing antecedents — wished to hear me on the present aspect of our public affairs, and I consented to address them. Hence, I shall not regard myself as speaking here to-night *for* a party nor *to* a party. [Applause.] I shall speak as a citizen of New York to citizens of Virginia, on topics which concern our common interest, our common country; and, while I shall speak with entire frankness, I trust you will realize that I speak in a spirit of kindness to all, and with reference to the feelings of all. [Applause.]

"'SHALL THE SWORD DEVOUR FOREVER?' So asked of old a Hebrew prophet, standing amid the ruins of his desolated country. So I, an American citizen, standing amid some of the ruins of our great civil war, encircled by a hundred thousand graves of men who fell on this side and on that, in obe-

dience to what they thought the dictates of duty and of patriotism, shall speak in the spirit of that prophet, asking you whether the time has not fully come when all the differences, all the heart-burnings, all the feuds and the hatreds which necessarily grew up in the midst of our great struggle, should be abandoned forever? [Applause.] There have been rivers of blood shed; there have been mountains of debt piled up; and on every side sacrifices, sufferings, and losses attest the earnestness and the sincerity with which our people fought out this great contest to its final conclusion.

"The wise king said, 'There is a time for war and a time for peace.' I trust the time for war has wholly passed, — that the time for peace has fully come. What obstacles have for the last two years impeded, what obstacles still impede, the full realization of peace to this country? There may be what is called peace, which is only a mockery of peace, when people of different sections and of different parties in a great struggle still look distrustfully, hatefully, as it were, upon each other, and are unwilling to meet and to exchange civilities. There may be an enforced quiet, an avoidance of positive hostilities, and yet no peace, no real peace. What is it, then, that has so long in this country obstructed the advent of a real peace?

"The war for or against the Union virtually ended with the surrender of General Lee's army more than two years ago. Both parties felt that that surrender was conclusive of the struggle; and, while much had been idly or boastingly said of twenty years of guerilla war, after the armies should be dispersed, yet, when the surrender was communicated to different sections of the South, the people everywhere said, 'This is the end of the war; there is no use in struggling any longer.' And, according to ordinary calculations, one year from that hour should have seen a perfect restoration of peace.

"Why have we not yet realized that expectation?

"In the first place, when the national party, if I may so call it, — the party of the Union, — was in the first flush of a perfect, undivided triumph, an assassin's blow struck down the Chief Magistrate of the nation. I would be the last to argue, or to insinuate, that that was the act of the defeated party in the nation. [Applause.] Still, there were certain facts connected with it which tended to give an exceedingly malign aspect to that general calamity. The assassin and his fellow-conspirators were violent, vehement partisans of the Southern cause. I believe one of them had fought for it; while they had all been ardent champions of the principles upon which it was founded, and of the system of human bondage with which it was identified. It was the act of men who were heart and soul with the Confederacy, not merely in its efforts, but in its fundamental aspirations.

"As the news was flashed across the country that its Chief had been stricken down in the hour of general exultation, his first assistant in the government even more foully stabbed and mangled on a bed of sickness and pain, and that co-ordinate efforts had been made to destroy the lives of other heads of the government, a cry of wild and passionate grief and wrath arose from the whole people. Those who had been pleading for magnanimity and mercy to the conquered, — who had been appealing to not unwilling ears in the few days

intervening between the close of the war and the occurrence of that terrible calamity — were silenced in a moment by this appalling crime committed upon the person of our great and good President. The nation could not fairly consider, amid its blind rage and grief, that this assassination was the work of a few, unauthorized by and unknown to the great mass of those against whom their fury was directed. It was an unspeakable calamity, — a calamity to the Southern quite as much as to the Northern part of the country.

"The military trials which followed that event — which, I might say, completed the tragedy — were gratifications of the popular wrath which rather tended to stimulate than to appease it. They were the expressions of what the popular heart felt and desired at the time. For my part, I was opposed to them; and I trust that all Americans have, by this time, learned to regret that the regular and ordinary tribunals of the country had not been allowed to deal with these criminals as they deal with others. [Applause.]

"Before the popular frenzy had had time to subside, there assembled, under the military order of the President of the United States, conventions or legislatures in the several Southern States, representing only, or mainly, those who had been defeated in our great struggle. I say the Southern conventions or legislatures which then met represented mainly those persons; and the first aspect presented to the people of the North by the action of these legislatures was one of what I may mildly term unfriendliness toward the colored portion of the people of the South.

"I am not here to discuss what absolutely was, but what was very apparent at that time. The Southern legislatures met, and began at once either to enact or revive laws discriminating harshly and unjustly against the colored people of the South, as if the object had been to punish them for their sympathy with the Union in the struggle that had just closed.

"I will here merely glance at the substance of these laws. You are familiar with them; for some of them were passed in your own State. There, for instance, are the laws in relation to marriages, to contracts for labor, to arms-bearing, and to giving testimony in courts, which, if they ever had been necessary or wise, had utterly ceased to be applicable after the overthrow of slavery, and the institutions based upon it. I will not detain you by any comments upon these laws, but will content myself by bringing your attention to two of them, which have been revived in most of these States.

"There are, first, the laws forbidding the black people of the South to bear arms. Now, so long as slavery existed here and in the other States of the South, it was perfectly reasonable and proper, so far as anything growing out of slavery was proper, that blacks should be forbidden to have arms in their hands. You may find fault with slavery, but you cannot find fault — slavery being admitted as a fact — with slaveholding legislatures for forbidding the colored people to hold and bear arms. It was not deemed compatible with public safety that blacks should be allowed to keep and use arms like white persons. But, the moment slavery had passed away, all possible pretexts for disarming Southern blacks passed away with it. Our Federal Constitution gives the right to the people everywhere to keep and bear arms; and every law where-

by any State legislature undertakes to contravene this, being in conflict with the Constitution of the United States, had no longer any legal force. And, when it was seen that Confederate soldiers in their uniforms of gray went around to black men's houses, and took away arms which they had earned by fighting for the Union, and which had been assigned to them for honorable service, what *could* this look like but a revival of the Rebellion?

"Then, as to this matter of testimony: I believe that sound, enlightened jurists, the world over, are agreed that it is the true rule of judicial procedure to admit *all* testimony, and allow the court and jury to decide as to its value. This is the just rule with regard to atheists, to children of tender years, to persons of evil repute, to persons presumed to be half-witted, &c. Let witnesses of all sorts and characters come forward and testify, and an enlightened judge, an intelligent jury, will have no difficulty in determining the value of the evidence. We in New York have admitted the testimony even of a wife for her husband, without detriment, so far as can be ascertained, to the cause of justice. There should be *no* exclusion from a privilege so palpably just and fair as this, especially when a discretion always remains with the court and jury before whom the testimony is given to regard it favorably or otherwise. When legislatures came together in this State and others, and proceeded to enact or revive laws to establish that a black person may give testimony in controversies between two blacks, or possibly between a black and white, yet not in a suit between two whites, the common sense of the country was insulted, and its feelings outraged, by this odious and plainly arbitrary restriction. For, when you say a black is fit to give testimony in a case between a black and a white man, you must realize that he is at least as well qualified to give testimony in a controversy between two whites, where it is probable he would have no such bias or partiality as he might have if one of the parties were black.

"I say, all these laws, invidious, unnecessary, and degrading as they were, looked to the people of the North like a revival of the Rebellion in a more insidious and a good deal less manly aspect than it wore on the heights of Fredericksburg and in the valley of the Chickamauga. It looked to us at the North, as if men who had been beaten in fair, stand-up fight chose to revive the contest in such a manner that they could annoy and irritate us without exposing themselves to the perils of battle or the penalties of treason. I say that this legislation, which prevailed more or less throughout the States of the South, was one of the chief obstacles, and is one of the still remaining impediments, to an early and genuine reconstruction of the Union.

"I need not more than allude to the deplorable outrages at Memphis and New Orleans, which seemed to indicate the *animus* to this course of oppressive class-legislation. You may not probably know to how great an extent the public feeling and the elections of the North in the year 1866 were affected by what we call the New Orleans massacre. I don't care to argue or assume that those who were the victims of those outrages were entirely right, nor that their adversaries or slaughterers were wholly wrong. It was a fact that the colored people of Louisiana were trying to get the right of suffrage, and by

means which their friends thought legitimate. The other party, however, thought otherwise; and instead of referring the matter to the general in command, or to some peaceful tribunal, the reassembling of the old Constitutional Convention was made the pretext for an attack, which resulted in the slaughter of some scores of American citizens, and in a very stern, sad revulsion of public sentiment to the prejudice of those of you who had been in arms against the Union. These outrages, this unwise and invidious legislation, fixed in the minds, I will not say of a majority of the people of the North, but in the minds of a very large proportion of the wise, intelligent, and conscientious people of the North, a conviction which I think will not easily be shaken, that there can be no real peace in the Union, that there can be no true reconstruction, without the hearty admission on the part of the Southern States, and the securing on the part of the nation, of the right of all men to be governed by equal laws, and to have an equal voice in making and administering those laws. [Applause.] I will not say that we who so hold constitute a great majority of the Northern people; but I will say that we are very many more than we were prior to the anti-negro enactments of Mr. Johnson's legislatures in the Southern States, and before the outrages of 1866 at Memphis and at New Orleans. I think that, before these collisions were reported to the North, the conviction was fixed in a great many minds, as it now is in a great many more, that no reconstruction would be real and enduring which did not include guaranties for the rights of the colored people of the South; and when I say rights, I mean their equal rights with any and all other persons. [Applause by the negroes.] It is a very common remark, and a very true one, that the North is in honor bound to guarantee the liberties of the black people of this country, because of their conduct during our great war. I have no doubt that this is true; yet I deem it but half the truth. I hold the South equally bound to secure the same result, because of the conduct of the blacks toward the whites of the South in that same civil war.

"I fully admit the obligations of the North (or the nation) to the blacks. Some may exaggerate their services, others unduly depreciate them; but there was the general fact, that, whereas, in the beginning of the war, when nothing was said about emancipation, the blacks of the South shouted with their masters without knowing much about the cause of the war, yet, as the struggle proceeded and became more deadly, and the North found itself obliged to proclaim emancipation as a means of putting down the resistance at the South, the sympathies of the colored people of the South, however silently expressed, became from that hour more and more decided and unanimous on the side of the Union. They did not at first comprehend the contest; and yet thousands, from mere instinct, from what they heard at Southern barbecues and in their masters' houses, learned that the war on the part of the South was a war for slavery; and they naturally argued that the war on the part of the North either was or must become a war for freedom. [Applause.] Now, then, I say that, while the North is under obligations to those people for thousands of acts of kindness toward our soldiers, who were sometimes scattered as fugitives in a hostile territory, and for acts of positive aid on the battle field

and in the camp, the South also owes a debt of gratitude to these people for their general fidelity and good-will, as well as good sense, displayed in resisting every temptation to take advantage of their masters' extremity to achieve at any cost their own liberties. I believe Southern men will do the blacks of the South the justice to say, that very often whole neighborhoods were almost stripped of white men of any considerable force, and lay wholly at the mercy of those white men's slaves. These knew what the contest meant; they knew that they might, if they chose to do so, commit massacre, and, having desolated their masters' households, they might fly to the Yankees, by whom they reasonably hoped to be protected. But I do not know, out of the ten thousand instances where these temptations were presented, that there were even five cases in all where they were not resisted. You heard it said that Mr. Lincoln's proclamation was intended to put the knife to the throats of all the Southern whites, — that it was a general proclamation of liberty to kill and burn and ravage throughout the South. In that light, it was held up to general reprobation. I ask you all to bear witness, that this prediction was nowhere justified by the event. The colored people of the South who were still held as slaves uniformly felt that their affection for their masters and their families was such, that they would be felons and outlaws, murderers and criminals of the deepest dye, if they should take advantage of their masters' absence in the war, to abuse their families. The Southern whites ought to feel, and I trust that many of them *do* feel, gratitude toward the colored people for their general deportment throughout the war. The blacks often ran away to the Union armies and enlisted there; but they took no undue advantage of the opportunities offered by their masters' distress or their masters' absence. [Applause.]

"Fellow-citizens, there have been many instances wherein men held in slavery have been instantly or gradually, by one means or another, emancipated, but I don't remember any instance where a fettered race was liberated from slavery, and yet kept for generations in a servile, abject, degraded condition. There is the great slaveholding Empire of Brazil, — always slaveholding since it had any consequence at all, — wherein men who are slaves to-day may be free to-morrow, and thenceforth eligible to any trust, any office, being voters and citizens, precisely as though born free and white. Such was the course pursued by Great Britain in respect to the slaves emancipated in her colonies. Slavery is one thing, freedom another. But there is an intermediate condition, which is neither slavery nor liberty, that incites all the energy and aspiration of freemen, and yet involves more than half the disabilities of the slave. Such a condition as that, I believe, was never long maintained or endured in any civilized country. And yet that seems to be the condition which the dominant race in the South destined the blacks to occupy by the legislation of 1865-66, — a condition which is neither slavery nor freedom, and one which men partly educated, and who felt themselves to a certain extent emancipated, would find utterly unbearable.

"Let me here meet an objection which is sometimes offered. Some men say, 'The black people of the South are, to a great extent, ignorant and de-

graded: how then can you insist that they are qualified to enjoy all the privileges of citizens?' I say if you make ignorance a uniform ground of exclusion from political power, I can comprehend the justice of your rule, your objection. But so long as ignorance or degradation is no bar to citizenship as to white men, I protest against making it a bar to suffrage on the part of black men, who have excuses for ignorance which white men have not. [Applause.]

"But then, there are peculiar reasons why this race among us should have its liberties secured by the most stringent, firmest guaranties. They are, and must remain, to some extent, a separate and peculiar people in the land. They will be exposed at every step to perils and antipathies which other men are not, not only because of their color, but because of their weakness as well. For they are not only a minority of our people, but their numerical importance is steadily declining. When our first Federal census was taken, in 1790, they were nearly a fifth of our entire population: when our last census was taken, in 1860, they were but an eighth: and the child is now born who will see them no more than a twentieth. I do not believe that they will prove unable to hold their ground among us as freemen, nor that they will prove less prolific in freedom than in bondage. But there is no African immigration to this country, and never has been any voluntary immigration of negroes to any region outside of the tropics. They may be dragged into the temperate zone in fetters, as they have been; but in freedom, their tendency is wholly the other way. And, on the other hand, the waves of a great and steadily swelling European immigration are constantly breaking on our shores, depositing here some 250,000 persons per annum, mainly in the prime of youthful vigor. By this gigantic influx the character of our population is being constantly modified, so that the blacks, now a majority in two or three States, will soon be a minority in each, and an inconsiderable, powerless fraction of our whole people. The present, therefore, is the accepted time to secure their rights, when there is a public interest felt in them, and when there are obligations of honor incumbent upon the whole country which it cannot well disregard. Their equal rights as citizens are to be secured now or not at all. I insist, then, in the name of justice and humanity, in the name of our country, and of every righteous interest and section of that country, that the rights of all the American people — native or naturalized, born such or made such — shall be guaranteed in the State constitutions first, and in the Federal Constitution so soon as possible, — that we make it a fundamental condition of American law and policy, that every citizen shall have, in the eye of the law, every right of every other citizen. [Applause.] I would make the equal rights of the colored people of the country, under the laws and the constitutions thereof, the corner-stone of a true, beneficent reconstruction. [Applause.] I wish to be done with the topic at once and forever. I wish to have it disposed of and out of the way, so that we can go on to other topics and other interests that demand our attention. I long to say that we have settled forever the question of black men's rights by imbedding them in the constitutions of the States and the nation, so that they cannot be disturbed evermore. If this had been

promptly and heartily done two years ago, when the Johnson legislatures of the South first assembled, every State of the South would have been in the Union ere this, and every apprehension of penalties to be inflicted on the people of the South would have been banished forever.

"But it is said that there are Republican States, or States under Republican rulers, which have not granted to the blacks their full rights. That is disgracefully true. The great mass of the Republicans have always insisted that black enfranchisement was a necessity, and have uniformly insisted that it should be effected. We have been resisted, and to some extent overborne, by a mere shred of our party combining with the Democrats to defeat us. Still, public sentiment has steadily improved, until nearly every Republican in the North, with many who have acted with the Democrats, now heartily favor a national guaranty of all rights to all. [Applause.]

"If there be any who think the Republican party ought to be dissolved, — if there be one present who desires that it should get out of the way to give room for new combinations, — I say to him, help us to finish this controversy by imbedding in every constitution (State or national) a provision that every citizen shall have all the legal rights of every other citizen, and no more. Let us be done with this matter, and then we can move on to what may be the next question in order. [Applause.]

"I come now to proscription as another obstacle, impediment, or whatever you may choose to call it, to the reconciliation of the Southern people to the Union. It is asked, and very cogently, 'How can you expect us to be reconciled to a government which denies us the right to vote or to hold office under it?' A very fair question. In my judgment, there is no reason why any man who, to-day, is a thoroughly loyal and faithful citizen of the United States, should be restrained from voting. This, however, is a matter which rests entirely with Congress; and what I offer are my own private views. It is just and wise to disfranchise men who are still disloyal, and who desire that disloyal men should obtain the mastery of this country. I deny that those who are implacably hostile to the national authority, — who are wandering off to Brazil, to Mexico, &c. — have any natural right to a voice in the government of the country. And that there is a class in the South who merely submit or acquiesce, — who are reconciled only so far that they don't choose to put themselves in the way of punishment, — there can be very little doubt. I hope the number of this class is comparatively small now, and that it is daily diminishing. May I not hope that the doings in this city this week have contributed somewhat to diminish its numbers? The government should see that these dissatisfied men have no control in the country. The people should deny to any man who would divide the country, or refuses to be reconciled to it, a share in its government. I accept the proscription embodied in the military reconstruction act of Congress, only as a precaution against *present* disloyalty; and I believe the nation will insist on such proscription being removed, so soon as reasonable and proper assurances are given that disloyalty has ceased to be powerful and dangerous in the Southern States.

"Then as to the question of confiscation, what is to be said? What is the

truth about confiscation? I have been told, since I came here, that the colored people of this city and the State were refusing to buy for themselves homes, because they were imbued with the belief that Congress would very soon confiscate and distribute the lands of the Rebels of this State, and give each of them a share. If this be so, I beg you to believe that you are more likely to earn a home than get one by any form of confiscation. I have no right to speak for Congress, and cannot say what it will do; but I have a right to say what Congress *has* done. Now we have had, since the war closed, two years of violent political contest. Acts have been done and feelings evinced in the South within those years which were strongly calculated to irritate the overwhelming majority in Congress. Then there has been at the head — perhaps I should say the head and foot — of the movement for confiscation the very ablest as well as the oldest member of Congress, Thaddeus Stevens of Pennsylvania, one of the strongest men who has been seen in Congress at any time, and who has achieved great influence at the North by forty years of uncompromising warfare against every species of human bondage. He has been the recognized leader of the House for the last six or eight years. Mr. Stevens has made speeches for confiscation, first, to his constituents; next, in Congress; and he has lately written a letter condemning those men who are 'peddling out amnesty,' and insisting upon confiscation. But if any other member of Congress has gravely proposed any measure of confiscation at all, I don't remember the fact; and if any committee of either house has reported any scheme of confiscation since the close of the war, I am not aware of it. I say no bill has been even reported which proposed to take away the property of persons merely because they have been Rebels, and give it to others because they were loyal. These are the facts in the past. You can judge of the future as well as I can. I don't mean to say that Congress could not be provoked to decree confiscation by menaces of violence and acts of outrage at the South. I don't pretend to know what Congress may do under some conceivable circumstances; I state what it has done and has intimated its purpose to do, so far as I can speak from knowledge and recollection.

"Let me speak for myself only as to the general policy of confiscation. If half the vacant, waste lands of the South could be *instantly* distributed among the landless, I have no doubt that the effect would be beneficent. I think that such an allotment of a small farm to every poor man would do good to the many and no real harm to the few. But, when you come to the practical work of confiscation, it will be found a very tedious process that years would be required to consummate. And, meantime, what is to become of those who must live by their daily labor? Who is to fence and cultivate the land? What is to become of the great mass of the poor who must live by cultivating the earth? When we reflect upon the general devastation of the South, by reason of the turmoil and ravage of war, and consider how all industry would be paralyzed by the prospect and the process of confiscation, we shall realize that inevitable evils of confiscation are too great to justify an experiment of this character. In my judgment, any general confiscation will produce general bankruptcy and desolating famine. I judge that the evils of such confiscation exceed all that have been experienced by the country in all its past convulsions.

"Again: Mr. Stevens proposes to pay five hundred million dollars into the treasury by a 'mild process of confiscation.' I do not know what could be done in this way; but I am very confident that all the confiscations that have ever taken place since men first went to war have not altogether resulted in putting five hundred million dollars into the public treasuries of nations. I do not speak of those confiscations whereby some great conquerors seized and appropriated the treasures and jewels of an Oriental king; I speak of the confiscation of individual property in the shape of lands and houses. Individuals have grown enormously rich by confiscation, have secured to themselves dukedoms and principalities; but they were the men who worked the machinery [applause and laughter]; the great mass derived no benefit, or very little, from their plunder. How much better are our functionaries to-day?

"Now, as to providing poor men with lands by any such process as this. I admit the premise that the poor should have lands. I have for many years advocated the policy of allowing every poor man to help himself to a portion of the public lands upon the easiest terms. There are hundreds of millions of acres still belonging to the Republic in the South as well as in the North and West, — in Louisiana, Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas, as well as in States farther north. These lands are public property, and one hundred and sixty acres of them are offered to actual settlers on the payment of ten dollars, which is charged to cover the expense of surveys, deeds, &c. I have always been in favor of encouraging settlement upon the public lands, and I am of the opinion now that it will be easier and much wiser for the colored man to acquire a home in this form than be vainly awaiting the possible chance of acquiring one by confiscation.

"I may speak confidently of what has occurred in other lands; and I say confidently that confiscation has rarely or never aided the poor to secure homes any more than it has filled treasuries. It has bred deadly feuds and perpetuated class hatreds. Many of the lands confiscated in Ireland two centuries ago by Cromwell are yet the occasion of strife and bitterness: the heirs of the original owners believing themselves to-day justly entitled to those lands, and that any means of recovering them, rebellion inclusive, would be justifiable.

"I believe no man who is the true friend of our colored people would advise them to help themselves to the lands which had been wrested from their white neighbors by confiscation. I will not further insist upon the fact that confiscation shrivels and paralyzes the industry of the whole community subjected to its influence; but, in my judgment, if all the property of the Southern States were taken by confiscation to-morrow, and put up at auction, you could not get five hundred millions of dollars out of it and into the treasury. How fraud and perjury would flourish, what mountains of falsehood would be conjured up by the presence of general confiscation, I need not say. Instantly, every one who apprehended danger to his property would make a sham sale or transfer of it to some loyal cousin or nephew whom he thinks he can trust, to be kept until the proper time for its safe restoration; when he might find that his trusted relative had concluded to keep it. So it has been, so it would be. All manner of deceit, fraud, corruption, and miscellaneous iniquity flourishes in the presence of any attempt at general confiscation.

"I do not approve of appeals to any particular class, and I make no claim to be a special friend of the colored people; but this I say, friends and countrymen, since I have been here I have been more than ever before impressed with the exceeding cheapness of Virginia lands. I believe there are lands selling to-day near this city at ten dollars per acre, which will be worth in a few years ten times that price; and I say to all, if you can buy lands in Virginia and pay for them, buy them; for they are certain to be dearer in the early future. I am confident buying lands is the cheapest way of getting them. I am confident that buying these lands is the cheapest possible mode of securing a homestead. Carlyle says that the great mistake of Rob Roy was his failure to realize that he could obtain his beef cheaper in the grass market of Glasgow than by harrying the lowlands; and he will repeat that mistake who fails to secure a farm by purchase to-day in Virginia, because he hopes to obtain one under some future act of confiscation.

"I urge you, poor men of Virginia, whether white or black, to secure yourselves homes of your own forthwith. If you can buy them here, do so, before the coming influx of immigration shall have rendered lands too dear. If not, strike off to the public lands, South, North, and West, and hew out for yourselves homes as my ancestors did in New Hampshire, and as millions have done throughout the country. Become land-owners, all of you, so soon as you may. Own something which you can call a home. It will give you a deeper feeling of independence and of self-respect, and do not wait to obtain a home by confiscation. [Applause.]

"'Well,' says a Conservative, 'what you mean by all your talk is, that we may get back to self-government and representation in Congress, if we all become Republicans and vote the Radical ticket.' No, sir, I do not mean that. I heartily wish you *were* all Republicans; for I believe the Republican party, while it has made some mistakes, and includes perhaps its fair share of the fools and rascals, does yet embody the nobler instincts and more generous aspirations of the American people. But many of you are not Republicans; and I do not seek the votes of these for my ticket, except in so far as they shall be heartily converted to my faith. I expect the rest to vote what they call the Conservative ticket; and I ask of them only: 1. That they interpose no obstacle to any man's voting the Republican ticket who wants to; and, 2. That they select from their own ranks men who can take the oath prescribed by Congress, so that their choice shall nowise embarrass nor impede an early and complete reconstruction. Your way to restoration lies through the gate of obedience, and I entreat you to take it promptly and heartily.

"Men of Virginia! I entreat you to forget the years of slavery, and secession, and civil war, now happily past, in the hopeful contemplation of the better days of freedom and union and peace, now opening before you. Forget that some of you have been masters, others slaves, — some for disunion, others against it, — and remember only that you are Virginians, and all now and henceforth freemen. Bear in mind that your State is the heart of a great Republic, not the frontier of a weaker Confederacy, and that your unequalled combination of soil, timber, minerals, and water-power fairly entitle you to a

population of five millions before the close of this century. Consider that the natural highway of empire — the shortest and easiest route from the Atlantic to the heart of the great valley — lies up the James River and down the Kanawha, and that this city, with its mill-power superior to any other in our country but that of St. Anthony's Falls on the Mississippi, ought to insure you a speedy development of manufactures surpassing any Lowell or Lawrence, with a population of at least half a million, before the close of this century. I exhort you, then, Republicans and Conservatives, whites and blacks, to bury the dead past in mutual and hearty good-will, and in a general, united effort to promote the prosperity and exalt the glory of our long-distracted and bleeding, but henceforth reunited, magnificent country!"

If there were those among the Republicans of the Northern States who disliked to see the editor of the Tribune assisting in the release of Jefferson Davis, there were none who could be insensible to the good sense and humanity of the speech which he was thus enabled to deliver in the capital of the late Confederacy. It appears to have astonished the people of Richmond, who have been hating an imaginary Horace Greeley for twenty-five years, to find that he was a human being. "We would not object," said the Richmond Whig, "to have him upon the jury if we were to be tried."

Upon his return to New York, Mr. Greeley discovered that a large number of the Republican journals were criticising his conduct with severity, while others were damning him with faint praise. The action of some members of the Union League Club of the city of New York, of which he is a member, called out the following letter: —

"BY THESE PRESENTS, GREETING!

"To Messrs. George W. Blunt, John A. Kennedy, John O. Stone, Stephen Hyatt, and thirty others, members of the Union League Club: —

"Gentlemen: — I was favored, on the 16th instant, by an official note from our ever-courteous President, John Jay, notifying me that a requisition had been presented to him for 'a special meeting of the Club at an early day, for the purpose of taking into consideration the conduct of Horace Greeley, a member of the club, who has become a bondsman for Jefferson Davis, late chief officer of the Rebel government.' Mr. Jay continues: —

"'As I have reason to believe that the signers, or some of them, disapprove of the conduct which they propose the Club shall consider, it is clearly due

both to the Club and to yourself, that you should have the opportunity of being heard on the subject; I beg, therefore, to ask on what evening it will be convenient for you that I call the meeting,' &c., &c.

"In my prompt reply I requested the President to give *you* reasonable time for reflection, but assured him that *I* wanted none; since I should not attend the meeting, nor ask any friend to do so, and should make no defence, nor offer aught in the way of self-vindication. I am sure my friends in the Club will not construe this as implying disrespect; but it is not my habit to take part in any discussions which may arise among other gentlemen as to my fitness to enjoy their society. That is their affair altogether, and to them I leave it.

"The single point whereon I have any occasion or wish to address you is your virtual implication that there is something novel, unexpected, astounding, in my conduct in the matter suggested by you as the basis of your action. I choose not to rest under this assumption, but to prove that you, being persons of ordinary intelligence, must know better. On this point I cite you to a scrutiny of the record: —

"The surrender of General Lee was made known in this city at 11 P. M. of Sunday, April 9, 1865, and fitly announced in the Tribune of next morning, April 10th. *On that very day* I wrote, and next morning printed in these columns, a leader entitled 'Magnanimity in Triumph,' wherein I said: —

"'We hear men say: "Yes, forgive the great mass of those who have been misled into rebellion, but punish the leaders as they deserve." But who can accurately draw the line between leaders and followers in the premises? By what test shall they be discriminated? . . . . Where is your touchstone of leadership? We know of none.

"'Nor can we agree with those who would punish the original plotters of secession, yet spare their ultimate and scarcely willing converts. On the contrary, while we would revive or inflame resentment against none of them, we feel far less antipathy to the original upholders of "the resolutions of '98," — to the disciples of Calhoun and McDuffie, — to the nullifiers of 1832, and the "State Rights" men of 1850, — than to the John Bells, Humphrey Marshalls, and Alexander H. H. Stuarts, who were schooled in the national faith, and who, in becoming disunionists and Rebels, trampled on the professions of a lifetime, and spurned the logic wherewith they had so often unanswerably demonstrated that secession was treason. . . . . We consider Jefferson Davis this day a less culpable traitor than John Bell.

"'But we cannot believe it wise or well to take the life of *any man* who shall

have submitted to the national authority. The execution of even *one* such would be felt as a personal stigma by every one who had ever aided the Rebel cause. Each would say to himself, "I am as culpable as he; we differ only in that I am deemed of comparatively little consequence." A single Confederate led out to execution would be evermore enshrined in a million hearts as a conspicuous hero and martyr. We cannot realize that it would be wholesome or safe — we are sure it would not be magnanimous — to give the overpowered disloyalty of the South such a shrine. Would the throne of the house of Hanover stand more firmly had Charles Edward been caught and executed after Culloden? Is Austrian domination in Hungary more stable to-day for the hanging of Nagy Sandor and his twelve compatriots after the surrender of Vilagos?

"'We plead against passions certain to be at this moment fierce and intolerant; but on our side are the ages and the voice of history. We plead for a restoration of the Union, against a policy which would afford a momentary gratification at the cost of years of perilous hate and bitterness. . . . .

"'Those who invoke military execution for the vanquished, or even for their leaders, we suspect will not generally be found among the few who have long been exposed to unjust odium as haters of the South, because they abhorred slavery. And, as to the long-oppressed and degraded blacks, — so lately the slaves, destined still to be the neighbors, and (we trust) at no distant day the fellow-citizens of the Southern whites, — we are sure that their voice, could it be authentically uttered, would ring out decidedly, sonorously, on the side of clemency, of humanity.'

"On the next day I had some more in this spirit, and on the 13th, an elaborate leader, entitled 'Peace, — Punishment,' in the course of which I said: —

"'The New York Times, doing injustice to its own sagacity in a characteristic attempt to sail between wind and water, says: "Let us hang Jefferson Davis and spare the rest." . . . . We do not concur in the advice. Davis did not devise nor instigate the Rebellion; on the contrary, he was one of the latest and most reluctant of the notables of the Cotton States to renounce definitively the Union. His prominence is purely official and representative: the only reason for hanging him is that you therein condemn and stigmatize more persons than in hanging any one else. There is not an ex-Rebel in the world — no matter how penitent — who will not have unpleasant sensations about the neck on the day when the Confederate President is to be hung. And to what good end?

"'We insist that this matter must not be regarded in any narrow aspect. We are most anxious to secure the assent of the South to emancipation; not that assent which the condemned gives to being hung when he shakes hands with his jailer and thanks him for past acts of kindness; but that hearty assent which can only be won by magnanimity. Perhaps the Rebels, as a body would have given, even one year ago, as large and as hearty a vote for hanging the writer of this article as any other man living; hence, it more especially

seems to him important to prove that the civilization based on free labor is of a higher and humaner type than that based on slavery. We cannot realize that the gratification to enure to our friends from the hanging of any one man or fifty men, should be allowed to outweigh this consideration.'

"On the following day I wrote again: —

"'We entreat the President promptly to do and dare in the cause of magnanimity. The Southern mind is now open to kindness, and may be magnetically affected by generosity. Let assurance at once be given that there is to be a general amnesty and *no* general confiscation. This is none the less the dictate of wisdom, because it is also the dictate of mercy. What we ask is, that the President say in effect, "Slavery having, through rebellion, committed suicide, let the North and the South unite to bury the carcass, and then clasp hands across the grave."'

"The evening of that day witnessed that most appalling calamity, the murder of President Lincoln, which seemed in an instant to curdle all the milk of human kindness in twenty millions of American breasts. At once insidious efforts were set on foot to turn the fury thus engendered against me, because of my pertinacious advocacy of mercy to the vanquished. Chancing to enter the Club-House the next (Saturday) evening, I received a full broadside of your scowls, ere we listened to a clerical harangue intended to prove that Mr. Lincoln had been providentially removed because of his notorious leanings toward clemency, in order to make way for a successor who would give the Rebels a full measure of stern justice. I was soon made to comprehend that I had no sympathizers — or none who dared seem such — in your crowded assemblage. And some maladroit admirer having, a few days afterward, made the Club a present of my portrait, its bare reception was resisted in a speech from the chair by your then President, — a speech whose vigorous invective was justified solely by my pleadings for lenity to the Rebels.

"At once a concerted howl of denunciation and rage was sent up from every side against me by the little creatures whom God, for some inscrutable purpose, permits to edit a majority of our minor journals, echoed by a yell of 'Stop my paper!' from thousands of imperfectly instructed readers of the Tribune. One impudent puppy wrote me to answer categorically whether I was or was not in favor of hanging Jefferson Davis, adding that I must stop his paper if I were not! Scores volunteered assurances that I was defying public opinion; that most of my readers were against me; as

if I could be induced to write what they wished said rather than what they needed to be told. I never before realized so vividly the baseness of the editorial vocation, according to the vulgar conception of it. The din raised about my ears now is nothing to that I then endured and despised. I am humiliated by the reflection that it is (or was) in the power of such insects to annoy me, even by pretending to discover with surprise something that I have for years been publicly, emphatically proclaiming.

"I must hurry over much that deserves a paragraph, to call your attention distinctly to occurrences in November last. Upon the Republicans having, by desperate effort, handsomely carried our State against a formidable-looking combination of recent and venomous apostates with our natural adversaries, a cry arose from several quarters that I ought to be chosen United States Senator. At once, kind, discreet friends swarmed about me, whispering, 'Only keep still about *universal amnesty*, and your election is certain. Just be quiet a few weeks, and you can say what you please thereafter. You have no occasion to speak now.' I slept on the well-meant suggestion, and deliberately concluded that I could not, in justice to myself, defer to it. I could not purchase office by even passive, negative dissimulation. No man should be enabled to say to me, in truth, 'If I had supposed you would persist in your rejected, condemned amnesty hobby, I would not have given you my vote.' So I wrote and published, on the 27th of that month, my manifesto entitled 'The True Basis of Reconstruction,' wherein, repelling the idea that I proposed a dicker with the ex-Rebels, I explicitly said:—

"'I am for universal amnesty, so far as immunity from fear of punishment or confiscation is concerned, even though impartial suffrage should, for the present, be defeated. I *did* think it desirable that Jefferson Davis should be arraigned and tried for treason; and it still seems to me that this might properly have been done many months ago. But it was not done then; and now I believe it would result in far more evil than good. It would rekindle passions that have nearly burned out or been hushed to sleep; it would fearfully convulse and agitate the South; it would arrest the progress of reconciliation and kindly feeling there; it would cost a large sum directly, and a far larger indirectly; and, unless the jury were scandalously packed, it would result in a non-agreement or no verdict. I can imagine no good end to be subserved by such a trial; and, holding Davis neither better nor worse than several others, would have him treated as they are.'

"Is it conceivable that men who can read, and who were made

aware of this declaration, — for most of you were present and shouted approval of Mr. Fessenden's condemnation of my views at the Club, two or three evenings thereafter, — can now pretend that my aiding to have Davis bailed is something novel and unexpected?

"Gentlemen, I shall not attend your meeting this evening. I have an engagement out of town, and shall keep it. I do not recognize you as capable of judging, or even fully apprehending me. You evidently regard me as a weak sentimentalist, misled by a maudlin philosophy. I arraign you as narrow-minded blockheads, who would like to be useful to a great and good cause, but don't know how. Your attempt to base a great, enduring party on the hate and wrath necessarily engendered by a bloody civil war, is as though you should plant a colony on an iceberg which had somehow drifted into a tropical ocean. I tell you here, that, out of a life earnestly devoted to the good of human kind, your children will select my going to Richmond and signing that bail-bond as the wisest act, and will feel that it did more for freedom and humanity than all of you were competent to do, though you had lived to the age of Methuselah.

"I ask nothing of you, then, but that you proceed to your end by a direct, frank, manly way. Don't sidle off into a mild resolution of censure, but move the expulsion which you purposed, and which I deserve, if I deserve any reproach whatever. All I care for is, that you make this a square, stand-up fight, and record your judgment by yeas and nays. I care not how few vote with me, nor how many vote against me; for I know that the latter will repent it in dust and ashes before three years have passed. Understand, once for all, that I dare you and defy you, and that I propose to fight it out on the line that I have held from the day of Lee's surrender. So long as any man was seeking to overthrow our government, he was my enemy; from the hour in which he laid down his arms, he was my formerly erring countryman. So long as any is at heart opposed to the national unity, the Federal authority, or to that assertion of the equal rights of all men which has become practically identified with loyalty and nationality, I shall do my best to deprive him of power; but, whenever he ceases to be thus, I demand his restoration to all the privileges of American citizenship. I give you fair notice, that I shall urge the re-enfranchisement of those now proscribed for rebellion so soon as I shall

feel confident that this course is consistent with the freedom of the blacks and the unity of the Republic, and that I shall demand a recall of all now in exile only for participating in the Rebellion, whenever the country shall have been so thoroughly pacified that its safety will not thereby be endangered. And so, gentlemen, hoping that you will henceforth comprehend me somewhat better than you have done, I remain,

"Yours,

"HORACE GREELEY.

"NEW YORK, May 23, 1867."

The meeting of the Club was held at the time appointed, and continued in session for nearly four hours. Two hundred members were present. The following resolutions were moved: —

"*Whereas*, It is declared in the articles of association of the Union League Club, that 'the primary object of the association shall be to discountenance and rebuke, by moral and social influences, all disloyalty to the Federal government,' and that 'to that end the members will use every proper means in public and private'; and

"*Whereas*, Jefferson Davis has been known by all loyal men as the ruling spirit of that band of conspirators who urged the Southern States into rebellion; as the chief enemy of the Republic, not more from the position which he occupied in the Rebel Confederacy than from the vindictive character of his official acts and utterances during four years of desolating civil war; and as one who knew of, if he did not instigate, a treatment of prisoners of war unwarranted by any possible circumstances, unparalleled in the annals of civilized nations, and which, there is abundant evidence to prove, was deliberately devised for the purpose of destroying them; and

"*Whereas*, Horace Greeley, a member of this Club, has seen fit to become a bondsman for this man, whose efforts were for many years directed to the overthrow of our government; therefore

"*Resolved*, That this Club would do injustice to its past record, and to the high principle embodied in its articles of association, should it fail to express regret that one of its members had consented to perform an act of this nature.

"*Resolved*, That this Club, while ready and anxious to vindicate the law of the land, cannot forget that there is also a sense of public decency to which it must defer; and that no one of its members, however eminent his services may have been in the cause of liberty and loyalty, can give aid and comfort to Jefferson Davis without offering a cruel insult to the memory of the thousands of our countrymen who perished, the victims of his ambition.

"*Resolved*, That the Union League Club disapprove of the act of Horace Greeley, in becoming the bondsman of Jefferson Davis.

"*Resolved*, That these resolutions be published in the newspapers of this city, and that a copy of them be sent to Mr. Greeley."

These resolutions were not adopted. The following was proposed, and received a majority of the votes of those present: —

"*Resolved*, That there is nothing in the action of Horace Greeley, relative to the bailing of Jefferson Davis, calling for proceedings in this Club"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Horace Greeley upon poetry and the poets—He objects to being enrolled among the poets—His advice to a country editor—His religious opinions—Upon marriage and divorce—His idea of an American college—How he would bequeath an estate—How he became a protectionist—Advice to ambitious young men—To the lovers of knowledge—To young lawyers and doctors—To country merchants—How far he is a politician—A toast—Reply to begging letters.

From a great heap of clippings, which have been accumulating for many years, I select a few which throw light upon the character of the man.

HIS PECULIAR OPINIONS RESPECTING POETRY

One of Mr. Greeley's lectures is upon poetry and poets, and it contains some opinions so curious and original that I insert an outline of it: —

"All men, he said, are born poets; not that he meant to imply that every cradle held an undeveloped Shakespeare, — far from it. But it was not the less true that young children were poets. The child who thought the stars were gimlet-holes to let the glory of heaven through, was a poet. The uncorrupted child instinctively perceives the poetic element in nature. Every close observer must have noticed how naturally the unschooled child comes to talk poetically. Emerson says the man who first called another a puppy or an ass was a poet, discerning in those animals the likeness of the individual, symbolic of his moral nature. Imagination and the poetic element are ever most fertile in the youth, whether of men or nations, and to this might be ascribed that wild extravagance of our popular stories, — of the land being so fertile that if you planted a crow-bar overnight, in the morning it would be sprouting forth iron spikes and tenpenny nails, or of the pumpkin-vine that grew so fast that it outran the steed of the astonished traveller. The Englishman was so fenced in by forms and rules and conventionalities, that the poetic element was choked out of him. Hence, the English poets were more appreciated in America than in England, and there were more Americans who read Scott and Byron, and, he believed, Shakespeare, than there were Englishmen.

"The most vulgar error of a vulgar mind, with respect to poetry, was the confounding it with verse, or with even rhyme. Fond mothers would take from some secret drawer the cherished productions of her children, imagining that because they were in rhyme they were therefore poetry, when indeed

there was no more poetry in them than in an invitation to pass the baked potatoes. To the fresh, unhackneyed soul, rhyme was as repulsive as a fools-cap and bells. Many of the best poems were not written metrically. Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress was the epic of Methodism, but he wrote hideous doggerel when he attempted verse, as the introduction to that work proved. There can scarcely be a surer proof that a youth has ceased to be a poet than when he begins to rhyme. Yet the poet of our day must be a vassal to the onerous rule. A wild colt of a young bardling will now and then spurn the yoke, as Donald Clark did, and Walt Whitman is doing; but the latter, though he had received the commendation of one of our greatest poets, would never receive sufficient notice from the critics to be knocked in the head by a volume of the Edinburgh Review.

"The Book of Job the lecturer considered the simplest, grandest, as well as oldest of pastoral poems. David, the warrior-king, had bequeathed to us psalms in which were to be found a more fitting interpretation of our aspirations and spiritual needs than in all the religious poets of the intervening ages. He reigns King of Psalmody till time shall be no more.

"Of Greek poetry Mr. Greeley said he had no right to say much. The Greek epic held substantially the place of the modern novel. Greek life, as depicted by Homer, was rude and stern, and not distinguished for its virtues. About the merit of Homer's poems, it might be imprudent to contradict the verdict of scholars who ranked them so high, but he would secretly cherish his own opinion. Where was the youth, in England or this country, who sought a translation of the Iliad for amusing reading? There were ten copies of the Arabian Nights read for one of Homer. Still, we must be grateful to the epic for originating tragedy. Æschylus was the lineal child of Homer.

"Of the Romans the lecturer said that they were never a poetic people. They had Horace, an Epicurean, philosophizing in verse; Juvenal, a biting satirist; Virgil, a weaver of legendary lore,—but the compositions of these writers smell of the land, while from the Augustan age to Dante there was nothing worth reading. One must be as devout a Catholic as Dante to enjoy his Inferno.

"Proceeding to the consideration of English poetry, Mr. Greeley had nothing to say in favor of Chaucer or Spenser. Whoever, he asked, sat down to read them otherwise than as a task? For his part, he voted the Faerie Queene a bore. Let the gathering dust bury it out of sight.

"Shakespeare he did not love, because of his Toryism, but was not insensible to his wonderful genius. His puns were, in the lecturer's opinion, mostly detestable, and his jokes sorry. He was an intense Tory. No autocrat born in the purple had a more thorough contempt for the rabble. With Shakespeare only the court cards counted. His world was bounded by the fogs of London and the palace of Whitehall. He must have heard Raleigh and Drake, and other adventurous spirits, who had visited America, talk of the New World, and yet he never referred to any portion of it, except in that inaccurate allusion 'the still-vexed Bermoothes.' He was no friend of the people. He saw in the million only the counters wherewith kings and nobles played

their games, and he did not recognize the possibility of their becoming anything else. Mr. Greeley would not say which was the greater poet, but he would say that Milton was the better man. There was not a single passage in Shakespeare which did his manhood such honor as Milton's two sonnets on his blindness.

"Of the English poets, after Milton and prior to the present century, Pope alone was deserving of mention. Not that he was a poet at all, but a very respectable philosopher. Of Goldsmith, Thomson, Gray, Young, Cowper, it might be said that they were not poets, but essayists and sermonizers. They have produced nothing which mankind could not well spare. Let them quietly sink into oblivion.

"Mr. Greeley gave Burns the praise of having written true poetry, after the age had been satiated with a heap of mediocre or worthless verse. In his poems might be found the fitting answer of the dumb millions to the taunts and slurs of Shakespeare.

"Of the present poetical era Keats was the morning star. Byron held the highest place among modern poets, though the influence of much that he had written was bad. As Goethe could not have modelled his Mephistopheles on Byron's life, it had been said that Byron must have modelled his life on Goethe's Mephistopheles. Byron's life has never yet been properly written, and it would indeed be a difficult task to write a life of him that would suit the Sunday schools.

"Coleridge, Rogers, Southey, Campbell, — with the exception of one or two little poems of each, — literature, the lecturer thought, could spare them all. Wordsworth was a remarkable instance of tenacity. He began his poetical life with a theory, and, though possessed of no remarkable powers, he persisted in his theory, and finally conquered his critics. The credit of that theory, however, was not so much due to Wordsworth as to Mrs. Hemans, whose poetry Mr. Greeley greatly praised.

"Of Hood he spoke in high terms. Tennyson he lauded warmly, instancing the In Memoriam, The Princess, and Maud as foremost among the gems of English literature.

"Of Robert Browning he said the reading public knows too little. Even in England he startled some of his judicious friends by saying that he was not inferior to Tennyson. He especially indicated the Blot in the Scutcheon, Pippa Passes, and Paracelsus as among the best poems of the century. Elizabeth Barrett Browning, the wife of Robert, received due praise from Mr. Greeley, especially for her poem of Aurora Leigh."

HE OBJECTS TO BEING ENROLLED AMONG THE POETS. — HORACE GREELEY TO ROBERT BONNER.

"New York, February, 1859.

"Mr. Bonner: — I perceive by your Ledger that you purpose to publish a volume (or perhaps several volumes) made up of poems

not contained in Mr. Dana's Household Book of Poetry, and I heartily wish success to your enterprise. There *are* genuine poems of moderate length which cannot be found in that collection, excellent as it palpably is, and superior in value, as I deem it, to any predecessor or yet extant rival. There are, moreover, some genuine poets whose names do not figure in Mr. Dana's double index; and I thank you for undertaking to render them justice; only take care not to neutralize or nullify your chivalrous championship by burying them under a cartload of rhymed rubbish, such as my great namesake plausibly averred that neither gods nor men can abide, and you will have rendered literature a service and done justice to slighted merit.

"But, Mr. Bonner, be good enough — you *must* — to exclude *me* from your new poetic Pantheon. I have no business therein, — no right and no desire to be installed there. I am no poet, never was (in expression), and never shall be. True, I wrote some verses in my callow days, as I presume most persons who can make intelligible pen-marks have done; but I was never a poet, even in the mists of deluding fancy. All my verses, I trust, would not fill one of your pages; they were mainly written under the spur of some local or personal incitement, which long ago passed away. Though in structure metrical, they were in essence prosaic: they were read by few, and those few have kindly forgotten them. Within the last ten years I have been accused of all possible and some impossible offences against good taste, good morals, and the common weal, — I have been branded aristocrat, communist, infidel, hypocrite, demagogue, disunionist, traitor, corruptionist, &c., &c., — but I cannot remember that any one has flung in my face my youthful transgressions in the way of rhyme. Do not, then, accord to the malice of my many enemies this forgotten means of annoyance. Let the dead rest! and let me enjoy the reputation which I covet and deserve, of knowing poetry from prose, which the ruthless resurrection of my verses would subvert, since the undiscerning majority would blindly infer that *I* considered them poetry. Let me up!

"Thine,

"HORACE GREELEY."

HORACE GREELEY'S ADVICE TO A COUNTRY EDITOR.

"NEW YORK, April 3, 1860.

"FRIEND FLETCHER: — I have a line from you, informing me that you are about to start a paper at Sparta, and hinting that a line from me for its first issue would be acceptable. Allow me, then, as one who spent his most hopeful and observant years in a country printing-office, and who sincerely believes that the art of conducting country (or city) newspapers has not yet obtained its ultimate perfection, to set before you a few hints on making up an interesting and popular gazette for a rural district like yours.

"I. Begin with a clear conception that the subject of deepest interest to an average human being is himself; next to that, he is most concerned about his neighbors. Asia and the Tongo Islands stand a long way after these in his regard. It does seem to me that most country journals are oblivious as to these vital truths. If you will, so soon as may be, secure a wide-awake, judicious correspondent in each village and township of your county, — some young lawyer, doctor, clerk in a store, or assistant in a post-office, — who will promptly send you whatever of moment occurs in his vicinity, and will make up at least half your journal of local matter thus collected, nobody in the county can long do without it. Do not let a new church be organized, or new members be added to one already existing, a farm be sold, a new house be raised, a mill be set in motion, a store be opened, nor anything of interest to a dozen families occur, without having the fact duly though briefly chronicled in your columns. If a farmer cuts a big tree, or grows a mammoth beet, or harvests a bounteous yield of wheat or corn, set forth the fact as concisely and unexceptionably as possible. In due time, obtain and print a brief historical and statistical account of each township, — who first settled in it, who have been its prominent citizens, who attained advanced years therein, &c. Record every birth as well as every marriage and death. In short, make your paper a perfect mirror of everything done in your county that its citizens ought to know; and, whenever a farm is sold, try to ascertain what it brought at previous sales, and how it has been managed meantime. One year of this, faithfully followed up, will fix the value of each farm in the county, and render it as easily determined as that of a bushel of corn.

"II. Take an earnest and active, if not a leading, part in the

advancement of home industry. Do your utmost to promote not only an annual county Fair, but town Fairs as well. Persuade each farmer and mechanic to send something to such Fairs, though it be a pair of well-made shoes from the one or a good ear of corn from the other. If any one undertakes a new branch of industry in the county, especially if it be a manufacture, do not wait to be solicited, but hasten to give him a helping hand. Ask the people to buy his flour, or starch, or woollens, or boots, or whatever may be his product, if it be good, in preference to any that may be brought into the county to compete with him. Encourage and aid him to the best of your ability. By persevering in this course a few years, you will largely increase the population of your county and the value of every acre of its soil.

"III. Don't let the politicians and aspirants of the county own you. They may be clever fellows, as they often are; but, if you keep your eyes open, you will see something that they seem blind to, and must speak out accordingly. Do your best to keep the number of public trusts, the amount of official emoluments, and the consequent rate of taxation other than for common schools, as low as may be. Remember that — in addition to the radical righteousness of the thing — the tax-payers take many more papers than the tax-consumers.

"I would like to say more, but am busied excessively. That you may deserve and achieve success is the earnest prayer of

"Yours, truly,

"HORACE GREELEY.

"Tribune Office, New York."

HIS RELIGIOUS OPINIONS.

"NEW YORK, Sunday, February 10, 1855.

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR: —

"MY DEAR SIR: — I find in your issue of this date an extract from the Rome Excelsior, asserting that I am *not* a Universalist, to which you have appended an explicit denial. I could have wished that no necessity for such denial had arisen, and I am very sure that the Excelsior intended to state the truth. Yet its assertion, on whatever incidental expression or conversation it may have been based, is certainly erroneous. I have for thirty years earnestly hoped and believed that our Father in heaven will, in his

own good time, bring the whole human race into a state of willing and perfect reconciliation to himself and obedience to his laws, — consequently one of complete and unending happiness. But as to the time when and the means whereby this consummation is to be attained, I have no immovable conviction; though my views have generally accorded nearly with those held by the Unitarian Restorationists. In other words, I believe that the moral character formed in this life will be that in which we shall awake in the life to come, and that many die so deeply stained and tainted by lives of transgression and depravity, that a tedious and painful discipline must precede and prepare for their admission to the realms of eternal purity and bliss. I can only guess that the Excelsior's article was based upon some conversation in which this *exposé* of my belief was prominently set forth. And yet I cannot recollect that I ever changed a word with its editor on the subject of theology.

"Your statement that I am a member of Mr. Chapin's church organization, and a communicant therein, impels me to say that, though a member of his society from the day of his settlement among us, I am *not* technically a member of his church, but of that in Orchard Street, in which I was a pew-holder, until Dr. Sawyer's removal from our city to Clinton, when I attached myself to the society which is now Mr. Chapin's. And, believing the ordinance of the Lord's Supper, as now celebrated among us, a fearful impediment to the progress and triumph of the principle of total abstinence from all that can intoxicate, I have for some time past felt it my duty to abstain from it, awaiting and hoping for the day when Christians of every name shall realize that the blood of our Saviour is not truly represented by the compounds of vile and poisonous drugs commonly sold here as wine, nor yet by any liquid essentially alcoholic, therefore intoxicating. If a few more would unite in this protest, we should soon have no other wine used in the Eucharist than that freshly and wholly expressed from grapes, — a liquid no more intoxicating or poisonous than new milk or toast-water. And then we shall cease to hear of reformed drunkards corrupted and hurled back into the way of ruin by a vicious thirst reawakened at the communion-table.

"Regretting both the necessity for and the length of this explanation, I remain, Yours,

"HORACE GREELEY

"REV. J. M. AUSTIN."

HIS OPINION RESPECTING MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE.

"I am perfectly willing to see all social experiments tried that any earnest, rational being deems calculated to promote the well-being of the human family; but I insist that this matter of marriage and divorce has passed beyond the reasonable scope of experiment. The ground has all been travelled over and over, — from indissoluble monogamic marriage down through polygamy, concubinage, easy divorce, to absolute free love, mankind have tried every possible modification and shade of relation between man and woman. If these multiform, protracted, diversified, infinitely repeated experiments have not established the superiority of the union of one man to one woman for life, — in short, marriage, — to all other forms of sexual relation, then history is a deluding mist, and man has hitherto lived in vain.

"But you assert that the people of Indiana are emphatically moral and chaste in their domestic relations. That may be: at all events, *I* have not yet called it in question. Indiana is yet a young State, — not so old as either you or I, — and most of her adult population were born, and I think most of them were reared and married, in States which teach and maintain the indissolubility of marriage. That population is yet sparse, the greater part of it in moderate circumstances, engaged in rural industry, and but slightly exposed to the temptations born of crowds, luxury, and idleness. In such circumstances, continence would probably be general, even were marriage unknown. But let time and change do their work, and then see! Given the population of Italy in the days of the Cæsars, with easy divorce, and I believe the result would be like that experienced by the Roman Republic, which, under the sway of easy divorce, rotted away and perished, blasted by the mildew of unchaste mothers and dissolute homes.

"If experiments are to be tried in the direction you favor, I insist that they shall be tried fairly, — not under cover of false promises and baseless pretences. Let those who will take each other on trial; but let such unions have a distinct name, as in Paris or Hayti, and let us know just who are married (old style), and who have formed unions to be maintained or terminated as circumstances shall dictate. Those who choose the latter will of course consummate it without benefit of clergy; but I do not see how they need even so much ceremony as that of jumping the broom-

stick. 'I 'll love you so long as I 'm able, and swear for no longer than this,' — what need is there of any solemnity to hallow such a union? What libertine would hesitate to promise that much, even if fully resolved to decamp next morning? If man and woman are to be true to each other only so long as they shall each find constancy the dictate of their several inclinations, there can be no such crime as adultery, and mankind have too long been defrauded of innocent enjoyment by priestly anathemas and ghostly maledictions. Let us each do what for the moment shall give us pleasurable sensations, and let all such fantasies as God, duty, conscience, retribution, eternity, be banished to the moles and the bats, with other forgotten rubbish of bygone ages of darkness and unreal terrors.

"But if — as I firmly believe — marriage is a matter which concerns, not only the men and women who contract it, but the state, the community, mankind, — if its object be not merely the mutual gratification and advantage of the husband and wife, but the due sustenance, nurture, and education of their children, — if, in other words, those who voluntarily incur the obligations of parentage can only discharge those obligations personally and conjointly, and to that end are bound to live together in love at least until their youngest child shall have attained perfect physical and intellectual maturity, — then I deny that a marriage can be dissolved save by death or that crime which alone renders its continuance impossible. I look beyond the special case to the general law, and to the reason which underlies that law; and I say, no couple can innocently take upon themselves the obligations of marriage until they KNOW that they are one in spirit, and so must remain forever. If they rashly lay profane hands on the ark, theirs alone is the blame; be theirs alone the penalty! They have no right to cast it on that public which admonished and entreated them to forbear, but admonished and entreated in vain."

HIS IDEA OF AN AMERICAN COLLEGE.

An address at the laying of the corner-stone of the People's College, at Havana, in the State of New York, September 1, 1858.

"FELLOW-CITIZENS AND FRIENDS: — William Hazlitt, an eminent scholar and critic, writing some thirty or forty years since of the ignorance of the learned, says: —

"'Learning is the knowledge of that which none but the learned know. He is the most learned man who knows the most of what is furthest removed from common life and actual observation, that is of the least practical utility, and least liable to be brought to the test of experience, and that, having been handed down through the greatest number of intermediate stages, is the most full of uncertainties, difficulties, contradictions. It is seeing with the eyes of others, hearing with their ears, and pinning our faith on their understandings. The learned man prides himself on the knowledge of names and dates, not of men and things. He does not know whether his oldest acquaintance is a knave or a fool, but he can pronounce a pompous lecture on all the principal characters in history. He knows as much of what he talks about as a blind man does of colors.'

"Such is the learning which the People's College is intended to supplant; such the ignorance which it is designed to dispel; such the reproach which it is intended to remove.

"As one of the early and earnest, if not very efficient advocates of this College, allow me to state briefly the ideas and purposes which animated the pioneers in the enterprise of which we to-day celebrate the preliminary triumph.

"I. The germinal idea of the People's College affirms the necessity of a thorough and appropriate education for the practical man in whatever department of business or industry. The farmer, mechanic, manufacturer, engineer, miner, &c., &c., needs to understand thoroughly the materials he employs or moulds, and the laws which govern their various states and transmutations. In other words, a thorough mastery of geology, chemistry, and the related sciences, with their applications, is to-day the essential basis of fitness to lead or direct in any department of industry. This knowledge we need seminaries to impart, — seminaries which shall be devoted mainly, or at least emphatically, to Natural Science, and which shall not require of their pupils the devotion of their time and mental energies to the study of the dead languages. I am not here to denounce or disparage a classical course of study. I trust and have no doubt that facilities for pursuing such a course will be afforded and improved in this institution. I only protest against the requirement of, application to, and proficiency in, the dead languages of *all* college students, regardless of the length of time they may be able to devote to study, and of the course of life they meditate. A classical education may be very appropriate, even indispensable, for the embryo lawyer or clergyman, yet not at all suited to the wants of

the prospective farmer, artisan, or engineer. We want a seminary which recognizes the varying intellectual needs of all our aspiring youth, and suitably provides for them. We want a seminary which provides as fitly and thoroughly for the education of the 'captains of industry,' as Yale or Harvard does for those who are dedicated to either of the professions.

"II. We seek and meditate a perfect combination of study with labor. Of course, this is an enterprise of great difficulty, destined to encounter the most formidable obstacles from false pride, natural indolence, fashion, tradition, and exposure to ridicule. It is deplorably true that a large portion, if not even a majority, of our youth seeking a liberal education addict themselves to study in order that they may escape a life of manual labor, and would prefer not to study if they knew how else to make a living without downright muscular exertion, but they do not; so they submit to be ground through academy and college, not that they love study or its intellectual fruits, but that they may obtain a livelihood with the least possible sweat and toil. Of course, these will not be attracted by our programme, and it is probably well for us that they are not. But I think there is a class — small, perhaps, but increasing — who would fain study, not in order to escape their share of manual labor, but to qualify them to perform their part in it more efficiently and usefully; not in order to shun work, but to qualify them to work to better purpose. They have no mind to be made drudges, but they have faith in the ultimate elevation of mankind above the necessity of life-long, unintermitted drudgery, and they aspire to do something toward securing or hastening that consummation. They know that manual labor can only be dignified or elevated by rendering it more intelligent and efficient, and that this cannot be so long as the educated and the intellectual shun such labor as fit only for boors.

"Our idea regards physical exertion as essential to human development, and productive industry as the natural, proper, God-given sphere of such exertion. Exercise, recreation, play, are well enough in their time and place; but work is the divine provision for developing and strengthening the physical frame. Dyspepsia, debility, and a hundred forms of wasting disease are the results of ignorance or defiance of this truth. The stagnant marsh and the free, pure running stream aptly exemplify the disparity in health and vigor

oetween the worker and the idler. Intellectual labor, rightly directed, is noble, — far be it from me to disparage it, — but it does not renovate and keep healthful the physical man. To this end, we insist, persistent muscular exertion is necessary, and, as it is always well that exercise should have a purpose other than exercise, every human being not paralytic or bed-ridden should bear a part in manual labor, and the young and immature most of all. The brain-sweat of the student, the tax levied by study on the circulation and the vision, are best counteracted by a daily devotion of a few hours to manual labor.

"Moreover, there are thousands of intellectual, aspiring youth who are engaged in a stern wrestle with poverty, — who have no relatives who can essentially aid them, and only a few dollars and their own muscles between them and the almshouse. These would gladly qualify themselves for the highest usefulness; but how shall they? If they must give six months of each year to teaching, or some other vocation, in order to provide means for pursuing their studies through the residue of the year, their progress must be slow indeed. But bring the study and the work together, — let three or four hours of labor break up the monotony of the day's lessons, — and they may pursue their studies from New Year's to Christmas, and from their sixteenth year to their twenty-first respectively, should they see fit, without serious or damaging interruption. I know that great difficulties are to be encountered, great obstacles surmounted, in the outset; but I feel confident that each student of sixteen years or over, who gives twenty hours per week to manual labor at this College, may earn at least one dollar per week from the outset, and ultimately two dollars, and in some cases three dollars per week by such labor. How welcome an accession to his scanty means many a needy student would find this sum I need not insist on. And when it is considered that this modicum of labor would at the same time conduce to his health, vigor, and physical development, and tend to qualify him for usefulness and independence in after life, I feel that the importance and the beneficence of the requirement of manual labor embodied in the constitution of this College cannot be overestimated.

"III. Another idea cherished by the friends of this enterprise was that of justice to woman. They did not attempt to indicate nor to define woman's sphere, — to decide that she ought or ought

not to vote or sit on juries, — to prescribe how she should dress, nor what should be the limits of her field of life-long exertion. They did not assume that her education should be identical with that of the stronger sex, nor to indicate wherein it should be peculiar; but they *did* intend that the People's College should afford equal facilities and opportunities to young women as to young men, and should proffer them as freely to the former as to the latter, allowing each student, under the guidance of his or her parents, with the counsel of the faculty, to decide for him or herself what studies to pursue and what emphasis should be given to each. They believed that woman, like man, might be trusted to determine for herself what studies were adapted to her needs, and what acquirements would most conduce to her own preparation for and efficiency in the duties of active life. They held the education of the two sexes together to be advantageous if not indispensable to both, imparting strength, earnestness, and dignity to woman, and grace, sweetness, and purity to man. They believed that such commingling in the halls of learning would animate the efforts and accelerate the progress of the youth of either sex, through the influence of the natural and laudable aspiration of each to achieve and enjoy the good opinion of the other. They believed that the mere aspect of a college whereto both sexes are welcomed as students would present a strong contrast to the naked, slovenly, neglected, ungraceful, cheerless appearance of the old school colleges, which would furnish of itself a strong argument in favor of the more gen erous plan. I trust this idea of the pioneers will not be ignored by their successors.

"Friends, a noble beginning has here been made; may the enterprise be vigorously prosecuted to completion. To this end, it is necessary that means should be provided, — that the wealthy of their abundance and the poorer according to their ability should contribute to the founding and endowment of the noble institution whose corner-stone we have just laid. Let each contribute who can, and a seminary shall here be established which shall prove a blessing, and the parent of kindred blessings, to your children and your children's children throughout future time."

WHAT HE WOULD DO IF HE HAD A LARGE ESTATE TO BEQUEATH.

'TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE:—

"SIR:—An unmarried man, who has passed the meridian of life, who has gained his plum, and made provision for the attendants who have served him diligently through the summer of life, feels desirous of making the best use of the substance he may leave, and would ask as a special favor of the editors (in whom he has the utmost confidence) what disposition it is best to make of it Please reply through the medium of your journal, and oblige,

"A CONSTANT READER."

"REPLY.

"I. If we had 'a plum' to dispose of, and were as unfettered in its disposition as our 'reader' would seem to be, we would, first of all things, establish in this city a Universal Free Intelligence Office, —that is, an office to which any person or company in any part of the world might freely apply for laborers in any capacity, and to which persons of each sex and of whatever capacity or condition might freely apply at all times for work. At this office let the names of all who want employment be duly inscribed, stating, 1. What they know how to do well; 2. What they would prefer to do; 3. What wages will satisfy them; and 4. Where they may be seen or addressed when not at the office, and at what hour of each day they will call at said office until engaged. Here let also the names of all who want teachers, clerks, copyists, farmers, gardeners, laborers, cooks, nurses, seamstresses, &c., be inscribed in another set of books, setting forth their respective locations, requirements, and what they are willing to pay, and to whom reference may be made in the city with regard to their character and responsibility. Such an office, wherein all who want work and all who want workers should be brought freely into communication with each other, would, at a cost of less than $10,000 per annum, save the poor the $100,000 or over that they now pay to Intelligence Offices, and serve them ten times as well as these do or can. It would add largely to the industrial efficiency of our country, by reducing the sum of involuntary idleness to a minimum, and send back to the cornfields and meadows which need them, thousands of youth who now idly, wastefully, perilously haunt our pavements, hoping to be employed as clerks, copyists, teachers, &c., when there is no demand for their services in any such capacity.

"II. If our 'reader' does not incline to the good work above in-

dicated, or is able to do that and something more, or his kind purpose is emulated by some one else who has wealth at command, we would earnestly urge the importance of establishing a Free University, — not one wherein aspiring youth may be educated at others' cost, but one wherein youth of either sex may earn their own tuition and subsistence during the years, few or many, which they may see fit to devote to study. This country should have at least one hundred seminaries to which any youth eager to learn and willing to work might repair at any time after his or her fifteenth year, and there, alternating from work to study daily, being credited for his work, and charged for his room, tuition, and board, remain two, four, or six years, and find a small balance in his favor on making up his account when preparing to leave. One person, being specially energetic and skilful, might pay his way by three hours' work per day; others might have to work five to insure the same result; but so long as food, clothing, shelter, &c., are the product of human muscles, it ought to be easy for those who desire to study, yet have no other means than their own God-given faculties, to acquire a thorough education, paying for it as they receive it. We have in our State an embryo of such a seminary in 'The People's College' (for further information, address Amos Brown, Havana, N. Y.), and there are some kindred beginnings in Illinois, Kansas, and other quarters. Let our 'Constant Reader' make himself familiar with these, and, if none of them proves satisfactory, let him, or some one like him, establish a better. Whatever faults may be developed in this or that plan, or its execution, the idea of self-supporting education is a noble one, and will yet be realized. And, if there only were fifty colleges in which youth who aspire to knowledge, but are unblessed (or uncursed) with property, could pursue a thorough course of study, and pay their way throughout by their own labor, we believe they would all be filled with students within a year. 'It is the first step that costs'; and when one such institution shall have been established, and shall have proved that study and labor are by no means incompatible, the other forty-nine will easily and rapidly follow. Will not our 'Constant Reader,' and other constant or occasional readers, be moved to do something toward this great and necessary work of rendering the highest and most thorough education accessible to the poorest youth, so that they be willing to work for it?"

HOW HE BECAME A "PROTECTIONIST."

From an address on taking the chair as President of the "American Institute," in 1866: —

"It is now more than thirty-four years since I, a minor and a stranger in this city, had my attention drawn to a notice in the journals that the friends of protection to American industry were to meet that day in convention at the rooms of the American Institute, — said Institute being then much younger than, though not so obscure as, I was. I had no work, and could find none: so, feeling a deep interest in and devotion to the cause which that convention was designed to promote, I attended its sittings; and this was my first introduction to the American Institute; which I have ever since esteemed and honored, though the cares and labors of a busy, anxious life have not allowed me hitherto to devote to its meetings the time that I would gladly have given them.

"I recur to the fact that I was drawn to the American Institute by my interest in and sympathy with the cause of protection to home industry. From early boyhood I had sat at the feet of Hezekiah Niles and Henry Clay and Walter Forward and Rollin C. Mallory, and other champions of this doctrine, and I had attained from a perusal of theirs and kindred writings and speeches a most undoubting conviction that the policy they commended was eminently calculated to impel our country swiftly and surely onward through activity and prosperity to greatness and assured well-being. I had studied the question dispassionately, — for the journals accessible to my boyhood were mainly those of Boston, then almost if not quite unanimously hostile to protection; but the arguments they combated seemed to me far stronger than those they advanced, and I early became an earnest and ardent disciple of the school of Niles and Clay. I could not doubt that the policy they commended was that best calculated to lead a country of vast and undeveloped resources, like ours, up from rude poverty and dependence, to skilled efficiency, wealth, and power. And the convictions thus formed have been matured and strengthened by the observations and experience of subsequent years. Thus was I attracted to the rooms and the counsels of the American Institute."

HIS ADVICE TO AMBITIOUS YOUNG MEN.

"'I want to go into business,' is the aspiration of our young men; 'can't you find me a place in the city?' their constant inquiry. 'Friend,' we answer to many, 'the best business you can go into you will find on your father's farm, or in his workshop. If you have no family or friends to aid you, and no prospect opened to you there, turn your face to the Great West, and there build up a home and fortune. But dream not of getting suddenly rich by speculation, rapidly by trade, or anyhow by a profession: all these avenues are choked by eager, struggling aspirants, and ten must be trodden down in the press, where one can vault upon his neighbor's shoulders to honor or wealth. Above all, be neither afraid nor ashamed of honest industry; and if you catch yourself fancying anything more *respectable* than this, be ashamed of it to the last day of your life. Or, if you find yourself shaking more cordially the hand of your cousin the congressman than of your uncle the blacksmith, *as such*, write yourself down an enemy to the principles of our institutions, and a traitor to the dignity of humanity.'"

TO THE LOVERS OF KNOWLEDGE.

"Avoid the pernicious error that you must have a profession, — must be a clergyman, lawyer, doctor, or something of the sort, — in order to be influential, useful, respected; or, to state the case in its best aspect, that you may lead an intellectual life. Nothing of the kind is necessary, — very far from it. If your tendencies are intellectual, — if you love knowledge, wisdom, virtue, for themselves, you will grow in them, whether you earn your bread by a profession, a trade, or by tilling the ground. Nay, it may be doubted whether the farmer or mechanic, who devotes his leisure hours to intellectual pursuits from a pure love of them, has not some advantages therein over the professional man. *He* comes to his book at evening with his head clear and his mental appetite sharpened by the manual labors, taxing lightly the spirit or brain; while the lawyer, who has been running over dry books for precedents, the doctor, who has been racking his wits for a remedy adapted to some new modification of disease, or the divine who, immured in his closet, has been busy preparing his next sermon, may well approach the evening volume with faculties jaded and palled."

TO YOUNG LAWYERS AND DOCTORS.

"*Qualify yourselves at college to enlighten the farmers and mechanics among whom you settle in the scientific principles and facts which underlie their several vocations.* The great truths of geology, chemistry, &c., &c., ought to be well known to you when your education is completed, and these, if you have the ability to impart and elucidate them, will make you honorably known to the inhabitants of any county wherein you may pitch your tent, and will thus insure you a subsistence from the start, and ultimately professional employment and competence. Qualify yourself to lecture accurately and fluently on the more practical and important principles of Natural Science, and you will soon find opportunities, auditors, customers, friends. Show the farmer how to fertilize his fields more cheaply and effectively than he has hitherto done, — teach the builder the principles and more expedient methods of heating and ventilation, — tell the mason how to correct, by understanding and obeying nature's laws, the defect which makes a chimney smoke at the wrong end, — and you need never stand idle, nor long await remunerating employment."

TO COUNTRY MERCHANTS.

"The merchant's virtue should be not merely negative and obstructive, — it should be actively beneficent. He should use opportunities afforded by his vocation to foster agricultural and mechanical improvement, to advance the cause of education, and diffuse the principles, not only of virtue, but of refinement and correct taste. He should be continually on the watch for whatever seems calculated to instruct, ennoble, refine, dignify, and benefit the community in which he lives. He should be an early and generous patron of useful inventions and discoveries, so far as his position and means will permit. He should be a regular purchaser of new and rare books, such as the majority will not buy, yet ought to read, with a view to the widest dissemination of the truths they unfold. If located in the country, he should never visit the city to replenish his stock, without endeavoring to bring back something that will afford valuable suggestions to his customers and neighbors. If these are in good part farmers, and no store in the vicinity is devoted especially to this department, he should be careful to keep a

supply of the best ploughs and other implements of farming, as well as the choicest seeds, cuttings, &c., and those fertilizing substances best adapted to the soil of his township, or most advantageously transported thither; and those he should be very willing to sell at cost, especially to the poor or the penurious, in order to encourage their general acceptance and use. Though he make no profit directly on the sale of these, he is indirectly but substantially benefited by whatsoever shall increase the annual production of his township, and thus the ability of his customers to purchase and consume his goods. The merchant whose customers and neighbors are enabled to turn off three, five, seven, or nine hundred dollars' worth of produce per annum from farms which formerly yielded but one or two hundred dollars' worth, beyond the direct consumption of their occupants, is in the true and safe road to competence and wealth if he knows how to manage his business. Every wild wood or waste morass rendered arable and fruitful, every field made to grow fifty bushels of grain per acre where but fifteen or twenty were formerly realized, is a new tributary to the stream of his trade, and so clearly conducive to his prosperity."

IN WHAT SENSE HE CONSIDERS HIMSELF A POLITICIAN.

"If the designation of politician is a discreditable one, I trust I have done nothing toward making it so. If to consider not only what is desirable, but what is possible as well, — if to consider in what order desirable ends can be attained, and attempt them in that order, — if to seek to do one good so as not to undo another, — if either or all of these constitute one a politician, I do not shrink from the appellation."

HORACE GREELEY'S TOAST, SENT TO A "KNOW-NOTHING" BANQUET.

"*The Comrades of Washington*, — Let us remember that, while the 'foreigners' Montgomery and Pulaski died gloriously, fighting for our freedom, while Lafayette, Hamilton, and Steuben proved nobly faithful to the end, the traitor Arnold and the false ingrate Burr were sons of the soil, — facts which only prove that virtue is bounded by no geographical limits, and treachery peculiar neither to the native nor the immigrant."

HIS REPLY TO A BEGGING LETTER.

To the Editor of the New York Tribune:—

My Dear Sir:—The young gentlemen of the Philologian Literary Society of the Masonic College request me to tender their sincere regards to you and ask if you will be so kind as to donate to them a copy of the Weekly Tribune. The Society consists of fifty students, who are anxious to form, for their sole benefit, a reading-room in their hall.

"While we all abhor your principles, we respect you as a talented and honorable foe; and your paper would be cheerfully welcomed in our hall, not for the principles which it advocates, but for the ability with which they are promulgated. Be assured, sir, that we will all feel under many obligations if you will make us such a present. With gratitude and respect,

"S. C. H., *Corresponding Secretary.*

"Lexington, Mo., January 30, 1855."

"REPLY.

"Mr. Secretary:—Among those 'principles' which you say you abhor, this one is prominent, namely, that God having wisely and benignly ordered his universe that *Something can never be acquired for Nothing,*—that 'so much for so much' is the eternal and immutable law,—man should conform his conduct to this beneficent law. The robber, the swindler, the beggar, the slaveholder, all vainly suppose that there is some other way of acquiring and enjoying the products of other men's labor than by paying for it; but God says no, and he will be obeyed. Steal, cheat, beg, or enslave as you may, you can at best but postpone payment,—it will at last be exacted with fearful usury. In short, as there is no other proper way, so there is no other way so cheap, when we desire aught that is produced by the labor of others, as to fork over the needful,—lay it right down on the nail. You will see, therefore, that those detested principles, which you are at liberty henceforth to abhor more than ever, forbid my complying with your delicately worded request.

"Editor Tribune."

HIS REPLY TO ANOTHER.—A. B. TO HORACE GREELEY.

"Dear Sir:—In your extensive correspondence, you have undoubtedly secured several autographs of the late distinguished American poet, Edgar A Poe. If so, will you please favor me with one, and oblige,

"Yours, respectfully,

"A. B."

HORACE GREELEY TO A. B.

"Dear Sir: — I happen to have in my possession but *one* autograph of the late distinguished American poet, Edgar A. Poe. It consists of an I. O. U., with my name on the back of it. It cost me just $50, and you can have it for half price.

"Yours,

"Horace Greeley."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

HORACE GREELEY NOMINATED FOR THE PRESIDENCY.

THE history of the Convention which met at Cincinnati on the 1st of May, 1872, is fresh in the recollection of every reader, and need not be repeated here. I am glad that it is so. Not a word of this volume was written for the purpose of promoting Mr. Greeley's political advancement. Indeed, I never supposed that so outspoken a person could be nominated to an important executive office. I may also confess that I heard of his nomination to the presidency with regret; for, now that the great prosperity of "The Tribune" places the editor more at ease than he has usually been, I have indulged the hope that he would at last be able to realize the dream of thirty years, and go a-fishing. It is only necessary to place on record here the final proceedings of the Convention which resulted in the nomination of Horace Greeley for the presidency.

On the morning of the third day, Mr. Horace White, editor of "The Chicago Tribune," and Chairman of the Committee on the Platform, reported an address and twelve resolutions, both of which were adopted by the Convention with unanimity and enthusiasm.

THE ADDRESS.

The Administration now in power has rendered itself guilty of wanton disregard of the laws of the land, and of usurping powers not granted by the Constitution; it has acted as if the laws had binding force only for those who are governed, and not for those who govern. It has thus struck a blow at the fundamental principles of Constitutional government and the liberties of the citizen.

The President of the United States has openly used the powers and opportunities of his high office for the promotion of personal ends.

He has kept notoriously corrupt and unworthy men in places of power and responsibility, to the detriment of the public interest.

He has used the public service of the Government as a machinery of corruption and personal influence, and has interfered, with tyrannical arrogance, in the political affairs of States and municipalities.

He has rewarded with influential and lucrative offices men who had acquired his favor by valuable presents, thus stimulating demoralization of our political life by his conspicuous example.

He has shown himself deplorably unequal to the tasks imposed upon him by the necessities of the country, and culpably careless of the responsibilities of his high office.

The partisans of the Administration, assuming to be the Republican party, and controlling its organization, have attempted to justify such wrongs, and palliate such abuses, to the end of maintaining partisan ascendency.

They have stood in the way of necessary investigations and indispensable reforms, pretending that no serious fault could be found with the present administration of public affairs, thus seeking to blind the eyes of the people.

They have kept alive the passions and resentments of the late civil war, to use them for their own advantage; they have resorted to arbitrary measures, in direct conflict with the organic law, instead of appealing to the better instincts and latent patriotism of the Southern people, by restoring to them those rights the enjoyment of which is indispensable to a successful administration of their local affairs, and would tend to revive a patriotic and hopeful national feeling.

They have degraded themselves and the name of their party, once justly entitled to the confidence of the nation, by a base sycophancy to the dispenser of the Executive power and patronage, unworthy of republican freemen; they have sought to silence the voice of just criticism, and stifle the moral sense of the people, and to subjugate public opinion by tyrannical party discipline.

They are striving to maintain themselves in authority for selfish ends, by an unscrupulous use of the power which rightfully belongs

to the people, and should be employed only in the service of the country.

Believing that an organization thus led and controlled can no longer be of service to the best interests of the Republic, we have resolved to make an independent appeal to the sober judgment, conscience, and patriotism of the American people.

THE RESOLUTIONS.

We, the Liberal Republicans of the United States in National Convention assembled at Cincinnati, proclaim the following principles as essential to just government: —

First — We recognize the equality of all men before the law, and hold that it is the duty of Government, in its dealings with the people, to mete out equal and exact justice to all, of whatever nativity, race, color, or persuasion, religious or political.

Second — We pledge ourselves to maintain the union of these States, emancipation and enfranchisement, and to oppose any reopening of the questions settled by the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Amendments to the Constitution.

Third — We demand the immediate and absolute removal of all disabilities imposed on account of the rebellion which was finally subdued seven years ago, believing that universal amnesty will result in complete pacification in all sections of the country.

Fourth — Local self-government with impartial suffrage will guard the rights of all citizens more securely than any centralized power. The public welfare requires the supremacy of the civil over the military authority, and the freedom of person under the protection of the *habeas corpus*. We demand for the individual the largest liberty consistent with public order, for the State self-government, and for the Nation a return to the methods of peace and the constitutional limitations of power.

Fifth — The civil service of the Government has become a mere instrument of partisan tyranny and personal ambition, and an object of selfish greed. It is a scandal and reproach upon free institutions, and breeds a demoralization dangerous to the perpetuity of republican government.

Sixth — We therefore regard a thorough reform of the civil service as one of the most pressing necessities of the hour; that hon-

esty, capacity, and fidelity constitute the only valid claims to public employment; that the offices of the government cease to be a matter of arbitrary favoritism and patronage, and that public station shall become again a post of honor. To this end it is imperatively required that no President shall be a candidate for re-election.

Seventh — We demand a system of Federal taxation which shall not unnecessarily interfere with the industry of the people, and which shall provide the means necessary to pay the expenses of the Government, economically administered, the pensions, the interest on the public debt, and a moderate annual reduction of the principal thereof; and, recognizing that there are in our midst honest but irreconcilable differences of opinion with regard to the respective systems of protection and free trade, we remit the discussion of the subject to the people in their Congressional Districts, and to the decision of Congress thereon, wholly free from executive interference or dictation.

Eighth — The public credit must be sacredly maintained, and we denounce repudiation in every form and guise.

Ninth — A speedy return to specie payments is demanded alike by the highest considerations of commercial morality and honest government.

Tenth — We remember with gratitude the heroism and sacrifices of the soldiers and sailors of the Republic, and no act of ours shall ever detract from their justly-earned fame, or the full rewards of their patriotism.

Eleventh — We are opposed to all further grants of land to railroads, or other corporations. The public domain should be held sacred to actual settlers.

Twelfth — We hold that it is the duty of the Government, in its intercourse with foreign nations, to cultivate the friendships of peace, by treating with all on fair and equal terms, regarding it alike dishonorable either to demand what is not right, or submit to what is wrong.

Thirteenth — For the promotion and success of these vital principles, and the support of the candidates nominated by this Convention, we invite and cordially welcome the co-operation of all patriotic citizens, without regard to previous affiliations.

The leading candidates for the nomination were Charles Francis Adams of Massachusetts, Lyman Trumbull of Illinois, David Davis of Illinois, Horace Greeley of New York, B. Gratz Brown of Missouri, and Andrew G. Curtin of Pennsylvania.

Beside these, Charles Sumner and Judge Chase were occasionally spoken of, and were the first choice of some delegates. The whole number of delegates was seven hundred and fourteen, and hence three hundred and fifty-eight votes were necessary to a choice. The first ballot resulted as follows: —

Adams	203
Greeley	147
Trumbull	110
Brown	95
Davis	92½
Curtin	62
Chase	2½

SECOND BALLOT.

Adams	243
Greeley	239
Trumbull	148
Davis	81
Brown	2
Chase	1

THIRD BALLOT.

Adams	264
Greeley	258
Trumbull	156
Davis	44
Brown	2

FOURTH BALLOT.

Adams	279
Greeley	251
Trumbull	141
Davis	51
Brown	2

FIFTH BALLOT.

Adams	309
Greeley	258
Trumbull	91
Davis	30
Brown	2
Chase	2½

SIXTH BALLOT.

Greeley	332
Adams	324
Chase	32
Trumbull	19
Davis	6
Palmer	1

As soon as this result was announced, and even before it was announced, so many changes of votes took place, that the result was no longer doubtful. The Chairman, Hon. Carl Schurz, announced the following: —

Necessary to a choice	358
Greeley	482
Adams	187

The Chairman accordingly declared that Mr. Greeley was the nominee of the Convention. The choice of a candidate for the Vice-Presidency being next in order, B. Gratz Brown of Missouri was nominated upon the second ballot.

Upon receiving the news of his nomination, Mr. Greeley sent the following telegram to Mr. Whitelaw Reid: —

NEW YORK, May 3.

To Whitelaw Reid, Cincinnati: —

Tender my grateful acknowledgments to the members of the Convention for the generous confidence they have shown me, and assure them I shall endeavor to deserve it.

HORACE GREELEY

The official notification was immediately made by letter to Mr Greeley, who did not at once formally respond. His acknowledgment and acceptance finally appeared in the morning papers of May 22. The whole correspondence was as follows: —

CINCINNATI, OHIO, May 3, 1872.

DEAR SIR, — The National Convention of the Liberal Republicans of the United States have instructed the undersigned, President, Vice-President, and Secretaries of the Convention, to inform you that you have been nominated as the candidate of the Liberal Republicans for the Presidency of the United States. We also submit to you the Address and Resolutions unanimously adopted by the Convention.

Be pleased to signify to us your acceptance of the platform and the nomination, and believe us, very truly yours,

C. SCHURZ, *President.*
GEO. W. JULIAN, *Vice-President.*
WM. E. McLEAN,
JOHN G. DAVIDSON, } *Secretaries.*
J. H. RHODES,

HON. HORACE GREELEY, *New-York City.*

MR. GREELEY'S REPLY.

NEW YORK, May 20, 1872.

GENTLEMEN, — I have chosen not to acknowledge your letter of the 3d inst. until I could learn how the work of your Convention was received in all parts of our great country, and judge whether that work was approved and ratified by the mass of our fellow-citizens. Their response has from day to day reached me through telegrams, letters, and the comments of journalists independent of official patronage, and indifferent to the smiles or frowns of power. The number and character of these unconstrained, unpurchased, unsolicited utterances, satisfy me that the movement which found expression at Cincinnati has received the stamp of public approval, and been hailed by a majority of our countrymen as the harbinger of a better day for the Republic.

I do not misinterpret this approval as especially complimentary to myself, nor even to the chivalrous and justly-esteemed gentle-

man with whose name I thank your Convention for associating mine. I receive and welcome it as a spontaneous and deserved tribute to that admirable platform of principles wherein your Convention so tersely, so lucidly, so forcibly, set forth the convictions which impelled, and the purposes which guided, its course, — a platform which, casting behind it the wreck and rubbish of worn-out contentions and by-gone feuds, embodies in fit and few words the needs and aspirations of to-day. Though thousands stand ready to condemn your every act, hardly a syllable of criticism or cavil has been aimed at your platform, of which the substance may be fairly epitomized as follows: —

"*First* — All the political rights and franchises which have been acquired through our late bloody convulsion must and shall be guaranteed, maintained, enjoyed, respected, evermore.

"*Second* — All the political rights and franchises which have been lost through that convulsion should and must be promptly restored and re-established, so that there shall be henceforth no proscribed class and no disfranchised caste within the limits of our Union, whose long-estranged people shall re-unite and fraternize upon the broad basis of universal amnesty with impartial suffrage.

"*Third* — That, subject to our solemn constitutional obligation to maintain the equal rights of all citizens, our policy should aim at local self-government, and not at centralization; that the civil authority should be supreme over the military; that the writ of *habeas corpus* should be jealously upheld as the safeguard of personal freedom; that the individual citizen should enjoy the largest liberty consistent with public order, and that there shall be no Federal subversion of the internal polity of the several States and municipalities, but that each shall be left free to enforce the rights and promote the well-being of its inhabitants by such means as the judgment of its own people shall prescribe.

"*Fourth* — There shall be a real and not merely a simulated reform in the civil service of the Republic, to which end it is indispensable that the chief dispenser of its vast official patronage shall be shielded from the main temptation to use his power selfishly by a rule inexorably forbidding and precluding his re-election.

"*Fifth* — That the raising of revenue, whether by tariff or

otherwise, shall be recognized and treated as the people's immediate business, to be shaped and directed by them through their representatives in Congress, whose action thereon the President must neither overrule by his veto, attempt to dictate, nor presume to punish by bestowing office only on those who agree with him, or withdrawing it from those who do not.

"*Sixth* — That the public lands must be sacredly reserved for occupation and acquisition by cultivators, and not recklessly squandered on the projectors of railroads for which our people have no present need, and the premature construction of which is annually plunging us into deeper and deeper abysses of foreign indebtedness.

"*Seventh* — That the achievement of these grand purposes of universal beneficence is expected and sought at the hands of all who approve them, irrespective of past affiliations.

"*Eighth* — That the public faith must, at all hazards, be maintained, and the national credit preserved.

"*Ninth* — That the patriotic devotedness and inestimable services of our fellow-citizens, who, as soldiers or sailors, upheld the flag and maintained the unity of the Republic, shall ever be gratefully remembered and honorably requited."

These propositions, so ably and forcibly presented in the platform of your Convention, have already fixed the attention and commanded the assent of a large majority of our countrymen, who joyfully adopt them, as I do, as the bases of a true, beneficent national reconstruction; of a new departure from jealousies, strifes, and hates, which have no longer adequate motive or even plausible pretext, into an atmosphere of peace, fraternity, and mutual good-will. In vain do the drill-sergeants of decaying organizations flourish menacingly their truncheons, and angrily insist that the files shall be closed and straightened. In vain do the whippers-in of parties once vital, because rooted in the vital needs of the hour, protest against straying and bolting, denounce men nowise their inferiors as traitors and renegades, and threaten them with infamy and ruin. I am confident that the American people have already made your cause their own, fully resolved that their brave hearts and strong arms shall bear it on to triumph. In this faith, and with the distinct understanding, that, if elected, I shall be the President, not of a party, but of the whole people,

I accept your nomination in the confident trust that the masses of our countrymen North and South are eager to clasp hands across the bloody chasm which has too long divided them, forgetting that they have been enemies in the joyful consciousness that they are, and must henceforth remain, brethren.

Yours gratefully,

(Signed) HORACE GREELEY.

To Hon. CARL SCHURZ, *President;* Hon. GEORGE W. JULIAN, *Vice-President;* and Messrs. WM. E. MCLEAN, JOHN G. DAVIDSON, J. H. RHODES, *Secretaries,* of the National Convention of the Liberal Republicans of the United States.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN.

It remains only to relate in a few words the results of this strange movement, which placed Horace Greeley before the country as the standard-bearer of the party which he had spent forty years in opposing, his aversion to it dating even from his childhood.

It was impossible for the people of the United States to take a serious view of the nomination. It was received with an explosion of caricature and burlesque, which continued through the canvass. There was not a moment when, to disinterested observers, the success of the scheme seemed probable. He appeared to take it all in good part, although I am sure he was both surprised and grieved at the severity of the storm of ridicule that assailed him. On one occasion he made a happy allusion to this mode of warfare. During one of his stumping tours in New England, a caricature of the "Liberal Candidate," as he was called, was exhibited in a field near the passing train. It was in the form of a large scarecrow, composed of the familiar white hat and white coat, to which was appended, "What I know about being defeated." At the next station, where the train stopped for a few moments, he addressed the crowd thus :

"My Friends : I have come among you not to advocate my political claims, nor to influence your action in the canvass now agitating your State, but simply to see you and be seen by you, and, in view of the numerous caricatures of me spread over the country, some of which may impose upon your credulity, to show you that I still retain some semblance of the human form."

This little speech had an extraordinary effect upon the crowd, who cheered him with great enthusiasm, although few of them were in political sympathy with the speaker. In truth, the *man* was universally esteemed, and, I may truly say, beloved. His nomination on a Democratic platform appeared to be generally regarded as an amusing but transient aberration.

The candidate spent a great part of the summer in traveling about the country addressing the people, and several of his speeches, particularly those of a minute's duration, delivered from the rear platform of a train, while the engine was taking water, were so effective as to be vividly remembered by the hearers to the present day.

At Clyde, in Ohio, noticing in the crowd an unusual number of mothers and children, he spoke, without waiting to be introduced, as follows:

"'Shall the sword devour forever?' was the exclamation of the ancient Hebrew prophet as he wept over the desolation of his country. Here I stand to-day an American citizen and repeat the question: 'Shall the sword devour forever?' Are we to have no peace, no living reunion, no healing of the old wounds? Ah, my friends, when you return from the struggle that is soon to take place in your State, feel sure that you have achieved a magnanimous triumph for harmony and peace — a triumph unbought by the terrors of the sword, a triumph over which the hearts of the widow and the orphan will not weep."

An eye-witness records that this speech drew tears from several of the listeners. He showed himself such an adept in the various arts by which crowds are amused and moved, that it was evident he only needed a nomination which could be called legitimate to carry the country with enthusiasm. I do not say this to his praise; it is not one of the high arts; I merely mention it as a curious fact of the situation. He had accepted the candidacy, and he had evidently made up his mind to fulfill all the requirements of the position. One night in Kentucky a local orator consumed all the time of the train's detention by an elaborate oration of welcome. As the cars began to move, Mr. Greeley said:

"My friends, now that you have heard the speech, I 'll bid you good-night."

An hour's eloquence could not have been more effective, for this small oration made an amusing anecdote which could be repeated everywhere.

From the large number of speeches delivered by him during the canvass, I will copy a few sentences.

On General Grant, the opposing candidate:

"Fellow-Citizens of Ohio: Since the day I left home I have

made a great many speeches like this, but no man has heard from me one word implying disrespect or disparagement for that eminent citizen and public servant, the President of the United States. No word from me has thrown disparagement on his public services or dishonor on his high office. I am among you, a citizen, speaking to citizens of the United States on things that concern your well-being and mine, because they concern the welfare and greatness of our common country. I beseech you so to act in the struggle now upon us, so to vote, that your acts and your votes will tend to bind up the wounds of our country. I beseech you so to act and speak and live, that your victory shall be a tearless victory; that no one shall feel humbled because of your triumph; that no man shall be trampled under your 'on-rushing feet.' So friends, in the hope and trust that Ohio, like Indiana and Pennsylvania, will pronounce, on the 8th of October, for a genuine peace, I bid you farewell."

On the Southern people:

"We are one people, and shall evermore remain one people. Shall we be a harmonious people? Shall ours be a Union cemented only by bayonets, or shall it be a union of hearts and hopes and hands? I am for the latter union. I am here not to exult over the victories won in the late war. I am here not to make one particle of prejudice or triumph. I do not propose to do anything which shall make the Southern people feel bitterly that the union between us is one of exultation on our part and humiliation on theirs. I think he is not a patriot who would try to intensify the bitterness and soreness that those who fought against us must feel in view of their great defeat. Theirs is a lost cause, but they are not a lost people, for they belong to us. They are our brethren, they have come back to us under compulsion, if you say so; but I wish to change that compulsion into affection, for that is statesmanship. That work I am seeking, as far as I can, to do."

On his own career:

"Beginning life as a laborer on a farm, going thence into a mechanic's shop, and learning my trade as a printer, I have devoted the rest of my life first to my employment as printer and editor, and afterwards, to some extent, to the calling of a humble moderate farmer. I feel that my sympathies could not have been otherwise than with the immense majority of mankind, who in all ages are

required to subsist by their own manual industry. I have meant to be, in my politics as in my business, the friend of labor. I may have made mistakes (who has not?) in the policy which I thought best adapted to promote the interest of the workingman. I may just as well have been mistaken as equally honest, equally earnest, men who have advocated a different policy; but I know what my purpose was.

"I was, in the days of slavery, an enemy of slavery, because I thought slavery inconsistent with the rights, dignity, and highest well-being of free labor. That might have been a mistake, but it was at any rate an earnest conviction. So when our great trouble came on, I was anxious first of all for labor — that the laboring class should be everywhere free men."

To the people of Kentucky:

"CITIZENS OF NEWPORT: There was a time, and that not many years ago, when I would not have been welcomed to the soil of Kentucky as I am to-day. There was a time when Kentuckians did not think of me as they do now, and I believe it was because they did not understand me so well as they do now, for in the olden time I was a humble but zealous friend of Kentucky's noblest statesman, Henry Clay. I loved and trusted and followed that man for many years, and sore was my heart when the news came that our fondest anticipations were blighted, and he was not chosen President. But what matters it? The fame of Clay is world-wide, and he is revered and loved by millions of his countrymen, and will be for generations to come. What matters it whether he filled one office or another, or no office? The office does not make the man; it is men like him that glorify and dignify office. Well, our friend passed away. The generation of which he was one passed away, and there came dark days over our Union — days of hatred and strife and violence and disruption, and it looked as though the sun of the American Republic had forever gone down. Despots exulted; aristocrats exulted. 'Well, there,' they said, 'you see what comes of your free institutions. Witness your great model republic.' Years passed on; there were reverses, there were disasters; but there was still the faithful American heart, and after a time all came round; the Union was restored, the old flag was triumphant, and the people, the American people, were brought together. From that hour I said: Let us try to be friends again

yes, better friends than we were before. We have differed, we have fought; but the cause of the trouble has passed away. Slavery is dead; there is no more reason why we should fight; let us try to be hereafter countrymen who love and honor each other."

These brief passages will suffice to show the spirit in which Mr. Greeley conducted the canvass. He appealed constantly to fraternal and patriotic sentiment, without indicating any important change of public policy. He remained a Protectionist, and no opinion of his public life had undergone material change. His personal popularity had no more influence upon the result than the personal popularity of Henry Clay, his honored chieftain of many years. In truth, nothing is so remarkable in our presidential elections as the little influence of the personality of candidates. It can never be counted upon as an important element, and this is one of the many encouraging circumstances of our political condition.

The election occurred at the usual time. Horace Greeley carried the States of Georgia, Kentucky, Maryland, Missouri, Tennessee and Texas. Not one Northern State voted for him. He received 2,834,079 votes; General Grant received 3,597,070; the majority for Grant over Greeley was 762,991.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE END.

HORACE GREELEY received the news of this result with an indifference which notified his friends that he was no longer himself. His vital forces were, indeed, very near exhaustion.

During the later weeks of the campaign his sleep had been broken and insufficient, and when he returned to New York late in September, it was to pass sleepless nights by the bedside of his dying wife. For some years past Mrs. Greeley had roamed the earth in quest of health, and now, during these critical weeks of her husband's career, she was at the house of a friend, Mr. Alvin J. Johnson, the distinguished publisher, dying of consumption. Mr. Johnson was a friend, indeed, to both in their time of trouble, as he had been in their day of health and prosperity. Night after night Mr. Greeley insisted on watching beside his wife, and when, at length, on the morning of October 30th, she breathed her last, he was completely spent. While the news of the election was coming in his feelings were wholly with her, the wife of his youth, the companion of forty years. When he returned to Mr. Johnson's house after the funeral, it was but too manifest that he was Horace Greeley no more.

Ordinarily, the result of a comparatively unimportant election excited him to a degree which was amusing to his associates, and he was a man most affectionate toward his children; but neither the future of his two daughters nor the result of the election appeared to interest him in the least. Sometimes he uttered wild words about business and about the election. It would not be profitable to recall these. I do not believe that, from the time of his wife's death, there was ever a moment when he could be justly held responsible for either his words or his acts. He made a feeble effort to resume his editorial labors upon the Tribune. A day or two after the election he inserted the following card:

"The undersigned resumes the editorship of the Tribune, which he relinquished on embarking in another line of business six months ago. Henceforth it shall be his endeavor to make this a thoroughly independent journal, treating all parties and political movements with judicial fairness and candor, but courting the favor and deprecating the wrath of no one.

"If he can hereafter say anything that will tend to heartily unite the whole American people on the broad platform of universal amnesty and impartial suffrage, he will gladly do so. For the present, however, he can best commend that consummation by silence and forbearance. The victors in our late struggle can hardly fail to take the whole subject of Southern rights and wrongs into early and earnest consideration, and to them, for the present, he remits it.

"Since he will never again be a candidate for any office, and is not in full accord with either of the great parties which have hitherto divided the country, he will be able and will endeavor to give wider and steadier regard to the progress of science, industry, and the useful arts, than a partisan journal can do; and he will not be provoked to indulgence in those bitter personalities which are the recognized bane of journalism. Sustained by a generous public, he will do his best to make the Tribune a power in the broader field it now contemplates, as, when human freedom was imperiled, it was in the arena of political partisanship. Respectfully, HORACE GREELEY.

"NEW YORK, *November* 6, 1872."

The position of the newspaper was one of extreme embarrassment between the two political parties; its chief support being derived from the one which for some months past it had been opposing. A paper with less vitality must have perished in such a conjuncture. The editor-in-charge, Mr. Whitelaw Reid, took a tone which Mr. Greeley, I think, would have relished and approved if he had retained his faculties. Along with the card appeared the following editorial by another hand:

CRUMBS OF COMFORT.

"There has been no time, until now, within the last twelve years, when the Tribune' was not supposed to keep, for the benefit of the idle and incapable, a sort of federal employment agency, established to get places under government for those who were indisposed to work for their living. Any man who had ever voted the Republican ticket believed that it was the duty and the privilege of the editor of this paper to get him a place in the Custom House. Every red-nosed politician who had cheated at the caucus and fought at the polls looked to the editor of the Tribune to secure his appointment as gauger, or as army chaplain, or as Minister to France. Every campaign orator came upon us after the battle was over for a recommendation as Secretary of the Treasury or the loan of half a dollar. If one of our party had an in

terest pending at Washington, the editor of the Tribune was telegraphed in frantic haste to come to the Capitol, save this bill, crush that one, promote one project, or stop another. He was to be everybody's friend, with nothing to do but to take care of other folks' business, sign papers, write letters, and ask favors for them, and to get no thanks for it either. Four fifths of these people were sent away without what they wanted, only to become straightway abusive enemies; it was the worry of life to try to gratify one demand in a dozen for the other fifth.

"The man with two wooden legs congratulated himself that he could never be troubled with cold feet. It is a source of profound satisfaction to us that office seekers will keep aloof from a defeated candidate who has not influence enough at Washington or Albany to get a sweeper appointed under the sergeant-at-arms, or a deputy sub-assistant temporary clerk into the paste-pot section of the folding room. At last we shall be let alone to mind our own affairs and manage our own newspaper without being called aside every hour to help lazy people whom we don't know, and to spend our strength in efforts that only benefit people who don't deserve assistance. At last we shall keep our office clear of blatherskites and political beggars, and go about our daily work with the satisfaction of knowing that not the most credulous of place-hunters will suspect us of having any credit with the appointing powers. That is one of the results of Tuesday's election, for which we own ourselves profoundly grateful."

Upon reading this article in the Tribune, the stricken man was deeply wounded, and he tried in vain to have a second card inserted to soften a little or explain away its rough truth. With great difficulty and fatigue he wrote another piece or two for the paper, and revised several articles which he had written for Johnson's "Cyclopædia," a work undertaken at his suggestion. But, in truth, his work was done. He became more restless, feverish, and sleepless. His words were incoherent, and he lost flesh visibly from day to day. Medical treatment proving ineffectual, gentlemen connected with asylums for the insane were summoned, and they advised his removal to the private establishment of Dr. George C. S. Choate, near Pleasantville, Westchester County, New York. The patient made the usual resistance, and with tears in his eyes begged to be allowed to remain in Mr. Johnson's hospitable house. It was a most harrowing scene, never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it.

His removal did not ameliorate his mental condition, for the very next day he became a raving maniac. Everything was done for him which the most experienced physicians could suggest; but he became rapidly worse, and it was found necessary to remove from

his room every object which he could handle. Being unable to take nourishment, his strength rapidly declined, and as he grew weaker he became more quiet, and at length sank into unconsciousness. He died at ten minutes to seven, on Friday evening, November 29, 1872, about a month after the first symptoms of vital exhaustion had appeared.

The news of his death was a shock to the public mind. Party feelings were instantly forgotten, and nothing was remembered but the unique and endearing qualities of the departed. It can be said without exaggeration that his death was universally lamented. Whatever his errors may have been, they had always been errors of judgment, never of principle. He had loved his country; he had loved his kind; and he had advocated what he fully and warmly believed to be for the good of both. His domestic life had been without a stain, and his public career had been marred only by that imperfection which is the one thing men have in common. All this was now freshly remembered, and he was borne to the grave followed by the benedictions of the entire people.

His body lay in state at the City Hall, and the last services were held at the Universalist Church of the Divine Paternity, which he had attended with regularity for many years. Addresses were delivered by Dr. Chapin, the pastor of the church, and by Henry Ward Beecher, in the presence of his associates of the Tribune, and a concourse of persons eminent in every profession. Almost every public body paid some formal tribute to his worth, and the two cities of New York and Brooklyn, from the church in Fifth Avenue to the gates of Greenwood Cemetery, bore signs of mourning.

The pride of his life was the newspaper he had established. On the twenty-seventh anniversary of its coming into being, he expressed the deepest feeling of his heart in these words:

'Fame is a vapor; popularity an accident; riches take wings; the only earthly certainty is oblivion; no man can foresee what a day may bring forth, while those who cheer to-day will often curse to-morrow; and yet I cherish the hope that the journal I projected and established will live and flourish long after I shall have mouldered into forgotten dust, being guided by a larger wisdom, a more unerring sagacity to discern the right, though not by a more unfaltering readiness to embrace and defend it at whatever personal cost; and that the stone which covers my ashes may bear to future eyes the still intelligible inscription, '*Founder of the New York Tribune.*' "